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THE LOUNGER.

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH IN THE YEARS 1785 and 1786.

By the AUTHORS of the MIRROR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THE SIXTH EDITION.

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THE

THE

LOUNGER.

N° 70. SATURDAY, *June* 3, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

AFTER a reſidence of many years in the ſouthern part of this iſland, buſineſs concurring with the natural deſire one has of reviſiting one's native country, induced me to make a journey to Scotland in the beginning of laſt autumn. As I travelled on horſeback, with a ſingle ſervant attending me, I was tempted frequently to ſtrike out of the common road, for the purpoſe of enjoying ſome of thoſe romantic ſcenes with which the northern counties of England abound. One evening about ſun-ſet, after traverſing a part of the country, of great beauty, but of a wild and uncultivated aſpect, I entered ſuddenly a narrow valley where every

thing wore the appearance of high cultivation; and in the judicious blending of ornament with utility, it was eafy to perceive that induftry had been guided by the hand of taſte.

While I rode at leiſure down a ſteep and winding path, indulging that pleaſing ſpecies of reverie to which a ſcene of this kind naturally gives riſe, a ſmall column of ſmoke aſcending from a thick tuft of trees at the bottom, gave notice of a habitation; and on turning the corner of a hedged incloſure, a low manſion broke ſuddenly upon my view, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greateſt part was laid out as a kitchen-garden and ſhrubbery. A level graſs-plot ſurrounded the houſe, which was ſeparated from the garden by a white rail. The houſe itſelf was of one ſtory, extending, in a lengthened front, with two ſmall wings, at either end of which a fruit-tree was trained around the window. A green garden-chair was placed on each ſide of the door.

While ſurveying with much pleaſure this little elegant retreat, I paſſed upon the road a ruddy-coloured, middle-aged man, in a plain country-dreſs, whoſe face, it immediately occurred to me, I had ſomewhere before ſeen. Uncertain, however, whether there might be any thing more than one of thoſe accidental reſemblances which we every day meet with (though I perceived

ceived that he at the same time viewed me with some attention), I passed on. Meeting afterwards with some labourers returning from work, I inquired the name of the proprietor of the little villa I had been contemplating, and was informed it was a *Mr. Saintfort.* The name struck me. I recollected to have known at college a Will Saintfort, a young man of some fortune, of a lively turn and quick parts, but in the greatest degree thoughtless and extravagant. I remembered to have since heard that he had married a fashionable wife, whose disposition was much akin to his own; and that he had in a very few years spent his whole fortune. "Can this," said I to myself, "be my "old companion? Sure I thought I knew his "face, and he too recollected mine. It must "be so: yet how this metamorphosis?" Occupied with these thoughts, I had slackened my pace, and was surprised to find myself once more joined by the gentleman I had before passed. "If I mistake not," said he, "your name "is D——."—"Yes, and yours Saintfort."—"The same. How unexpected this meeting!"——After much mutual gratulation, "Come," said he, "you go no farther this night; nor, "with my will, for some days. You must take "a bed with your old friend, and see how "Farmer Saintfort lives."

Entreaty was needleſs; for I was delighted with the rencounter; and I followed my friend, who led the way, to the ſtables, and aſſiſted himſelf in putting up my horſes. He then conducted me into the houſe, which within correſponded entirely with its external appearance. In a little hall through which we entered were ſome angling rods and fowling-pieces, with a weed-hood and garden-rake. In the parlour ſtood a piano-forte, on which lay a violin and ſome muſic; and in a corner of the room, which was ſhelved for the purpoſe, were ranged a few books of huſbandry and ornamental gardening, ſome volumes of Engliſh poetry, Hutcheſon's Moral Philoſophy, Horace, and a few of the other Latin claſſics.

An old ſervant now made his appearance, and received orders to acquaint his miſtreſs to prepare the ſtranger's bed-room, and to get ready an early ſupper. In the interval we ſauntered out into the fields, and paſſed the time in ordinary chit-chat about our old companions, till we were ſummoned to ſupper by a comely boy of twelve years of age, who, with a girl three years younger, were my friend's only children. Mr. Saintfort introduced me to his wife by the title of an old and valued acquaintance; and I found in that lady the moſt perfect politeneſs and affability, joined to that eaſy gracefulneſs of

of manner which distinguishes those who have moved in a superior walk of life. Our supper was plain but delicious; an excellent pullet, milk in a variety of forms, and fresh vegetables; our conversation, interesting, animated, and good-humoured. In my life, I never spent a more delightful evening. After Mrs. Saintfort had retired (like Eve, "on hospitable thoughts "intent"), "There," said Saintfort, "there, "Mr. D——, is one of the first, the best of wo-"men. You knew me formerly; and I have "marked the natural surprise you shewed at "finding me in this situation. You shall have "my story; for to an old friend and compa-"nion, simple as it is, it cannot fail to be inte-"resting."

"My father's death, which happened a few years after I entered to the university, made me, as you may remember, the envy of many of our common acquaintance, as it was generally supposed I had succeeded to a fortune of L.2000 a year. I had before this contracted many habits of extravagance; and the dissipation into which I now plunged, joined to an indolence of temper not uncommon at that period of life, prevented me for a considerable time from discovering that the free rents of my estate did not exceed one half of the income I was supposed to possess. Even after that discovery, the relish

I had acquired for every ſpecies of faſhionable diſſipation, and the abſurd vanity of ſupporting the appearance of a man of fortune, led me to continue my expences, after I had become convinced that they were leading me to my ruin.

" My vanity was not a little flattered by the attentions ſhewn me by the ladies, who, it was eaſy to be perceived, regarded me as a young fellow, of whom there was ſome honour in making a conqueſt. *Lucinda N*——was at that time the ornament of the politeſt circles in town. What her figure was in thoſe days, you may gueſs from what you ſee it is at preſent. With every attraction of face and perſon, endowed with every faſhionable accompliſhment, and poſſeſſing a very handſome independent fortune, ſhe had numberleſs admirers. It was no mean triumph, when I perceived that this little deſpot, who exerciſed upon others all the capricious ſovereignty of a coquette, maintained with me ſo oppoſite a manner as to convince me of her decided affection. I availed myſelf of the diſcovery, which gratified equally my pride and my paſſion; for I really loved her: and in my marriage with Lucinda, whoſe temper and taſte were apparently much reſembling my own, I flattered myſelf with the continued enjoyment of thoſe faſhionable pleaſures, which I had now extended the means of procuring.

" When

"When I look back to the first four years of my married state, it is like the confused remembrance of some tumultuous dream. In that perpetual dissipation in which we were now involved, and to which the gay and lively temper of my wife rather prompted than imposed any restraint, I did not perceive that her fortune, considerable as it was, was totally insufficient to repair the waste I had already made in my own. At length I was awakened from my lethargy by a refusal of my banker to make further advances without additional securities; and when I applied for that purpose to a friend, he frankly told me that I was generally considered as a ruined man.

"Instead of being overpowered by this intelligence, it brought me to my senses;—like those violent applications, which, by pain itself, put a stop to the delirium of a fever. I saw the folly of concealment, and the inhumanity of allowing my wife to learn our situation from any tongue but my own. But to make this terrible avowal, occasioned a conflict of mind, such as it is impossible for me to describe. I passed two sleepless nights, without finding courage to unbosom myself; and Lucinda's anxious inquiries at length led to the discovery. The shock was severe, and for a moment she gave way to the natural feelings of a woman. It was but for a

moment;—when, as if animated by a new ſoul, and inſpired with a fortitude of mind which aſtoniſhed me, "Come, my dear Will," ſaid ſhe, claſping me to her boſom, "we have "both been fools; it is fit that we ſhould pay "the price of our folly: but let us thence "learn to be wiſe. Thank God, we are bleſt "with health, and with each other's affection; "and there is yet much of life before us."—— "But what," ſaid I, "is to be done?"—— "To be done," ſaid ſhe;—"Juſtice, in the "firſt place. Let us learn with accuracy the "full extent of our debts, and the means we "have to diſcharge them."

"It was a ſtruggle yet more ſevere, to declare my ſituation to the world; and ſuffering under a feeling of falſe ſhame, I would have meanly waſted the time in uſeleſs procraſtination: but the noble ſpirit of my Lucinda combated this unmanly weakneſs. It was no ſurpriſe to the world to learn with certainty what had long been expected. In a little time the amount of our debts and effects was aſcertained with preciſion; and, ſetting apart a ſmall proportion of my wife's fortune, which was ſecured to her by law, the reſt, together with mine, fell ſhort of the payment of our debts by *L.*2000 ſterling. Having, however, made a fair ſurrender of all that was my own, I compounded

pounded with my creditors, and received their diſcharge.

"It remained to determine what was to be our plan of life for the future. An old domeſtic of my father's had been for ſeveral years ſettled in the north of England, where he rented this farm from the Earl of ——. Hither we propoſed to retire for a few months, till we ſhould arrange our future ſchemes. I was ſtruck with the wild and romantic ſcenery of this beautiful dale; and, haraſſed as I had been with care and anxiety, my ſpirits were ſoothed for ſome time by the quiet and ſolitude of the country. I own to you, my friend, that this compoſure of mind was not permanent. The man of the world cannot at once aſſume the manners and taſte of a recluſe. The change was too violent, from the tumult of my former life, to the dead calm in which I now paſſed my time. After ſome weeks acquaintance had worn off the edge of novelty, I no longer ſaw the ſame beauties in the fields, the woods, the rocks, that had at firſt engaged me. The manners of the country people offended by their vulgarity; and in the ſociety of a few of the neighbouring gentry I found nothing to amuſe a cultivated mind or engage a lively imagination. I looked back with regret to the ſplendor and buſtle of

my former life; and, impoſſible as it was for me to indulge in the ſame gratifications, I would gladly have returned to town; and would, perhaps, have performed the ſame humiliating part I have ſeen exhibited by the decayed minions of faſhion, ſpendthrifts like myſelf, who haunt, like ghoſts, the places of public reſort, content to be the ſpectators of thoſe ſcenes where they have formerly figured as the moſt brilliant actors. My Lucinda ſaw with anxiety this increaſing diſguſt, and her good ſenſe directed to its proper remedy. "We grow tired," ſaid ſhe, "of this life of inactivity. We languiſh for "want of an object to occupy us. I have "been meditating a ſmall experiment; and if "you approve, we ſhall put it in execution. "What if we ſhould for a while become farm-"ers ourſelves? You are ſurpriſed at the pro-"poſal, but let me explain my meaning. Sup-"poſe our good landlord ſhould transfer to us "the remainder of his leaſe; that he ſhould "have the charge of management, with a ſuit-"able recompence, while the chance of profit, "and the riſk of loſs, ſhould be ours. I know "he will agree to it, for I have ſounded him "on the ſubject. The laborious part, the buſi-"neſs of agriculture, ſhall be his, while we "occupy ourſelves in decorating this little ſpot,

"with

"with a thouſand embelliſhments, which na-
"ture points out, and which your good taſte
"could eaſily execute. Remember, it is only
"an experiment. Our bargain muſt be con-
"ditional. If we tire of it, we can when we
"pleaſe drop the ſcheme, and purſue any other
"we chooſe to adopt." To be ſhort, Sir, I was pleaſed with the idea; our plan was ſoon arranged, and I became what you now ſee me, Farmer Saintfort.

"I ſet to work with alacrity in the buſineſs of improvement; and proceeding on the principle of uniting beauty with utility, I had, in the ſpace of a few months, accompliſhed the outlines of that plan which I have been continually occupied ſince that time in finiſhing in detail. In this employment, in which the mind has much more ſhare than is generally imagined, I found a ſource of pleaſure infinitely beyond my expectation. Every day added to the beauties of my little paradiſe; and I had the ſatisfaction of finding that thoſe operations which the motive of ornament had firſt ſuggeſted, were frequently of the moſt ſubſtantial benefit. The beautiful variety of the ground was obſcured by an undiſtinguiſhed maſs of bruſh-wood. I enlarged the extent of my arable ground, by opening fields to the ſun, which had lain hid under a matting of furze

and brambles. In the formation of a fish-pond, I have drained an unwholesome fen, and converted a quagmire into a luxuriant meadow. At the end of the first year, my tutor in husbandry gave me hopes that the succeeding crop would double the returns which the farm had ever afforded under his management; and the event justified his prediction. How delightful, my dear friend, was it for me to perceive that the taste of my Lucinda seemed equally adapted with my own to our new mode of life! Far from inheriting that instability of mind with which her sex is generally reproached, her ardour was unabated, and every thought was centered in the cares of her household, and the education of her children. Completely engaged in these domestic duties, while I superintended the labours of the fields and garden, we had no other anxiety than what tended to give a zest to our enjoyments. In place of feeling time lie heavy on our hands, we rose with the sun, and found the day too short for its occupations.

"We had now learned, by experience, how very moderate an income is sufficient to purchase all the real comforts of life. At the conclusion of the third year, on summing up our accounts, we found a clear saving of L.400. This sum, we might, perhaps, without any breach

breach of what the world terms honeſty, have conſidered as our own. But, (thank God!) ſlaves as we had been to the world, we had better notions of moral rectitude. It was unfit that we ſhould accumulate for ourſelves, while there exiſted a ſingle perſon that could ſay, we had done him wrong. We ſet apart this ſum as the beginning of a fund for the payment of that equitable claim which yet remained to our creditors; and it is now ſome years ſince we could boaſt of having faithfully diſcharged the laſt farthing of our debts. The pleaſure attendant on this reflection, you may conceive, but I cannot deſcribe. How poor, in compariſon to it, are the ſelfiſh gratifications of vanity, the mean indulgence of pampered appetites, and all the train of luxurious enjoyments, when bought at the expence of conſcience!

"Since my reſidence here, I have more than once made a viſit to town on an errand of buſineſs. I there ſee the ſame ſcenes as formerly; and others intoxicated, like myſelf, with the ſame giddy pleaſures. To me the magical deluſion is at an end; and I wonder where lay the charm which once had ſuch a power of faſcination. But one ſpecies of pleaſure I have enjoyed from theſe viſits, which I cannot omit to mention; the affectionate welcome I have received.

ceived from the moſt reſpectable of my old acquaintance. I read from their countenances their approbation of my conduct; and in their kindneſs mingled with reſpect, I have a reward valuable in proportion to the worth of thoſe who beſtow it. Nor is the pleaſure leſs which I derive from the regard and eſteem of my honeſt neighbours in the country. Of their characters I had formed a very unfair eſtimate, when ſeen through the medium of my own diſtempered mind; and in their ſociety my Lucinda and I enjoy, if not the refined pleaſures of poliſhed intercourſe, the more valuable qualities of ſincerity, probity, and good ſenſe.

"Such, Sir, for theſe fourteen years paſt, has been my manner of life; nor do I believe I ſhall ever exchange it for another. The term of my leaſe has, within that period, been renewed in my own name, and that of my ſon. If a more active life ſhould be *his* choice, he is free to purſue it. I ſhould be content with the reflection of having beſtowed on him a better patrimony than I myſelf enjoyed,—a mind uncorrupted by the proſpect of hereditary affluence, and a conſtitution tempered to the virtuous habits of induſtry and ſobriety."

Here Mr. Saintfort made an end of his ſtory. I have given it as nearly as I could in his own words;

words; and judging it to afford an example not unworthy to be recorded, I transmit it in that view to the author of a work which bids fair to pass down to posterity.——I am, Sir, yours,

J. D.

N° 71. SATURDAY, *June* 10, 1786.

Quærite nunc habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam.
OVID.

THERE is no complaint more common than that which is made againſt the pride of wealth. The claim of ſuperiority which reſts upon a circumſtance ſo adventitious as that of ſuddenly acquired riches, is univerſally decried as the inſolent pretenſion of mean and illiberal minds, and is reſiſted with a greater degree of ſcorn and indignation, than perhaps any other encroachment of vanity or ſelf-importance.

Yet one might obſerve in thoſe who are loudeſt in the cenſure of this weakneſs, a certain ſhame of being poor, which in a great meaſure juſtifies the pride of being rich. One may trace this in their affectation of indifference to all thoſe pleaſures and conveniencies which riches procure, and in the eulogium they often make, in deſpite of their own real feelings, of the oppoſite circumſtances. When they are at pains to declare how much better the plain diſh and home-brewed liquor ſuits their taſte than the high-

high-ſeaſoned ragout and the high-priced wine, what is it but diſguiſing their inability to procure the luxury under the pretence of their preferring its oppoſite. Poverty, in this caſe, flies from her own honourable tattered colours, to join the freſh and flaunting ſtandard of Wealth; ſhe allows the power of thoſe very external circumſtances by which Wealth lays claim to a ſuperiority. The dignity of her ſtation ſhould be ſupported on other grounds: the little value of thoſe external circumſtances in which Wealth has the advantage, when compared with the virtues and qualities which money cannot buy, when ſet in competition with that native purity and elevation of mind, which in the acquiſition of wealth we frequently forfeit, and in its poſſeſſion we frequently deſtroy.

Both in thoſe who poſſeſs riches and in thoſe who want them, falſe pretenſion often defeats itſelf. It would often be for the honour of Wealth if he could lay down his inſolence, and for the happineſs of Poverty if ſhe could ſmooth her ſcorn. True benevolence and delicacy would teach both their proper duties, and preſerve thoſe cordial charities of life, which, in different ſtations and in different circumſtances, promote alike the comfort of individuals, and the general advantage of ſociety.

But

But it is only over minds of a higher order that external circumſtances do not poſſeſs a power to puſh them from that equilibrum in which virtue and happineſs reſide. Ordinary men will equally feel the inflation of proſperity, and the harſhneſs of a leſs favourable ſituation; will in the one caſe incur the contempt and deriſion of the world, and in the other experience the grating of a ruffled ſpirit. Moderation and wiſdom would teach the one to procure reſpect, and the other to attain good-humour.

I remember ſome years ago,—it was during the laſt war, and it is of no importance that I have forgot the exact date,—being invited to dine at the houſe of Mr. *Draper*, one of the moſt conſiderable merchants in this country. Mr. Draper twenty years ago was not worth a ſhilling; but by a courſe of induſtry, and great intelligence in his profeſſion, he is reported ſince that time to have realized a very great fortune.

The principal part of our company, I found, upon entering the houſe, conſiſted of *Sir William Roberts*, his Lady, and children. Sir William is a country gentleman, the repreſentative of a very old and reſpectable family, whoſe anceſtors were once in poſſeſſion of a great eſtate; but partly from a want of œconomy in ſome of its proprietors, and partly from the change in manners

manners and the mode of living, it is now dwindled down to an inconſiderable amount. Sir William, however, ſtill feels ſtrongly the pride of ancient family, and is apt to be hurt by the riſe of thoſe *new* men who are but of yeſterday, and yet overtop him in wealth.

When I entered the drawing-room the company were pretty generally aſſembled. Sir William's manner attracted my notice, and I found in it the moſt finiſhed complaiſance and attention. There was a degree of politeneſs which carried in its appearance the utmoſt reſpect and condeſcenſion to Mr. Draper and his family: at the ſame time there was a formal diſtance which was calculated to prevent them from uſing any familiarity with him; and inſtead of ſhewing that Sir William really felt high reverence for the company, contained evident marks of his conſidering himſelf as much above them. We ſtoop as well as riſe with difficulty; 'tis only on even ground that we carry ourſelves eaſily.

Draper's manner was very different. Without being in the leaſt moved by Sir William's formal obeiſance, he went on in his uſual way, giving a diſplay of the richneſs of his houſe and furniture. I had not been long in the company when he took occaſion to obſerve, that he never knew the times ſo bad as now, and never was money ſcarcer. This very morning, continued

he,

he, I was applied to for payment of a bond of L.10,000, againſt next Whitſun-term; but inſtead of waiting for the term, I gave orders that the money ſhould be paid *immediately*. Sir William looked, and was ſilent.

At this time there came into the room a ſon of Mr. Draper's, a boy about ten years of age. The boy was at the public ſchool of the city; and that very day, agreeably to a pretty general cuſtom, the ſcholars had been making a preſent or offering, as it is called, in money, to their maſters. It is the practice, in ſuch caſes, for children of rich parents to vie with one another who ſhall give the greateſt preſent; and the vanity of the parents is generally as much intereſted on the occaſion as that of the ſons. "Papa," ſays young Draper, "I was King at "ſchool to-day, having given the higheſt of-"fering." Sir William ſaid nothing; but his ſon, a lively little fellow, about the ſame age, and in the ſame claſs with Mr. Draper's ſon, ſprung forward, and gave him a blow in the face, which ſet him a-crying. This incident produced ſome confuſion, but the company was at length compoſed.

Dinner was now ſerved up. It conſiſted of two magnificent courſes and a deſſert; and Mr. Draper frequently obſerved, that part of the diſhes came from his little farm in the Weſt Indies.

dies. Sir William eat but of one dish, observing, that he always found his health and his appetite best when he dined plainly.

After dinner, a great variety of wines were set upon the table. Sir William, instead of drinking the high-priced French and Hungarian wines, tasted nothing but a little Port and water; repeating his former observation, that as he eat, so he regulated his drinking, for his stomach's sake.

In a little time one of the servants brought in Mr. Draper's letters. Mr. Draper looked them over, and then began to talk of politics. He said, he had got a variety of important intelligence in the dispatches he had received, and talked with the confidence of a rich man, whose credit in point of information was as unimpeachable as in point of wealth. He mentioned, in particular, information which that day's post had brought him, of the destination of a certain secret expedition then going on, and that he knew well the troops were about that time making good their landing at the appointed place. Sir William had, just the day before, received a letter from a cousin of his, the second in command on that expedition, telling him that the troops were not yet sailed, and that their object was still unknown. Sir William said nothing of this, but allowed Mr. Draper

Draper to plume himself on his superior information; only I, who knew the circumstance, observed a smile on the Baronet's face, of which I could translate all the conscious superiority.

My attention was now turned to the younger members of the two families. I observed Mr. Draper's eldest son, a good-looking lad of four and twenty, paying very particular attention to the eldest Miss Roberts, next whom he happened to be seated. This attention was not unobserved by the parents. Mr. Draper, with all his attachment to wealth, was not without the ambition of connecting his children with ancient blood; and an alliance with the family of the Robertses, who had long been at the head of the county, and had frequently represented it in parliament, would not have been disagreeable to him. As the Drapers had hitherto triumphed in their wealth, so now the Robertses began to triumph in their ancestry. Mr. Draper observed, that his was as yet but a young family, and said something of the high respect he had for the family of Sir William Roberts; how happy it made him that his present company had eat a bit of mutton with him, and what satisfaction it would give him to cultivate a closer friendship and connection with them. He therefore proposed that the company should drink a bumper to their better acquaintance; and insisted

ſiſted that Sir William ſhould give up his Port and water, and drink the bumper in Burgundy. ——Upon this Miſs Roberts drew off her chair as far as ſhe could from young Mr. Draper: Lady Roberts bridled up—Mrs. Draper bridled up in return—Sir William drank off the bumper of Burgundy.

To break through the awkward ſilence which this had occaſioned, I ſuggeſted that one of the young ladies ſhould give us a ſong; which propoſal was acquieſced in. Miſs Draper ſung an Italian air, which ſhe had learned of a celebrated Maſter. Her father took occaſion to tell the price of his leſſons. "It is now your "turn," ſaid he to Miſs Roberts. "She never "ſings," ſaid her father, ſomewhat ſternly. His daughter bluſhed, and was ſilent. Soon after the ladies withdrew. The remainder of the afternoon was ſpent in Sir William's drinking his Port and water, and in Mr. Draper and the greateſt part of his company getting fluſtered in Burgundy and Claret. When at laſt, upon a meſſage from Lady Roberts, Sir William joined her and his children in the lobby, and went off in the family-coach drawn by four horſes, which had been employed in that ſervice for fifteen years, and were driven by poſtilions with rich but old-faſhioned liveries.

N° 72. SATURDAY, *June* 17, 1786.

——Sors iſta Senectæ
Debita. VIRG.

IN every man's lot there are certain incidents, either regarding himſelf or thoſe with whom he is cloſely connected, which, like mile-ſtones on a road, mark the journey of life, and call our attention both to that portion of it which we have already paſſed, and to that which it is probable we have ſtill to go. The death or the marriage of a friend, his departure for a diſtant country, or his return from it, not only attract our notice to ſuch events themſelves, but naturally recall to our memories, and anticipate to our imaginations, a chain of other events connected with, or dependent upon them. Thoſe little prominent parts of life ſtop the even and unheeded courſe of our ordinary thoughts; and, like him who has gained a height in his walk, we not only look on the objects which lie before us, but naturally turn to compare them with thoſe we have left behind.

Though my days, as my readers may have gathered from the accounts I have formerly given,

given, pafs with as much uniformity as thofe of moft men; yet there are now and then occurrences in them which give room for this variety of reflection. Some fuch lately croffed me in the way; and I came home, after a folitary walk, difpofed to moralize on the general tenor of life, to look into fome of the articles of which it confifts, and to fum up their value and their ufe. When *Peter* let me in, methought he looked older than he ufed to do. I opened my memorandum-book for 1775.—I can turn over the leaves between that time and this (faid I to myfelf) in a moment—thus!—and, cafting my eye on the blank paper that remained, began to meditate on the decline of life, on the enjoyments, the comforts, the cares, and the forrows of age.

Of domeftic comforts, I could not help reflecting how much celibacy deprives us; how many pleafures are derived from a family, when that family is happy in itfelf, is dutiful, affectionate, good-humoured, virtuous. I cannot eafily account for the omiffion of *Cicero*, who, in his treatife "*de Senectute*," enumerates the various enjoyments of old age, without once mentioning thofe which arife from the poffeffion of worthy and promifing children. Perhaps the Roman manners and cuftoms were not very much calculated to promote this: they

who could adopt the children of others, were not likely to be so exclusively attached to their own, or to feel from that attachment a very high degree of pleasure; or, it may be, the father of *Marcus* felt something on the subject of children, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection. But though a bachelor myself, I look with equal veneration and complacency on the domestic blessings of a good old man, surrounded by a virtuous and flourishing race, in whom he lives over the best days of his youth, and from whose happiness he draws so much matter for his own. 'Tis at that advanced period of life that most of the enjoyments of a bachelor begin to leave him, that he feels the solitariness of his situation, linked to no surrounding objects, but those from which the debility or the seriousness of age must necessarily divorce him. The club, the coffee-house, and the tavern, will make but a few short inquiries after his absence; and weakness or disease may imprison him to his home, without their much feeling the want of his company, or any of their members soothing his uneasiness with theirs. The endearing society, the tender attentions of a man's own children, give to his very wants and weakness a sort of enjoyment, when those wants are supplied, and that weakness aided, by the hands he loves.

Though

Though the celibacy of the female ſex is ſtill more reproached, and is thought more comfortleſs than that of ours, yet I confeſs it ſeems to me to poſſeſs ſeveral advantages of which the other is deprived. An old maid has been more accuſtomed to home and to ſolitude than an old bachelor, and can employ herſelf in many little female occupations which render her more independent of ſociety for the diſpoſal of her time and the amuſement of her mind. The comparatively unimportant employments of the female world, which require neither much vigour of body nor much exertion of ſoul, occupy her hours and her attention, and prevent that impatience of idleneſs or of inactivity, which ſo often preys on men who have been formerly buſy or active. The negative and gentler virtues which characteriſe female worth, ſuit themſelves more eaſily to the languid and ſuffering ſtate of age or infirmity, than thoſe active and ſpirit-ſtirring qualities which frequently conſtitute the excellence of the male character. There are, no doubt, ſome females to whom this will not apply; to whom age muſt be more terrible than to any other being, becauſe it deprives them of more. She whoſe only endowment was beauty, muſt tremble at the approach of thoſe wrinkles which ſpoil her of her all; ſhe to whom youthful amuſements and gaieties were

the whole of life, must dread more than death that period when they can be no longer enjoyed.

It need scarce be suggested, that, to lessen the evils, and increase the comforts of age in either sex, the surest means are to be found in the cultivation and improvement of the mind in youth: to have something, as it were, in bank, on which to subsist the mind when the sources of external supply are cut off; to allow it some room for its natural activity when external employments have ceased; to preserve that energy of soul without which life is not only useless but burdensome. The former exercise of the imagination creates numberless pleasures, and its former soundness prevents numberless evils, to an old man. In proportion to the excellence of those objects over which it has formerly ranged, the review of age will be delightful or dreary, will call up elegant or gross, comfortable or distressing, elevating or humiliating, remembrances.

When I say, that of this better cultivated old age the remembrances will be more delightful, I do not mean that they will be always more gay. Of melancholy remembrances this state will naturally be more susceptible, than those in which memory has less store, and active employment tends more to dissipate thought. But who would

exchange

exchange melancholy remembrances for the apathy of him who thinks only of the preſent? Who would exchange, for unfeeling contentment, that creative memory which peoples the preſent time with paſt joys, paſt friendſhips, paſt love, though the recollection carries ſadneſs along with it? The moſt melancholy of all reflections which an old man can make, when he looks around him, and miſſes the companions of his youth, the aſſociates of his active days, and exclaims, in the natural language of *Petrarch*, "Ed Io pur vivo!"—even in this, to one of a good and pious mind, there is a certain elevation above the world, that ſheds (ſo to ſpeak) a beam of heavenly light upon the darkneſs around him.

A late correſpondent, under the ſignature of *Atticus*, pleaſes and intereſts me much, by a natural, though it is not a new deſcription, of the various occupations and feelings of his old age. After mentioning the chequered nature of his paſt life, on the dark ſide of which he places the loſs of an excellent wife, and ſeveral promiſing children, "The memory of thoſe dear ob-"jects," ſays he, "and the ſoothing hope that "we ſhall ſoon meet again, is now the ſource "of extreme pleaſure to me. In my retired "walks in the country, I am never alone; thoſe "dear ſhades are my conſtant companions."

Shenſtone, with a felicity which perhaps our language could not have afforded him, has expreſſed this feeling in eight or nine words, to the force and tenderneſs of which I believe no other words could add. 'Tis in the inſcription on *Miſs Dolman*'s urn, "*Heu quanto mi-*
"*nus eſt cum reliquis verſari quam tui memi-*
"*niſſe!*"

In recollecting thoſe whom time has ſwept from our remembrance, there are ſome characters whom, though we leſs reſpected, and, reaſonably ſpeaking, muſt leſs regret, we yet cannot help remembering with a feeling, if not ſo tender, perhaps fully as ſympathetic, as the loſs of much more dignified perſonages might produce.—"Alas, poor Yoric!"——Even in what I have paſſed of life, I recall at this moment the jeſts, the ſallies, the thoughtleſs gaiety of ſeveral ſuch characters, with whom one cannot eaſily connect an idea ſo ſerious as that of death, whom I ſtill wonder at not meeting in the accuſtomed haunts of their amuſement, and cannot without violence to my imagination, think of as gone for ever.

The regrets of the old for ſuch companions may be the eaſier allowed, from the circumſtance of their time of life preventing them from the acquiſition of any ſuch again. But though nothing leſs becomes an old man than the levity of

of youthful ſociety and youthful amuſements, yet to keep up ſuch an intereſt in them as may preſerve to himſelf the complacency of the young, and a certain enjoyment of their happineſs, is one of the great ingredients of a happy old age. I ſmiled one day at ſeeing my friend *Colonel Cauſtic* buſied in fitting up a fiſhing-rod for a ſchool-boy, the ſon of a neighbouring gentleman, who wiſhed to go an-angling on the ſtream that runs through the grounds. "You "think me very fooliſhly employed," ſaid the Colonel; "but do not blame me, till your phi-"loſophy can ſhew a happier face of its making "than my friend *Billy*'s there."

Some old men forget that they are old, and ſome that they ever were young; the firſt are ridiculous in the imitation, the latter peeviſh in the reſtraint of youthful gaiety. This is, generally, the effect neither of good-nature in the one, or of wiſdom in the other; but reſults, in the firſt, from a fooliſh vanity, and from an incapacity of thoſe better employments and pleaſures which ſuit their age; in the latter, from a ſplenetic regret of their incapacity for thoſe employments and pleaſures which ſuit it not.

Very different from this peeviſh intolerance of youth, is that ſort of gentle diſſatisfaction with the preſent time, which ſome of the beſt-tempered old men are inclined to ſhew. As a

young man, I never complained of this partiality which my ſeniors diſcovered for their own times, or the injuſtice they ſometimes did to the preſent. 'Tis on the warmeſt and worthieſt hearts that the impreſſion of the former age remains the deepeſt. The "*priſci conſcius ævi*," is one whom his coevals loved, and whom his juniors, whom he ſometimes under-rates, ſhould regard; as he who is warmeſt in the cauſe of his abſent friend, is the man whoſe friendſhip we ſhould be moſt ſolicitous to gain. Perhaps it may be accounted a ſort of proof of my approaching the period of partiality for the paſt, when I obſerve, that the preſent race of young men ſeem not likely ever to recall their younger days with the enthuſiaſm which ſome of my older acquaintance expreſs for theirs. That indifference which modern faſhion teaches her votaries will have nothing hereafter to remember with delight or to record with partiality. "What audience" (ſaid the ſame excellent friend whom I above quoted) "What audience will "they find in the nineteenth century, for their "eulogium of the ſize of buckles, the height "of capes, or the faſhion of boots, in the year "1785?"

Of the foibles of age, avarice has long been cited as the moſt unreaſonable and prepoſterous; yet, I think, it is much leſs to be wondered at, though

though not leſs to be blamed, than the declamation of moraliſts has generally ſuppoſed. When excluded from the pleaſures which the uſe of money might procure, we ſubſtitute, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, the archetype of enjoyment for enjoyment itſelf, and prize wealth as the end, when it has ceaſed to be the means. Old men are niggard of their money as they are profuſe of their talk, becauſe the poſſeſſion of wealth is one of thoſe pleaſures in which they can equal younger men; as daws and ſtarlings can pilfer and hoard, who are deſtitute of plumage and of ſong.

But there are uſes of wealth which ſome worthy and wiſe old men diſcover, that may ſupply this want of object for its appropriation. To beſtow it in the purpoſes of beneficence, is one of the ways of ſpending money for which a man is never too old; or if ſome are ſo unhappy as to have outlived the reliſh of this, it is only where they have been at little pains to keep up in their minds thoſe better feelings, which prompt and reward good deeds. That pleaſure which Colonel Cauſtic mentioned, of making happy faces, is a ſort of *fine art*, which ſome people never attain, and others eaſily loſe.

N° 73. SATURDAY, *June* 24, 1786.

AMIDST the various branches of the Fine Arts in which Ancient Greece excelled, there ſeems to be none in which her pre-eminence ſtands more undiſputed than that of *Sculpture*. In Muſic ſhe was far diſtant from any perfection; and indeed it is in modern times only that this art has received its higheſt improvements. In painting, too, whatever we may be told of the high admiration in which a Zeuxis and an Apelles were held by their countrymen, yet there is very good reaſon to believe that the moderns have far exceeded the ancients. In Poetry, though we ſhall not preſume to ſay that other nations have gone beyond the Greeks; yet ſurely it muſt be allowed, that the Roman poets, as well as thoſe of modern times, approach ſo near the Grecian models, as to ſuffer very little from the compariſon. But in Sculpture the Greeks ſtand confeſſedly unrivalled, as having attained the ſummit of perfection. All the productions, not only of modern, but even of Roman Sculpture, are acknowledged to be inferior to thoſe perfect and finiſhed models which Greece produced. In ſhort, however much

much the partiſans of modern times may be inclined to diſpute the palm with the ancients in others of the Fine Arts, yet in that of Sculpture all ſeem to concur in confeſſing the ſuperiority of the Grecian artiſts. And I think their arriving at ſuch excellence in this art may be accounted for from very obvious and ſatisfactory cauſes.

Sculpture or Statuary is one of the imitative arts which mankind would very early practiſe; and accordingly there are few, even of the moſt uncultivated nations, among whom we do not find ſome rude attempts to form images in wood or in ſtone, if not in metal. To repreſent with any correctneſs and accuracy a ſolid figure upon a plain ſurface, would not ſo readily occur as the idea of forming the reſemblance of a man, or any other animal, in ſtone or marble. Painting, therefore, is of later invention than Statuary; and being an art of much greater difficulty, would conſequently be much ſlower of coming to any conſiderable degree of perfection. To acquire the art of properly diſtributing light and ſhade, ſo as to make the ſeveral figures ſtand out from the canvaſs; to poſſeſs the power of animating thoſe figures with the moſt natural and glowing colours; to throw them into groupes of a pleaſing form; to preſerve that perfect proportion of ſize and diſtance which

perſpective demands; are thoſe excellencies of Painting which it has required the efforts and the experience of many ſucceſſive ages to attain. To form a finiſhed ſtatue is neither ſo complex nor ſo difficult an art. To be able, by means of the chiſel, to bring the rude block of marble to preſent the exact reſemblance of the moſt graceful human form, is no doubt a ſurpriſing and beautiful effort of induſtry and genius; and it would require a conſiderable time before ſuch an art could attain perfection; but that perfection being obviouſly much more eaſily attainable than any excellence in painting, ſo it would neceſſarily be much ſooner acquired. As more readily to be acquired, it would naturally be more generally practiſed; and this circumſtance again would, in its turn, accelerate the progreſs of the art.

The athletic exerciſes of the Greeks, joined to the natural beauty of the human form, for which their country and climate were diſtinguiſhed, furniſhed ready models for Sculpture. To Painting they afforded much leſs aſſiſtance. The mere muſcular exertions of the body are favourite objects of imitation for the Statuary, and from the ſucceſsful copy he acquires the very higheſt degree of renown. Painting draws its beſt ſubjects from other ſources; from the combination of figures, from the features of emotion,

emotion, from the eye of paſſion. Groupes in Sculpture (if we except works in *relief*, which are much leſs diſtinct and ſtriking than pictures) are perhaps too near nature to be pleaſing. It is certainly true, as a moſt ingenious and excellent philoſopher has obſerved, that we are not pleaſed with Imitation when ſhe preſſes too cloſe upon reality: a coloured ſtatue is offenſive; and the wax-work figures of Mrs. *Wright*, which ſhe dreſſes in the habits of the times, and places in various attitudes in different parts of the room, excite ſurpriſe indeed, but never produce delight. Sculpture, therefore, thus confined to ſingle figures, ſeems little leſs inferior to Painting, than was the ode recited by one perſon at the feaſt of *Bacchus*, to the perfect drama of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

When Statuary reached its higheſt excellence in Greece, the art of Painting had made but a ſlender progreſs. The admiration of the works which their painters produced, ſeems to have proceeded more from a ſenſe of the great difficulty of the art, and from ſurpriſe at the effects it produced, than from the pictures truly meriting the high praiſes we find beſtowed upon them. To the eye of taſte, the work of the Statuary was the more complete and finiſhed production; the art was accordingly more generally cultivated; and by the authors of antiquity the ſtatues

of Greece are more frequently mentioned than their paintings; are ſpoken of and dwelt upon in ſuch terms, as ſufficiently ſhew them to have been conſidered as the ſuperior and more admirable exertions of the taſte and genius of that elegant people.

If we admit theſe circumſtances to account for the very high degree of perfection which Grecian Sculpture attained, it will not be very difficult to explain why they have never been ſurpaſſed, and why the art itſelf has ever ſince declined. When any art has received a very high, or perhaps its utmoſt degree of perfection, this circumſtance of itſelf neceſſarily deſtroys that noble emulation which alone can ſtimulate to excellence. Conſcious of being unable to ſurpaſs the great models which he ſees, the artiſt is diſcouraged from making attempts. The poſts of honour are already occupied; ſuperior praiſe and glory are not to be reached; and the ardour of the artiſt is checked by perceiving that he cannot exceed, and that, after all his efforts, he will not be able perhaps to equal, the productions of thoſe maſters who have already the advantage of an eſtabliſhed reputation.

It is for theſe reaſons, as has been juſtly obſerved, that when the arts and ſciences come to perfection in any ſtate, they from that moment naturally

naturally and neceſſarily decline; and if this be the caſe, then ſurely the more perfect degree of excellence any art has attained, the more certain muſt be its after-decay. We may indeed carry the obſervation ſomewhat farther, and affirm, that if the art has arrived at the higheſt degree of perfection of which it is capable in any age, or in any ſituation, that art will not only naturally decline amongſt the people where it ſo flouriſhed, but that this circumſtance will prevent its ever being again brought to any conſiderable pitch of improvement amongſt any other people, while the firſt perfect models remain. The excellence of Homer, whatever might be its effects on his own countrymen, did not repreſs the genius of Virgil or of Lucretius; nor did the reputation of theſe great poets of antiquity check the ardour of Taſſo or of Milton. But the difference of language, the infinite choice of ſubjects, and the variety of powers which poetry can employ, prevent the eminence of a poet in one country from having much effect in damping the efforts of the poets in another. With regard to Sculpture, however, the caſe is widely different. No diverſity of ſubjects, no variety of powers to exert, no difference in the mode of expreſſing his conceptions, fall to the ſhare of a Statuary. A correct repreſentation of the exterior human form,

form, marked perhaps with ſome of the ſtronger expreſſions of the countenance, the chuſing a graceful or a ſtriking figure, the throwing it into a pleaſing or an intereſting attitude, and the finiſhing the whole production with the moſt nice and exquiſite workmanſhip, conſtitute the utmoſt limits of the Sculptor's art. When the higheſt excellence in theſe, therefore, has been attained, and while thoſe perfect models remain, they muſt ever after repreſs emulation in the art, and cruſh all the efforts of genius.

Together with this general cauſe, there is another which has very much contributed to the decline of the art of Sculpture in modern times, and that is, the great improvements, and the extraordinary pitch of excellence which Painting attained ſoon after the revival of arts and letters in Europe. This had naturally the effect of directing the attention of all ingenious artiſts to cultivate the art of Painting, where glory and praiſe were ſure to be acquired, rather than to Statuary, where no laurels were to be won. The models of ancient Statuary held the place of nature to the ſtudy and imitation of the great artiſts of that time: but imitative ingenuity and ambition had no room in working on marble, after marbles already perfect. To tranſlate them (if I may be allowed

the

the expreſſion) into painting, was an object that gave emulation ſcope; and in fact it happened that the chiſel of the Greeks was the great guide of the Roman pencil. Not only the novelty of the art of Painting, in conſequence of the improvements it had received, but alſo the greater field which it afforded for the exertions of genius, contributed to render it the great object of attention. The more perfect repreſentation it exhibited of the human form by the aid of colouring, the variety of figures which it admitted of being introduced, and the opportunity it preſented of intereſting and engaging the paſſions of the beholder, were all circumſtances which naturally concurred to make it be held the more favoured and eſtimable diſplay of an artiſt's power.

N° 74. SATURDAY, *July* 1, 1786.

IT is a well-known conſolation to diſtreſs, to be told of the like infelicity which others endure. Perhaps, therefore, my late correſpondent *Mr. Eaſy* may not be diſpleaſed to read the following letters, which will ſhew him, if the relations of my correſpondents are to be relied on, that matches of love, as well as of prudence, may have their diſadvantages; that a wife's affection, as well as her œconomy, may impriſon a man's perſon, may exclude him from his beſt ſociety, and abridge his moſt innocent amuſements.

To the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IT was my misfortune to loſe my father in a few months after I came into the world. He was a gentleman of family in the county of ——, where he poſſeſſed a moderate fortune, and had married my mother not much above a year before his death. When ſhe was thus deprived of her huſband, ſhe had not finiſhed her twentieth

tieth year, and poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of beauty, heightened and improved by every graceful accompliſhment. Warmly attached to my father, ſhe found no relief from her ſorrows, as I have often heard her ſay, but in thoſe cares and in that attention which it was neceſſary to pay to me in my infancy. As I grew up, I became the ſole object of my mother's ſolicitude, and ſhe transferred to me all the affection which ſhe had borne to my father. I was not ungrateful for all this kindneſs; and in my mother I found not only a parent whom I reſpected, but a friend whom I loved; one to whom I was accuſtomed to unboſom myſelf with perfect freedom and confidence. Except a few years, which on account of my education we paſſed in town, we reſided chiefly at the family-ſeat in the country. As we ſaw but few company, much of our time was ſpent in reading, which indeed came to be our favourite amuſement. My mother's taſte in books coincided entirely with mine. Though we ſometimes read a little hiſtory, yet novels were our favourite amuſement; and though my mother poſſeſſed taſte enough to admire the elegance of a *Robertſon* and the ſimplicity of a *Hume*, yet we read ſuch authors as a ſort of taſk, from which we returned with pleaſure to the delightful page of a *Richardſon* or *Riccoboni*. In this charming

charming ſolitude my days glided ſweetly along, and I never formed a wiſh to quit the ſociety of my beloved mother, or to change the condition of my life. Before I had finiſhed my eighteenth year, propoſals of marriage had been made to me by ſeveral gentlemen of rank and condition. As it had ever been the avowed principle of my mother, that in that important particular a woman ought to be left at perfect freedom, ſhe upon every ſuch occaſion declined to give any opinion, telling me, that as the happineſs of my life was to depend upon the choice I ſhould make, I had only to conſult the dictates and feelings of my heart. Thus left by the tenderneſs of my mother, to the freedom of my own will, I found no difficulty in giving an anſwer to my ſuitors. Reſpectable as they might be, they could not bear a compariſon with thoſe characters which I had been accuſtomed to love and to admire in my favourite authors; and it had long been my fixed opinion, that without a certain hallowed ſympathy of ſoul, a ſacred union of hearts, there was a degree not of indelicacy only, but of criminality, in forming the nuptial bond.

One day, as my mother and I were upon our way to pay a viſit at the houſe of a lady in the neighbourhood, our road led us along the ſide of a river, whoſe high banks, covered with wood,

wood, formed a moſt romantic and delightful ſcene. While we were admiring the beauties of it, ſome accident ſcared our horſes on the very brink of a ſteep precipice; and in all likelihood the conſequence would have proved fatal, had not a gentleman at that inſtant come to our aſſiſtance, and reſcued us at the hazard of his own life. Charmed with the ſpirit of our deliverer, I had now time to examine him with a little more attention. In the bloom of of youth, he poſſeſſed one of the fineſt forms I ever beheld, with a countenance animated and intereſting in the higheſt degree. Perhaps the little adventure which introduced him to us, diſpoſed me to view him at that moment with a partial eye. Little accuſtomed as I was to conceal the emotions of my mind, he muſt have been blind indeed, if he did not perceive that I was pleaſed at finding he was going to the ſame houſe where my mother and I intended to pay a viſit. If the firſt appearance of the ſtranger pleaſed me, his addreſs, and manner, and converſation, charmed me ſtill more. In a word, Sir, I found in him all the graces of a *Lovelace*, all the virtues and accompliſhments of a *Grandiſon*, all the ſentiment and tenderneſs of a *Lord Oſſory*. Sir W. Denham (for that was his name) appeared to me the moſt amiable man I had ever ſeen. I need not trouble you with

with a recital of the progreſs of our acquaintance. Suffice it to ſay, that he made a complete conqueſt of my heart, and that I conſented to give him my hand.

Immediately after our marriage, we went to his family-ſeat in the country. There the tenderneſs and the attachment of my huſband ſeemed daily to increaſe. He lived but to gratify my wiſhes, and I fondly fancied myſelf the happieſt of woman-kind. Alas, Sir! what a cruel thing it is to have known felicity, and then to be plunged in wretchedneſs! I, Sir, am now as miſerable as once I was happy. Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, I have loſt the affections of my huſband. Of this I have hourly the moſt mortifying and the moſt unequivocal proofs. The firſt ſymptom I diſcovered of an alteration in his ſentiments, was the pleaſure I found he took in other ſociety, and in amuſements of which I could not partake. When his country-neighbours come to viſit him, he will ſit a whole evening over his bottle with them, while I languiſh alone, neglected and forlorn. Nay, Sir, before we were many months married, he had the barbarity to leave me for a whole fortnight, which he ſpent in the Highlands, on a ſhooting party, as he called it. Not only does he prefer thoſe frivolous amuſements to me, but he even abandons my ſociety, on a pretence

that

that the management of his affairs requires it. At this moment he is at an eſtate he has in a diſtant county, where he ſays he will be detained by buſineſs for ſeveral weeks. What is buſineſs or affairs to me, who would with pleaſure have deſcended from a throne to make him happy!

I am perſuaded, Sir, you will enter into my diſtreſs, and feel the juſtice of my complaints. As my huſband is a conſtant reader of your paper, I hope that the picture of my ſituation may ſtrike him, and lead him to alter a conduct which I own I am unable longer to endure. Yours, &c.

LOUISA DENHAM.

I had hardly done reading this letter, when I received the following:

SIR,

AT the age of twenty-two, I ſucceeded to a paternal eſtate of L. 2000. Soon after the death of my father, to whom I was indebted for an excellent education, I ſet out on my travels; and after making the Grand Tour I returned to my native country at the age of twenty-ſix, and found myſelf poſſeſſed of a fortune more than ſufficient for my wiſhes, with a ſound conſtitution, a diſpoſition to enjoy all the pleaſures of ſociety, and a heart ſuſceptible of friendſhip and attachment. Soon after my return, a fortunate accident introduced me to the

the acquaintance of Miſs Louiſa M——. Although accuſtomed to ſee and to admire beauty, yet I could not help being forcibly ſtruck with that of Miſs M——. Beauty, however, though it may dazzle for a moment, ſeldom makes a laſting impreſſion on one who had ſeen ſo much of the world as I had. But there was ſomething at once intereſting in the looks and engaging in the manners of Louiſa, that attracted me with an irreſiſtible charm. Even her artleſs ſimplicity, and her ignorance of the world, rather pleaſed from its novelty; accuſtomed to the *coteries* of Paris, and the ſociety of women whoſe converſation, ideas, and manners differed little from that of the men with whom they lived, I was charmed with the *naïveté* of Louiſa. In her obſervations there was a remarkable delicacy and juſtneſs of thought, often, it is true, accompanied with a degeee of romantic wildneſs and enthuſiaſm, which, ſo far from diſpleaſing, ſerved rather to throw an additional charm around her.

I ſoon found that I was not indifferent to Miſs M——; and having paid my addreſſes to her, was honoured with her hand. For ſome time after our marriage, I was completely happy; and would have continued ſo, were it not for one ſingle weakneſs in my Louiſa, which has occaſioned much uneaſineſs to us both, and will, I fear, if not corrected, embitter all our future

future days. 'Tis of such a sort, Mr. Lounger, that I have no term by which to blame it; I can only describe it by instances. When I went home after my marriage, my neighbours naturally came to pay their compliments on the occasion. Although I sometimes would rather have dispensed with their presence, which I could not help feeling as an interruption to that happiness which I experienced in the conversation of my Louisa; yet common civility required that I should receive them with politeness. One day Sir George Hearty, an old friend of my father's, and ever warmly attached to the interest of our family, came to dine with me. As I knew that Sir George liked his bottle, I, though naturally averse to any approach to excess in the way of drinking, could not help indulging the good old man in a glass extraordinary. When we rose from table, I found my wife in her apartment dissolved in tears. Astonished and affected to the last degree, I inquired the cause with all the impatience of the most anxious solicitude. At length she, with a look of melancholy that distressed me to the soul, said, that she found no happiness in any society but mine; and that if I loved like her, I could find no pleasure but in her's.

Not long after, I received a letter from the son of an English nobleman, with whom I had

been educated at ſchool and at college, and with whom I had ever after lived in habits of the ſtricteſt friendſhip, putting me in mind of an engagement I had come under when laſt in London, to ſhow him ſome parts of the Highlands in Scotland, and to paſs ſome time with him there in growſe-ſhooting. I immediately made the neceſſary preparations for this excurſion, and not doubting that my wife would be happy to ſhow every mark of attention to the choſen friend of my youth, I wrote to him to haſten his journey to Scotland. When he arrived, it was with pain that I obſerved that my Louiſa, ſo far from participating the joy I felt at the ſight of my friend, ſeemed to ſink in ſpirits in proportion as I was overjoyed on the occaſion.

I left her in a ſituation which diſtreſſed me at the time, and the reflection of which damped all the joy I ſhould otherwiſe have found in the ſociety of my friend. I ſhortened our excurſion, although I ſaw it rather diſappointed him, in order to get home as ſoon as poſſible. Inſtead of being received by my Louiſa with that pleaſure which I experienced in ſeeing her after this ſhort abſence, I found her ſtill oppreſſed with that melancholy in which I had left her. It is needleſs, Sir, to detain you with a detail of further particulars. In a word, I find that my wife conſiders my partaking in any amuſement,

ment, joining in any ſociety, or engaging in the moſt neceſſary and eſſential buſineſs, as a mark of want of attachment and affection to her. That romantic turn of mind, which at firſt charmed me ſo much, and which her natural good ſenſe has not enabled her to reſtrain within due bounds, leads her to ſee every object through a medium very remote from the occurrences of ordinary life. As ſhe is a reader of the *Lounger*, I beg you will favour us with a paper on the danger of encouraging this engaging ſort of deluſion, ſo apt to captivate a young and a virtuous mind, but which I find, from fatal experience, leads to much miſery and diſtreſs.—Yours, &c.

W. DENHAM.

It might be ſuppoſed, that the *Lounger*, who has ſomehow been led to confeſs himſelf a bachelor, would not be much diſſatisfied at receiving, in ſuch letters as the above and *Mr. Eaſy's*, a ſort of teſtimony of the inconveniencies of marriage. He muſt however declare, that they afford him no kind of ſatisfaction; nor indeed do the complaints of thoſe correſpondents induce him to think at all unfavourably of that ſtate in which they have found the em-

barraſſments they deſcribe. Want of judgment in our choice, or ridiculouſly ſanguine expectations from what we poſſeſs, will, in every article of life, produce diſappointment and chagrin; and the ſituation from which the greateſt felicity may be drawn, muſt neceſſarily be that from which moſt uneaſineſs may ſpring. But the relations of misfortune are generally exaggerated. From *Mrs. Eaſy* I have received a letter, denying more than half of her huſband's aſſertions. My correſpondent *Alcander*'s relation on the other ſide of the queſtion, meets with perfect credit from me. I myſelf know ſeveral couples as happy as his *Euphanor* and *Almeria;* it is probably owing to the truth of its recital, that his letter ſeems to me not ſo well calculated for the entertainment of my readers, as thoſe which perhaps borrow a little from fiction, to furniſh out their diſtreſſes. The epiſtles of to-day in particular, I have taken the liberty to read to ſome of the moſt creditable of my married acquaintance, who are unanimous in declaring the diſtreſs of which they complain to be perfectly out of nature.

EV

N° 75. Saturday, *July* 8, 1786.

E' troppo barbara quella legge, che vuol disporre del cuor delle donne a costo della loro rovina.

Goldoni.

To the Author of the Lounger.

SIR, *Avignon, May* 1786.

YOU will perhaps be surprised at receiving a letter from this place; but if you possess that benevolence which from your writings one is led to ascribe to you, the unfortunate from any quarter may claim some of your notice. My story, I believe, will not be without its use; and if you knew that sort of melancholy indulgence which I feel in addressing a letter to my native country!—But I will not give way to feeling; I mean simply to relate; and situated as I am, banished from the world, and lost to myself, I can tell my story,—I think I can,—as that of a third person, in which though I may be interested, I will yet be impartial.

My father possessed a small patrimonial estate in the county of ——, and married, in early

life, a lady whose birth was much above her fortune, and who unluckily retained all the pride of the first, tho' it but ill suited the circumstances of the latter. The consequences were such as might naturally be looked for. My father was involved in an expensive style of life, which in a few years obliged him to sell his estate for payment of his debts. He did not live to feel the distresses to which he might have been reduced; and after his death my mother took up her residence in a country-town, where the pittance that remained from the reversion of my father's effects, assisted by a small pension from government, which a distant relation of my mother's procured for us, enabled her to educate me on that sober plan which necessity had now taught her to adopt.

Our situation, however, still allowed her to mix something of the genteel in my education: and the place in which we lived was inhabited by several families, who, like us, had retired from more public and expensive life, and still retained somewhat of that polish which former intercourse with the fashionable world had conferred. At the age of seventeen, therefore, I was, I believe, tolerably accomplished; and though I knew nothing of high life, nor indeed wished to know it, yet I possessed a degree of refinement and breeding rather above what the circum-

circumſtances of my mother might have been expected to allow.

Of my beauty, I was, like other girls, ſomewhat vain; but my mother was proud to an extreme degree. She looked upon it as a gift by which my fortune and hers were to be made, and conſequently ſpared no poſſible pains to ſet it off to advantage. Its importance and its power were often inculcated on me; and my ambition was daily inflamed by the recital of the wealth and ſtation which other girls had acquired by marriages to which their beauty alone had entitled them. I think I heard thoſe inſtances with more indifference than my mother wiſhed I ſhould; and could not eaſily be brought to conſider all happineſs as centered in riches or in rank, to which her wiſhes and hopes were conſtantly pointed.

Theſe hopes, however, accident put it in her power to accompliſh. At the houſe of one of the genteeleſt of our acquaintance (who had two daughters nearly of my age) we met with Mr. M——, a gentleman whom the lady of the houſe introduced particularly to us, as a man of great fortune and ſingular worth. Mr. M—— was paſt the meridian of life; he had the look and air of a man who had ſeen the world, and talked on moſt ſubjects with a degree of ſhrewd and often ſarcaſtic obſervation, which met with

much applauſe from the older part of the company, but which was not at all calculated to pleaſe the younger. The enthuſiaſm of attachment, of feeling, and of virtue, which our reading ſometimes induced us to mention, he ridiculed as exiſting only in the dreams of poetry, or the fanciful heroes of romance; but which ſenſe or experience neither looked to find in others, nor ventured to indulge in ourſelves. In ſhort, my companions and I hated and feared him; and neither our averſion nor our fear was at all removed by the lectures of our mothers on his good ſenſe and agreeable manners.

Theſe lectures were at laſt beſtowed with particular emphaſis on me, and, after a day or two's preamble of general commendations, he was formally propoſed to me by my mother as a huſband. He himſelf, though he made his court chiefly to her, was now pretty ſedulous in his attentions to me; and made many ſpeeches to my beauty, and proteſtations of his love, which I heard with little emotion, but which my mother, and her friend whoſe gueſts we were, repreſented as the genuine expreſſions of the moſt ſincere and ardent attachment. Of love I had formed ſuch ideas as girls of my age generally do; and though I had no particular preference for any one elſe, I did not heſitate in refuſing him, for whom I had hitherto conceived

ceived nothing but diſguſt. My refuſal increaſed the ardour of my lover in his ſuit: to me he talked in common-place language of the anguiſh it cauſed him; to my mother he ſpoke in the language of the world, and increaſed his offers in point of ſettlement to an exorbitant degree. Her influence was proportionally exerted. She perſuaded, implored, and was angry. The luxury and happineſs of that ſtate which I might acquire were warmly painted; the folly, the impiety, of depriving myſelf and her of ſo comfortable an eſtabliſhment, was ſtrongly held forth; the good qualities and generoſity of Mr. M—— were expatiated on; thoſe ideas which I ventured to plead as reaſons for my rejection were ridiculed and exploded.——At my time of life, unuſed to reſiſtance, fond of my mother, and accuſtomed to be guided by her; perhaps, too, ſomewhat dazzled with the proſpect of the ſituation which this marriage would open to me; it is not ſurpriſing that my firſt reſolutions were overcome. I became the wife of Mr. M——.

For ſome time the happineſs they had promiſed ſeemed to attend me. My huſband was warm, if not tender in his attachment; my wiſhes for myſelf were not only indulged, but prompted; and his kindneſs to my mother and my friends was unbounded. I was grateful to Mr. M——; I regarded, I eſteemed, I wiſhed to love him.

On the birth of a ſon, which happened about a year after our marriage, he redoubled his aſſiduities about me. I was more happy, more grateful; I looked on my boy, his father careſſed him; and then it was that I loved Mr. M—— indeed.

This happineſs, however, it was not my good fortune long to enjoy. Some projects of political ambition, in which Mr. M—— was engaged, called him from thoſe domeſtic enjoyments which ſeemed for a while to have intereſted him, into more public life. We took up our reſidence in the capital, and Mr. M—— introduced me to what is called the beſt company. Of his own ſociety I ſoon came to enjoy but little. His attachment for me began viſibly to decay, and by degrees he loſt altogether the attentions which for a while outlived it. Sullen and ſilent when we were alone, and either neglectful or contemptuous when we had company, he treated me as one whom it would have degraded him to love or to reſpect; whom it was ſcarce worth while to hate or to deſpiſe. I was conſidered as merely a part of his eſtabliſhment; and it was my duty to do the honours of his table, as it was that of his butler to attend to his ſide-board, or of his groom to take care of his horſes. Like them too, I was to miniſter to his vanity, by the ſplendor of my appearance;

ance; I was to ſhow that beauty of which he was maſter, in company and at public places, and was to carry the trappings with which he had adorned it, to be envied by the poor, and admired by the wealthy. While my affection for him continued, I ſometimes remonſtrated againſt this. His anſwers were firſt indifferent, and then peeviſh. Young, giddy, and fond of amuſement, I at laſt began to enjoy the part he aſſigned me, and entered warmly into that round of diſſipation, which for a while I had paſſed through without reliſh, and often with ſelf-reproach. My ſon, who had been my tie to home, he took from me, to place him in the family of a former tutor of his own, who now kept a French academy; and I never had a ſecond child. My ſociety was made up of the gay and the thoughtleſs; women who, like me, had no duty to perform, no laudable exertion to make, but who in the buſtle of idleneſs were to loſe all thought, and in the forms of the world all honeſt attachment.

For a conſiderable time, however, a ſenſe of right, which I had imbibed in my infancy, roſe up occaſionally to embitter my pleaſures, and to make me aſhamed of the part I was acting. Whenever Mr. M—— took the trouble of perceiving this, it ſerved him but as a ſubject for ridicule. The reſtraints of religion, or nice mo-

rality, he was at pains to repreſent as the effects of fanaticiſm and pedantry; and when I ſeemed ſurpriſed or ſhocked at the principles he held forth, he threw in a ſneer at my former ſituation, and hinted, that but for him I had been ſtill the awkward ignorant thing he found me.

Yet this man expected that I ſhould be virtuous, as that word is uſed by the world; that I ſhould guard that honour which was his, while every other principle of my own rectitude was extinguiſhed. For a long time it was ſo. My horror at that degree of depravity was not to be overcome, even amidſt the levity, to call it no worſe, of manners which I ſaw continually around me, and which, as far as it was a mark of faſhion, he ſeemed to wiſh me to participate. Still in the poſſeſſion of youth and beauty, I did not eſcape ſolicitations; but I repelled them with a degree of reſentment which I often heard the very man whoſe honour it guarded treat as affectation in any woman who ſhould pretend it. He would frequently repeat from the Letters of Lord *Cheſterfield*, that a declaration of love to a woman was always to be ventured, becauſe, even though it was rejected, ſhe would accept of it as a compliment to her attractions. I had ſoon opportunities of knowing that Mr. M—— was as looſe in his practice as in his principles. His infidelities, indeed, he was not at much

pains

pains to conceal; and while I continued to upbraid him, was at almoſt as little pains to excuſe.

In ſuch circumſtances, was it to be wondered at if my virtue was not always proof againſt the attacks to which it was expoſed? With a huſband unequal in years, loſt to my affection, as I was caſt from his, and treating me as one from whom no love or duty was to be expected; a huſband whoſe principles were corrupt, whoſe converſation was looſe, whoſe infidelity gave a ſort of juſtice to mine; ſurrounded at the ſame time by young men whoſe perſons were attractive, whoſe manners were engaging, whoſe obſequious attentions were contraſted with my huſband's neglect, and whoſe pretended adoration and reſpect were oppoſed to his rudeneſs and contempt:—Was it wonderful, that thus ſituated, expoſed to temptation, and unguarded by principle, I ſhould forget firſt the reſtraints of prudence, and then the obligations of virtue?

Reſigned as I now am to my ſituation, I can look on it as a kind interpoſition of Providence, that detection ſoon followed my firſt deviations from virtue, before I had loſt the feelings of ſhame and contrition, before I had wandered an irrecoverable diſtance from duty, from principle, from religion. Here, in this place of baniſhment which the mercy of my huſband allotted me, I have met with ſome benevolent guides,

guides, who have led me to the only ſources of comfort for miſery and remorſe like mine; who have given me a ſtation in which, amidſt the obloquy of the world, amidſt the humiliation of repentance, I can ſtill in ſome degree reſpect myſelf; who have taught me to cultivate my mind, to improve its powers, to regulate its principles; who have led me to a juſter value of this life, to a ſincere hope of the next.

Humbled, and I truſt improved by affliction, I will not indulge either vindication or reſentment; the injuries I have done my huſband I am willing to expiate (as, alas! he knows I do) by penitence and by ſuffering; yet, for his own ſake, and for the warning of others, let me aſk him, If, for theſe injuries to him, and ſufferings to me, he never imputes any blame to himſelf? I am told he is loud in his charges of my ingratitude and perfidy. I again repeat, that I will not offer to apologiſe for my weakneſs or my crimes. But it would be more dignified in him, as well as more juſt, were he to forget rather than to reproach the woman whoſe perſon he bought, whoſe affections he deſpiſed, whoſe innocence he corrupted,—whoſe ruin he has cauſed!

SOPHIA M——.

N° 76. SATURDAY, *July* 15, 1786.

THIS day's Paper I devote to correſpondents. The firſt of the following letters I was particularly deſirous to inſert ſoon, as its ſubject is of that tranſient kind which might ſuffer from delay. In dreſs, as well as in character, there is often, in theſe times of change, "the *Cynthia* of the minute."

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Brown Square, Edinburgh,
July 6, 1786.

SIR,

I Underſtand that gentlemen who formerly held the ſame ſort of office which you now exerciſe among us, were in uſe to appoint certain deputies, to whom they committed particular departments. As you, Sir, ſeem now to be ſo well eſtabliſhed in yours, that you may poſſibly think of following their example, I make bold to ſolicit an appointment, or, failing of that, your patronage at leaſt to an undertaking, of which this town ſeems to ſtand much in need, and for which I flatter myſelf I am tolerably well qualified.

One

One of your extenſive obſervation, Mr. Lounger, muſt have remarked how defective we are in point of general or early information in dreſs, and how long it is before we accommodate ourſelves univerſally to that perfect ſtandard which the metropolis of England affords. We are often miſerably in the rear of the faſhion; and, except one or two favoured ladies, who have been accidentally in London, the bulk of our fine women don't get into the mode till it is quite upon the wane among our ſouthern neighbours. The *Oſtrich* head did not make its appearance here till half a ſeaſon after it had been worn in London. The other end of the oſtrich was ſtill later of reaching us. That was indeed partly owing to an accident; the firſt ſet (as it is a bulky article) was coming down by ſea in a ſhip that was wrecked, and a friend of mine, who had the merit of the firſt commiſſion, loſt conſiderably in bottomry on the veſſel. At this very moment I ſee paſs my door a great many Brimſtone ribbons, though it is two months ſince my letters from London inform me they were quite out there. As long ago as the *Commemoration*, there were none but *Celeſtials* preſent, not a ſingle *Brimſtone* in the Abbey.

This inconvenience, Sir, might eaſily be remedied by a ſpeedier communication of intelligence

gence between the capitals of England and of Scotland, more eſpecially if a public appointment were made of ſome perſon from whom ſuch intelligence could here be obtained, and who ſhould be anſwerable for its authenticity. 'Tis for this office, Mr. Lounger, I venture to propoſe myſelf. I have been at a good deal of pains, Sir, to eſtabliſh ſuch a correſpondence at London, and even at Paris, as I truſt will enable me to ſupply myſelf, not only with intelligence, but with *models* of every article of Dreſs, as ſoon as it grows into confirmed faſhion; and I will take care to exhibit at certain ſtated ſeaſons a ſet of *Poupées*, which I flatter myſelf will convey from my ſhop-window a perfect idea of the reigning dreſs and undreſs of the faſhionable world. At preſent, the little figures which are ſtationed there, are looked on merely as toys for children; but I hereby give notice, that, with your leave, Mr. Lounger, I ſhall, on the firſt day of the enſuing race-week, convert them to a more dignified as well as a more uſeful purpoſe; that they will then repreſent, on one ſide of my window, a ſet of faſhionably dreſſed gentlemen, and on the other a party of faſhionably dreſſed ladies.

There never, I imagine, Sir, was a period when ſuch a ſtandard was of ſo much import-

ance

ance in this country. The proportion of the value of dreſs to that of the wearer, particularly in the Fair-ſex, is wonderfully increaſed of late years in Edinburgh. Of the firſt I think I am a tolerably good judge, and can eſtimate, I believe, within a few ſhillings (ſuppoſing the underworks to be of the ordinary materials), the value of any lady's apparel. Of the value of the lady herſelf I do not pretend to be a judge: in ſome inſtances within my little experience, I have obſerved the eſtimate to differ conſiderably at two different periods, as it happened to be made by the lover or the huſband; at the firſt, they bore a premium, as we ſay in buſineſs; at the latter, there was rather a diſcount. But taking things at an average, I am told, our mothers and grandmothers were as precious in themſelves as our wives and daughters. But as for their covering, there is, in all ranks, a great increaſe of coſt, even in my time: for though the old *Points* and *Brocades* came high at firſt, they went through generations, like an entailed eſtate: our dreſs has as much the advantage in variety as in elegance; it does not outlaſt a lady's fancy. 'Twas but t'other morning I ſold ſome of my *Bloom of Roſes* to the wife of a grocer of my acquaintance, who looked at ſome of my toys from beneath a bonnet that muſt have ſtood her in a couple of guineas at the leaſt; yet were

ſhe

ſhe to be ſet up to auction—but I wiſh to avoid all perſonal reflections, Mr. Lounger.

You, Sir, who underſtand ſuch ſubjects, might perhaps wiſh to correct the diſproportion between apparel and ſtation, between the gaudineſs of dreſs, and the age and character of the wearer: I only pretend to regulate it according to the mode, or perhaps a little according to the complexion. In both I ſee the greateſt miſtakes at preſent. There is a lamentable neglect among us of all propriety in that matter. We are ill informed even of the names of the articles we wear. People come to years of diſcretion ſcarce know the difference between a plain Hat and a *Lunardi*; and I have heard a lady, who I was told had a very good education, miſtake a *Parachute* for a *Fitzherbert*.

Beſides the knowledge of dreſs in the abſtract, Mr. Lounger, there is another branch of inſtruction, which lies, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, in the middle between your province and mine, that is, the art of making the moſt of one's ſelf in one's dreſs, after one has got it on. I believe, Sir, I can find an aſſiſtant who will undertake this department; who can teach the ladies the ſmart toſs ſuitable to the new-faſhioned turned-up hat, the languiſh of eye that is to be practiſed under the curtain of the *Lunardi*, and the hoydeniſh roll that becomes the *Laitiere*; and

and in the same way, who will shew the gentlemen the lolling air that suits the open waistcoat and slender switch, and the fierce one that accords with the knotted neckcloth and short thick bludgeon. In the mean time, however, I shall content myself with exhibiting my figures in a quiet state: if I meet with suitable encouragement, I may, with my friend's assistance, turn them into *Automata*, and teach them to go through their exercise after the most approved method.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,
your most obedient and most humble servant,
W. JENKIN.

I own I was a little surprised at the style of Mr. Jenkin's letter, till, turning over the leaf, I found a postscript, in which (after urging a plea of favour on account of the late imposition of the perfumery-tax which was to take place the very day his letter is dated) he candidly acknowledges, that the substance only of the letter is his own, but that his proposal was put into shape by a neighbour and customer of his. I am perfectly satisfied of the usefulness of his plan; and, as far as I may assume any jurisdiction in the matter, am extremely willing to invest him with the appointment in question, provided the gentleman who wrote his letter continues to act as his secretary.

As

As to his propoſal of teaching young Ladies and Gentlemen the *exerciſe* of dreſs, I ſhall take time to conſider of it. At preſent I am rather inclined to believe it unneceſſary. I think he does my countrymen and countrywomen injuſtice in ſuppoſing them to require inſtruction in that particular. On ſome late field-days, or rather field-evenings, at which I happened to be preſent, I have ſeen ſome of them go through their evolutions in a very maſterly and miſtreſsly manner.

The ſecond letter was left at my Editor's, as the ſhop-boy informed Mr. Creech, by a ſhort round-faced gentleman, who ſeemed, when he gave it in, to be very much out of humour.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Can't help complaining to you of a grievance which I do not remember to have ſeen taken notice of, at leaſt not exactly in the way it affects me, in any treatiſe on converſation.

Here in the coffeehouſe I frequent (and you, for aught I know, may have often witneſſed the thing in your proper perſon) is one Mr. *Glib*, who is the greateſt *queſtioner* I ever met with

with in the whole courſe of my life. This however, though plague enough of itſelf, is but half the injury of which we have to complain from him. Mr. Glib, Sir, not content with the queſtion, always takes the anſwer upon him likewiſe; ſo that it is impoſſible to get in a word. I ſhall illuſtrate my meaning by giving you, *verbatim*, his converſation this morning. He came in wiping his forehead, and, as I hoped, out of breath; but he was ſcarcely ſeated when he began as uſual: "Mercy on us! "how hot it is! Boy, fetch me a glaſs of Port "and water. Dr. *Phlogiſton*, did you obſerve "what the thermometer ſtood at this morning? "Mine was at 76 in the ſhade.—Well, this has "cleared my throat of the duſt a little.—What "a duſt there is in the New Town! Gentle- "men, were any of you in Prince's Street ſince "breakfaſt? I went to call on a friend who lives "at the farther ſide of the Square, and I had "like to have been ſmother'd.—Sir John, how "were you entertain'd at the play laſt night? "*Mrs. Pope*'s playing was admirable. Were "not you amaz'd at the thinneſs of the houſe? "But faſhion, not taſte, rules every thing. "Give the women but a crowd within, and a "ſqueeze at the door, and they don't care a "pin for the excellence of the entertainment.— "Captain *Paragraph*, how long is it ſince the

"poſt

" poſt came in? I got my paper about an hour " ago.—When is it thought Parliament will " riſe? I have a letter that ſays the 12th.—— " Mr. *M'Blubber*, you are a Highlander, what " is your opinion of thoſe encouragements to " the fiſhery? I have no great notion of build- " ing towns; find the birds, ſay I, and they " will find neſts for themſelves.—Mr. *Rupee* " (you have been in India), what do you ſay to " this impeachment? I am inclined to think it " will come to nothing.—Pray, what is the " exact definition of a *bulſe?* I underſtand it to " be a package for diamonds, as a *rouleau* is for " guineas.—Ha! is not that Mr. Hazard walk- " ing yonder, who came yeſterday from Lon- " don? Yes it is, I know him by his gait.— " Sir, is my cane any where near you? Oh! " yes, I left it in the corner of the box.—Boy, " how much did I owe the houſe ſince yeſter- " day? Eighteen-pence. Here it is."

Now, Mr. Lounger, you muſt be ſatisfied what an aggravated offence this way of talking of Mr. Glib's is, againſt other people who wiſh to have ſome ſhare in the converſation. The moſt unconſcionable queriſts, if they keep within their own department, are contented with half the talk of the company; Mr. Glib cuts it in two, and very modeſtly helps himſelf to both pieces. When he has ſet the fancy agog, and

one's tongue is juſt ready to give it vent, pop, he comes between one and the game he has ſtarted, and takes the word out of one's mouth. Do write a few lines, Sir, to let Mr. Glib know how unreaſonable and how ridiculous his behaviour is; 'tis as if one ſhould play at *ſhuttlecock* alone, or take a game at *piquet*, one's right-hand againſt one's left, or ſit down with three *dead men* at *whiſt*.—I ſhould never have done, were I to ſay all I think of its abſurdity.

I am a married man, Mr. Lounger, and have a wife and three grown-up daughters at home. I am a pretty conſtant frequenter of the coffee-houſe, where I go to have the pleaſure of a little converſation; but if Mr. Glib is to come there every morning as he does at preſent, never to have done aſking queſtions, and never to allow any body but himſelf to anſwer them, I may juſt as well ſtay at home.

Yours, &c.

GABRIEL GOSSIP.

Before I ſtir further in this matter, Mr. Goſſip will be kind enough to inform me, whether it would ſatisfy him, if Mr. Glib were allowed to aſk queſtions, and he, Mr. Goſſip, to anſwer them, for all the reſt of the coffeehouſe.

N° 77. SATURDAY, *July* 22, 1786.

Species Virtutibus similes. TAC.

BESIDES the great incitements to depravity or ill conduct which passion and interest hold forth, there are other temptations to vice, other apologies for the want of virtue, which, as they less shock the ingenuous feelings of our nature, are perhaps fully as dangerous as motives which apparently are of a much more powerful kind. We are often led astray by habits, which in single actions seemed unimportant or venial; we are seduced by opinions, to which a sort of plausible fallacy gives the shew of reason. Sometimes we hide our errors and our weakness under the veil of virtue, and ascribe to ourselves the merit of good qualities, from circumstances, which, if justly considered, should cover us with blame. At other times we are contented to wear the livery, though we are not in the service of Virtue, and pride ourselves on speaking her language, though we do not conform our actions to her precepts.

I happened lately to spend a day in company with a gentleman whose appearance prepossessed

me much in his favour, and whose conversation and deportment did not less conciliate my good opinion. There was a certain delicacy in his remarks, which bespoke an uncommon elegance of mind; a warmth in his sentiments, which seemed to flow from a high principle of disinterestedness and generosity. After he was gone, I could not help expressing myself very warmly in his commendation, in which the friend at whose house we were did not join in so cordial a manner as I expected. When I pressed him a little on that score, he told me that *Woodfort* (so the gentleman was called) had long been a subject of his speculation on human character and conduct. "Woodfort, (said he,) "in manner and conversation, is always the "elegant and interesting man you saw him. "Nay, he possesses, I believe, in reality those "feelings which he knows so well how to ex- "press. I have frequently found him weeping "at the perusal of a tender novel, and have "seen him struggling to keep down the emo- "tions of his heart at the representation of a "tragedy. You saw how his eye kindled at "the recital of a benevolent or a generous "deed, and at that moment I am persuaded "that Woodfort was benevolent, was generous. "Yet, in real life, (for I have had the best "opportunities of knowing it,) Woodfort's

"feeling

" feeling and generosity unaccountably forsake " him. Scarcely ever has he been known to " relieve the distresses he is so willing to pity, " or to exercise the generosity he is so ready " to applaud. The tenants on his estate are " squeezed for rents higher than their farms " can afford; his debtors are harassed for pay- " ments, in circumstances which might often " plead for mitigation or delay. Nay, I know " some of his pretty near relations, for relief of " whose necessities I have applied with success " to others, after having in vain solicited Wood- " fort's assistance to relieve them."

I confess I did not thank my friend for thus undeceiving me, and felt something painful in being obliged to retract an opinion which it had afforded me so much pleasure to form. But afterwards, when I had time to recover from this little shock to my feelings, which my friend's information had given, I began, like him, to speculate on this seeming contrariety of character; and though that of Woodfort may perhaps appear singular, I am afraid that, in a certain degree, there are not wanting many instances of a similar kind; and that if we look around us with observation, we shall frequently discover men who appear to feel, nay, who really feel much tenderness at the tale of woe, and much applause at the recitals of generosity,

who yet, in real conduct and in active life, seldom discover either much generosity or much sensibility.

To account in some measure for this appearance, it may be observed, that when a representation is given of fictitious distress, it is done in such a manner, and with such circumstances accompanying it, as have the most powerful tendency to affect the heart. In a tragedy, where the object is to move, or in a novel, where the author means to produce the sensation of pity, every circumstance which can produce that effect is collected, and every thing which can diminish it is carefully removed. Thus a representation is given of characters and situations, which, though not unnatural, seldom exist; the detached parts may frequently be seen; but all the incidents united together, attended with those circumstances in which they are held out, and accompanied with none of a different or discordant sort, are seldom beheld in real life. The mind, therefore, may be affected with a fictitious story, or a tale of woe, when it will not be affected with a real event occurring in common life; because that real event cannot be perceived in all those strong colours, and mingled with all those attracting circumstances, with which a romantic story may be wrought up. Some circumstances may occur which will

diminiſh our intereſt in the perſons who really ſuffer, while there may be others wanting which would increaſe our ſympathy with their ſituation. Thus Woodfort may be exceedingly moved by a well-written novel, founded on the oppreſſion of the rich and powerful over the poor and humble; yet, in the caſe of his own tenants, he may not be affected with their hardſhips. He may perſuade himſelf, it was their own indolence which produced their diſtreſs; he may quote inſtances of landlords who had bettered the condition of their tenants by raiſing their rents; and ſet up ideas of public improvement againſt the feelings of private compaſſion.

It may be obſerved further, that when a fictitious ſtory of diſtreſs is told, or when a melancholy event happens, which has no connection with ourſelves, there is no interfering intereſt, or inclination of our own to diminiſh our pity or our ſenſibility. The mind is led to give the ſenſations that are excited their full ſway, and to indulge in them to their utmoſt extent. Obſervers upon human nature have frequently remarked, that the contemplation of objects of diſtreſs gives a melancholy pleaſure to the mind. Perſons of ſenſibility are well acquainted with this pleaſure; and when a ſtory of diſtreſs is ſet before them, they feel much enjoyment from

indulging in it. The mind in this ſituation dwells and feeds upon its object, and every tender emotion is called forth. But when a real event happens in life, with which we ourſelves may be in ſome reſpect connected, inſtead of dwelling upon it, or nouriſhing the feeling of diſtreſs which it produces, we may endeavour to avoid it, and to ſhut it out from our thoughts, becauſe its indulgence may interfere with ſome other favourite feeling or inclination. Woodfort, though affected with the repreſentation of diſtreſs, produced by poverty or want in thoſe with whom he had no connection, was not affected with that of his own relations, probably becauſe it hurt his mind to think that he had relations who were poor; and he therefore thruſt the ſubject from his thoughts, as people ſhun thoſe ſcenes in which they once delighted, if they recall misfortune or record diſgrace.

It muſt alſo be remarked, that the indulgence in that ſenſibility which ariſes from the contemplation of objects of diſtreſs, is apt to produce and to flatter a conſcious vanity in the mind of the perſon who gives way to ſuch indulgence. This vanity turns and reſts upon itſelf, and without leading to action, it foſters a ſelfiſh and contracted approbation of our own feelings, which is catched hold of, and ſerves as a kind of ſubſtitute

ſtitute in place of the conſciouſneſs of real goodneſs.

It ought likewiſe to be attended to, that the ſenſations which ariſe from the indulgence in repreſentations or tales of diſtreſs with which we ourſelves are unconnected, require no ſort of exertion; the mind repoſes quietly upon the contemplation of the object, without being called forth to action; but when the diſtreſs of others occurs in real life, if we are to relieve it, ſome exertion is neceſſary, and ſome action of our own muſt be performed. Now, a man may take pleaſure in the paſſive feelings of ſenſibility (if that expreſſion may be uſed), when he will avoid every thing which requires active exertion. Hence the mind may be open to the feelings of compaſſion and tenderneſs, may take delight in indulging them, and by that means acquire great acuteneſs of ſenſibility, when it may harden and ſhut itſelf againſt every object, where the giving way to the feelings which ſuch object produces requires real activity and exertion.

To this it may be proper to add, that the very indulgence in the paſſive feelings of ſenſibility has a tendency to produce indolence, languor, and feebleneſs, and to unfit the mind for any thing which requires active and firm exertion. While the mind contemplates diſtreſs, it

is acted upon, and never acts; and by indulging in this contemplation, it becomes more and more unfit for action: the paſſive feeling of compaſſion may increaſe, but the power requiſite to relieve will diminiſh. On the other hand, a man who has not the ſame degree of ſenſibility, or the ſame diſpoſition to indulge in the contemplation of objects of diſtreſs, may, by the poſſeſſion of a firmer mind and greater habits of activity, perform many more benevolent and generous actions. The more the paſſive habit of compaſſion is indulged without the active*, the weaker will the diſpoſition to activity become: but on the other hand, though by the exertion of the active habit the paſſive may be diminiſhed; yet by a frequent repetition of benevolent acts, the mind will become more and more diſpoſed to repeat them, and will find the performance more and more eaſy. He whoſe nervous ſenſibility could not bear the ſight of a wound, would, in ſuch a caſe, be incapable, were he otherwiſe qualified, to aſſiſt in its cure; while a perſon of leſs delicate feelings, and who is leſs affected with the ſore, will be both more able and more willing to lend his aid in giving relief.

If the above obſervations be well founded, may we not conclude, that there is often much

* See Butler's Analogy.

danger,

danger, in the education of children, of softening their minds too much, of rendering them too susceptible to general representations of distress, and of affecting them too frequently and too deeply by fictitious tales of woe? The mind thus affected, may be insensible to the proper impression, when the influence of romantic deception is removed, and when real objects of distress, unattended with the colours in which Novelists and Poets exhibit them, are placed before it. Accustomed to be affected with objects only that are removed from ourselves, and where there can be no competition with our own interests, we may be unmoved when our own interests or other inclinations interfere. In use to indulge solely in *feeling*, and gratified with the consciousness of that feeling, we may shrink from the labour of active benevolence, and find in the experience of real life, that the very habit of indulging in the contemplation of distress, though it may add to our natural sensibility, yet, by fatiguing and exhausting the mind, will give it a feebleness, and a languor, which is inconsistent with every vigorous and every proper exertion. While therefore a certain degree of sensibility ought to be cultivated, we ought at the same time to be upon our guard not to push it too far; and habits of action ought carefully to be intermixed with our habits of contempla-

tion. We ought ever to have impreſſed on our minds the ſentiments of one of the moſt illuſtrious men that ever lived; of a man who united the moſt ſublime views of contemplation, with the moſt ſplendid exertions of activity, in the greateſt theatre that hiſtory has exhibited to our view; of *Marcus Aur. Antoninus*, that "neither virtue nor vice conſiſt in paſſive ſentiment, but in action;" "οὐδὲ ἡ ἀρετὴ καὶ κακια εν πάσει, ἀλλὰ ενεργεία."

A.

N° 78. SATURDAY, *July* 29, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

ONE of your earlieſt correſpondents gave us an account of a worthy Baronet, a relation of his, who ſpent all his life intending to do many things, without ever having actually done any thing. Though this may not be a uſeful, it ſeems to me a very harmleſs way of paſſing one's days. I am the wife, Sir, of quite another kind of gentleman. My huſband, *Mr. Buſtle*, always does things firſt, and then thinks of them afterwards.

One of the moſt important concerns of his life, I muſt own to you, he conducted in this manner, and I was his accomplice. We married on three days' acquaintance at the houſe of a relation of his, where we happened to meet on a viſit. We have, however, been a very decently happy couple, and have a family of very fine children. Mr. Buſtle indeed does not depend very much on us for the happineſs of his life, and he has no time for conferring much happineſs or beſtowing much attention on

us. He is of ſo active a ſpirit, ſo buſy, ſo conſtantly employed, that pleaſures of a domeſtic or a quiet kind do not enter at all into his plan of life.

His father was a careful œconomical man, and left him in a very comfortable ſituation, with a large eſtate, a ſet of thriving tenants, a good houſe, a well-laid-out farm, and a well-ſtocked garden. When we went home, we had nothing to do, as the ſaying is, but to draw in our chairs and ſit down. But ſitting, however much at his eaſe, was not my huſband's way. He ſoon made a great deal of buſineſs, though he had found none. It was diſcovered, that the principal apartments of our houſe were too low; ſo it was unroofed, to have ſome feet added to its height, and a new lead-covered plat-form put a-top, to command a view of a particular turn of the river that runs through the grounds. This kept us two winters in one of our tenant's houſes, in which too, all the time we were in it, ſomething or other was a-doing: ſo that the carpenter's hammer was heard every hour of the day. We had ſcarce got back to our own houſe again, when it was found that the water came through our lead-covered platform: ſo he had the pleaſure of having that changed into a cupola, with a roof of a different conſtruction, for the view of the river

river was ſtill to be preſerved. But next year, my huſband diſcovered that a plantation was neceſſary on a particular knoll; ſo the view of the river we had paid ſo much for, was ſhut out by a clump. The garden was the next ſubject of amendment, in which an excellent fruit-wall was pulled down, to have it rebuilt on a new plan; by which new plan we have got a very beautiful wall, and trees admirably well dreſſed, but unfortunately we have loſt all our fruit. The ſame thing happened by our acquiſition of a new pigeon-houſe, which, notwithſtanding the well-known ſuperſtition of its boding the death of the wife, my huſband ventured to build. Luckily I ſurvive the omen; but we have ſcarcely had a pigeon-pie ſince. In point of ornamental alteration, the ſame variety has taken place: We had firſt a ſmooth green lawn, though at the expence of cutting down ſome of the fineſt timber in the country; we then got a ſerpentine ſhrubbery, which within theſe two years has been dug up, to make room for a field with dropping trees, fenced by a ha-ha!

While he was beautifying his houſe and grounds, Mr. Buſtle was not inattentive to the improvement of his eſtate. After getting a new ſurvey made of it by a very fine gentleman who came from your town in a poſt-chaiſe and four, he ſat down one morning with the plan before him,

him, a ſcale and a pair of compaſſes in his hand, and that gentleman at his elbow; and while I was pouring out their tea, they raiſed the rents of it 200 per cent. as Mr. Quadrant was pleaſed to expreſs himſelf. Preſently all our former tenants were turned out of their farms, except a few young men whom the late Mr. Buſtle, for what reaſon I know not, had marked in his rent roll with a †, and a new ſet put into poſſeſſion, who, as Mr. Quadrant ſaid, knew the *capabilities* of ground. Then there was ſuch a pulling down of walls to make little fields large, and a planting of hedges to make large fields little; every thing, in ſhort, was turned topſy-turvy: but what won't people do to get rich? Mr. Quadrant's calculations, however, have not anſwered with all the exactneſs we expected. The eſtate indeed, as our old ſteward told me, was conſiderably increaſed in its rent; "but "a-well-a-day! my Lady," ſaid he, "it nets "nothing." So Mr. Buſtle was obliged to alter that plan, after he had tried it for ſeveral years. He has got ſome of the old tenants back again; but a conſiderable part of his eſtate he has reſerved in his own hands, of which he ſays he will treble the produce, by turning it into a ſheep-walk. During this period, likewiſe, he has made ſeveral attempts to diſcover coal; and about three years ago, narrowly miſſed being worth

worth L. 10,000 a-year by the unexpected failure of a lead-mine. These are Mr. Bustle's serious occupations; his amusements are no less various, and he is equally ardent in his pursuit of them. He is a hunter, a shooter, and an angler: breaks his own horses, trains his own dogs, and is reckoned the most expert cocker within a hundred miles of us.

To do him justice, however, he is by no means selfish, either in his business or his pleasures. If any of his neighbours have an estate to be sold, a farm to be let, a garden to be laid out, a house to be built, a horse to be broke, or a pointer to be made; Mr. Bustle will ride half a dozen miles at any time to give them his assistance and advice.

Unfortunately his own family are almost the only persons of whom he does not busy himself in the management and superintendance. To our two daughters I have endeavoured to give some little education at home; for my husband was always so occupied, either with his own affairs, or the affairs of other people, that though I often pressed him to send them to some place where they could acquire the accomplishments suitable to their sex and rank in life, he always delayed the measure till somehow or other the opportunity was lost. As for our three boys, they have cost me many an uneasy moment.

They

They were ſent to an academy in Yorkſhire, to graſs, as my huſband phraſed it, at firſt, with a long plan for their education afterwards; but at graſs they continued till within theſe few months, when they returned home perfect colts indeed, with abundance of health and ſtrength to be ſure, but without a word of language that could be underſtood, in their mouths, or a ſingle idea, worth the having, in their heads. They had acquired, it is true, ſome knowledge, of which their father has made conſiderable uſe ſince their return, and with which he appears ſo well pleaſed as to have little thoughts of ſending them any where elſe. I have heard him declare with much exultation, that he would back them at riding a horſe, trowling for a pike, or trimming a cock, againſt any three boys of their age in the kingdom.

He finds the more occaſion for their aſſiſtance as deputies in matters of this kind, as of late he has betaken himſelf chiefly to the buſineſs of the public, having taken a very ſtrong inclination to promote the good of his country. The death of a gentleman who had been long in the commiſſion of the peace, has thrown the buſineſs of that department chiefly on Mr. Buſtle, who now does little elſe but ſtudy law-caſes, convene meetings about highways, turnpikes, bridges, and game-licences, and ride all over the

the country, dispensing justice, redressing wrongs, removing nuisances, and punishing delinquents. In this the activity and eagerness of his nature has sometimes, I am afraid, in the practice of his office, got the better of the knowledge he had stored up on the theory of it. Besides receiving several incendiary letters, which he did not value a rush, and even I should have had the courage to despise, there are two or three actions of assault and false imprisonment raised against him, for acts done in the course of keeping the peace of the country. Indeed his plans for keeping the peace have turned out, like some others formed with the best intention in the world, exactly the reverse of what he expected from them, the country having been in perpetual war ever since he began putting them in execution. There have been such bickerings amongst the Gentlemen about widening of roads, removing of dunghills, pulling down cottages, and punishing of vagrants, that one half of the neighbours are scarce in speaking-terms with the other. Some of them, who are enemies to the patriotic measures of Mr. Bustle, have, I understand, privately stirred up and supported those law-suits in which his public spirit has involved him. These I cannot help being uneasy about, as of very serious consequence to his fortune and family; but he himself

ſelf ſeems not to regret them in the leaſt. He aſſures me, he ſhall carry them all with coſts, and talks rather with ſatisfaction of going to town to aſſiſt in their management. If you ſhould happen to meet with him, Mr. Lounger, I ſhould be happy, for my part, if you could teach him ſomewhat of your love of eaſe and indolence. I have many reaſons for wiſhing to forego all the reputation he will acquire by his activity, for a little peace and quiet. There is a ſaying of his father's, which I have heard the ſame old ſteward I mentioned before repeat very often, but Mr. Buſtle would never pay any regard to it: "When things are well as they "are, he's a fool who tries how they may be."

I am, &c.

BARBARA BUSTLE.

N° 79. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 5, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

MY father was a country-clergyman, a man of worth and probity, and who had the reputation both of learning and abilities. Being his eldeſt child, and, as he, perhaps partially, thought, of no unpromiſing capacity, it was his pleaſure to inſtruct me in various branches of knowledge, to which he judged my underſtanding was equal, and to cultivate my taſte with an early acquaintance with the beſt authors in our own language. Prepoſterous acquiſitions, Mr. Lounger, for perſons in my ſtation of life!—He died about three years ago, leaving my mother and four children, with no other fund for their maintenance than that ſlender penſion which in this country is provided for the widows and children of the clergy. There were indeed about 150 ſermons of my father's compoſition, together with many other manuſcripts relating to church-hiſtory and antiquities; from all which my mother for ſome time had formed to herſelf many golden expectations: but

but on offering them for sale to a bookseller, he refused to give more than Five Pounds for the whole parcel, and she rather chose to retain them in her own hands.

To relieve her of part of the burden of her family, a gentleman, who was a distant relation of my father's, was kind enough to take charge of the education of one of my brothers; and as I was now seventeen, and, besides the less useful acquisitions I have mentioned, was moderately skilled in most of the ordinary accomplishments of my sex, it cost some deliberation, whether I should look out for the place of a lady's waiting maid, or aspire to the more honourable occupation of a mantua-maker. While my plan was yet undetermined, the same gentleman who had taken my brother under his protection, wrote to my mother, informing her, that an elderly lady of rank, with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, was in search of a young person, to reside with her rather as a companion than as a servant; and that he had no doubt, if that establishment were agreeable to me, it would be in his power to procure it for me. He represented *my Lady Bidmore* (the lady in question) as a mighty good sort of woman; and though he owned she had some particular whims, he doubted not that I could easily accommodate myself to them, as they did not proceed

proceed from any fault of temper, but a ſingularity of taſte, which a lady of great fortune might eaſily be excuſed for indulging herſelf in. In ſhort, Sir, my mother and I judged this opportunity not to be neglected, and within a few days, our good friend acquainting us that he had arranged every thing for my reception, I ſet off for town in the ſtage-coach, to wait on my Lady Bidmore in the capacity of her gentlewoman or humble friend.

It is proper, Sir, to inform you, that this lady owed her birth to a decayed tradeſman of this metropolis, and her education to a charity-ſchool. At the age of eighteen ſhe had gone to reſide with a relation in London, where it was her good fortune to engage the affections of an eminent pawn-broker. With him ſhe lived thirty years; and being left a widow, with a fortune, as was ſaid, of L. 20,000, ſhe ſoon after received the addreſſes of Sir Humphrey Bidmore, Knight, alderman and grocer, then in the 70th year of his age. After a year and a half, Sir Humphry dying without children, her Ladyſhip loſt a very affectionate huſband, but gained an addition of L. 15,000 to her fortune. On her marriage with the Knight, ſhe had ſold the good-will of her ſhop and warehouſe; a tranſaction that, now ſhe was a ſecond time a widow, ſhe never

ceaſed

ceaſed to repine at; and ſhe has often been heard to regret, that ſince her dear Sir Humphrey was to die, it was a thouſand pities he did not do it a twelvemonth ſooner. As it was, however, to no purpoſe to reflect on what could not be amended, and as her title of *Ladyſhip* was indeed an obſtacle to her reſuming a profeſſion for which both genius and inclination had eminently qualified her, ſhe made up her mind to her change of ſituation, and determined to paſs the remainder of her days with eaſe and dignity in her native country.

To this lady's houſe I repaired immediately on my arrival in town. If it is not always right to ſuffer ourſelves to be influenced by firſt impreſſions, it muſt be allowed that we often find the features of a character pretty ſtrongly delineated on its outſide. I was no ſooner announced, than her Ladyſhip, who happened to be ſtanding, ſeated herſelf with great gravity in her arm-chair; and beckoning me to approach, began to ſurvey me with one of thoſe ſearching looks which I ſuppoſe the famous *Juſtice Fielding* (bating that he was blind) would have employed to ſcan the countenance of a young thief. My face happening luckily to give no offence, her next attention was beſtowed on my dreſs; every article of which ſhe not only examined with her eyes, but her fingers, feeling

feeling the ſtuff of my gown, and holding my apron between her and the light, to obſerve the quality of the gauze and the texture of the lace. "Is this ſuit your own, child; or have you "borrowed it for the occaſion?"—"My own, "Ma'am."—"So much the worſe. Why, this "is a lace at twelve ſhillings the yard: Was "there ever ſuch extravagance! But perhaps "you had it cheap at an old-cloaths ſhop. Tell "the truth, child; for I abominate liars." I began now to ſee a little into her character, and reſolved to take no offence. In fact ſhe had gueſſed the real hiſtory of the apron, which I had bought that morning in my way to her Ladyſhip's houſe; and I owned it was ſo, and that I had it at a third of the value. "Why, that's "right again, child. I like you the better for "that:—'Tis a good thing to be ſharp at a "bargain. Such pennyworths as I have had "in my day!—And now that I can't buſtle ſo "well as I once could, a body like you may "be uſeful.—Was you ever at a ſale,—a *roup-*"*ing* you call it in this country?" "No, Ma-"dam; I came to town only laſt night."—"Why then you ſhall go with me to a ſale to-"morrow. Let me ſee;—(taking out a little "memorandum book.) Tueſday, *Lady Fan-*"*ſtick*'s: Tea and table china.—Wedneſday, "*Mrs. Griſkin*'s: Kitchen-furniture.—Thurſ-

"day,

" day, *Mr. Gimcrack*'s: Antiques, books, and " pictures: I don't underſtand them things.— " Friday, *Mrs. Thrifty*'s: Bed and table linen, " feather-beds and blankets, damaſk in the " web, eider-down quilts, chintz curtains and " chairſlips: Ay, there will be ſome rare bar- " gains: every thing of the beſt ſort, I war- " rant it. Poor Thrifty! ſhe went to the " devil through pure œconomy.—Saturday, " The elegant furniture of a gentleman juſt " going abroad: A mere bite of *Vamp* the " Auctioneer's—his own old trumpery."—— Thus ſhe went on; and I found her Lady- ſhip had made a regular entry in her books, for ten ſucceſſive days, of every ſale there was to be in town. " Why ſure, Madam," ſaid I, " your Ladyſhip does not mean to attend all " the ſales you mentioned?"——" Yes, I do " mean it, and as many more every week, if I " can find them.—How elſe do you think I " could paſs my time? Tell me now what was " your favourite occupation.—How did you " ſpend your time in the country?"—" Time, " Madam, never lay heavy on my hands. I " aſſiſted my mother in the care of her family, " and at my leiſure hours amuſed myſelf with " reading and writing."———" Why, that's " right:—ſo you ſhall do here. You ſhall help " me in the family matters; and for reading

" and

" and writing, you ſhall read all the newſpapers, " and write down the advertiſements of all the " ſales. But come," ſaid ſhe, " I muſt ſhew " you what is to be your houſehold-occupation."

Her Ladyſhip then conducted me through her houſe; and here I beheld a *muſeum* of a new and moſt extraordinary nature. Her Ladyſhip occupied a large old houſe, every room of which was ſo completely filled with furniture, that it was impoſſible to find one's way from one end to the other, without winding through a labyrinth of cheſts of drawers, commodes, cabinets, and boxes, which occupied the whole floors, walls, and even windows. Yet in this apparent confuſion there was much order and regularity; for each room had its diſtinct claſs of articles, to which it was excluſively appropriated. But the two apartments which her Ladyſhip conſidered as the moſt valuable of her muſeum, and which ſhe never ſuffered to be entered but in her own preſence, were her china-room and wardrobe. In the former were piles of plates and diſhes, and pyramids of cups and ſaucers, reaching from the floor to the cieling. In one quarter was a rampart of tureens and ſoup-diſhes, in another an embattlement of punch-bowls, caudle-cups, and porringers. The dark blue of *Nankeen* was contraſted with the

ancient red of *Japan*, the production of *Dresden* was opposed to the manufacture of *Seves*, and the mock Saxon of *Derby* to the mock Indian of *Staffordshire*. In the ornamental porcelain, the eye was completely lost in a chaos of pagodas, wagging-headed mandareens, and bonzes, red lions, golden dogs, and fiery dragons. In the other apartment, the wardrobe, was reposited every article of female apparel that had been in use during the last sixty years. To attempt an enumeration is utterly impossible; for in the two years I have been with her Ladyship, I have not yet learnt half the names of these wonderful accoutrements. As the most exact order was observed in arranging the different articles of dress, it might even have amused you, Mr. Lounger, as a philosopher, to have marked the various fluctuations of fashion in the habits of our whimsical sex, and the fantastical coverings in which we have chosen, at different periods, to disguise our natural shapes. Here, Sir, you might observe the gradual progress of the hoop, both in its increase and wane, the alternate elevation and depression of the stays, the stages of gradation from the stiff jacket and farthingale to the sack, and from the negligée to the polonaise; the regular succession of laced hoods, caps, mobs, French night-caps and

and Robin Grays; the progreſs of bonnets from the Quaker to the Shepherdeſs and Kitty Fiſher, and thence to the Werter, the Lunardi, and Parachute.

Her Ladyſhip was now pleaſed to inform me of thoſe ſervices ſhe expected from me as her attendant and companion; and leſt I ſhould ſcruple at the ſeverity or menial nature of any of my taſks, ſhe took care to inform me, that I was to be but an aſſiſtant to herſelf in every one of them. They conſiſted in cleaning and ſweeping out the ſeveral apartments, airing the feather-beds and blankets, turning and ranging the ſuits of linen; pinching, plaiting, and folding the different articles in the wardrobe; waſhing, duſting, and blowing the china; rubbing and poliſhing, with bees-wax, the chairs, tables, and cabinet-work, and ſcouring the kitchen-furniture. In theſe two laſt departments, however, we were to have the additional aid of the cook and chambermaid.

Early next morning (her Ladyſhip always riſes at five o'clock) I entered upon office; and being furniſhed with an apron and ſtomacher of blue flannel, went to work upon the tables and chairs, and in this I acquitted myſelf ſo much to her Ladyſhip's ſatisfaction, that ſhe declared me a good clever girl; and added, that ſhe had ſeldom ſeen a better hand at the rubber

and hard-bruſh. At eight we had tea and buttered toaſt, her Ladyſhip mixing a table-ſpoonful of brandy in every cup, which ſhe ſaid was good againſt wind in the ſtomach; and after breakfaſt ſhe walked out, leaning on my arm, to the before-mentioned auction of china at Lady Fan-ſtick's.

Here, Sir, I had an opportunity of obſerving the importance of her Ladyſhip's character, who no ſooner made her appearance, than the auctioneer, laying down a lot which he was juſt going to knock off, called out for a chair to Lady Bidmore, and courteouſly making a ſign to the company to give way, beckoned to her Ladyſhip to take her ſeat at his right hand. Then handing to her the lot, which he called a round tureen, he deſired her Ladyſhip to obſerve the ſtrength and ſolidity of the manufacture, and the beauty of the colouring. After a ſhort examination, and ringing it to try if it was without flaw, ſhe returned it into the auctioneer's hands, declaring it a piece of true *Dragon*. Hereupon two or three additional bidders ſtepped into the field; and the lot, which was a few minutes before going at ten ſhillings, ſold for twenty-five. Her Ladyſhip was now conſulted on every article that was expoſed, either by handing it down for her inſpection, or by turning it to the ſide whence ſhe

ſhe could have a proper view of it; and her opinion was ſometimes given in a few deciſive words, and ſometimes expreſſed by a ſignificant nod or wink to the auctioneer. Theſe deciſions were generally indeed much more to his ſatisfaction than that of the reſt of the company, many of whom curſed her Ladyſhip for enhancing their bargains; and one gentleman, with more plainneſs than politeneſs, ſwore he believed there was roguery in the buſineſs, and that the old pawn-broker was either ſelling her own goods, or had poundage on every article in the ſale. Theſe reflections her Ladyſhip (from being quite accuſtomed to them) heard with the utmoſt indifference; and ſhe bought herſelf many of the capital lots. She returned home in great ſpirits; and we ſpent the afternoon in diſpoſing to advantage her new purchaſes, which occaſioned ſome alteration of arrangement in the china-room, and gave us ſufficient occupation for the greateſt part of the evening. Such is the hiſtory of the firſt day I paſſed in her Ladyſhip's ſervice; and ſo uniform is the tenor of her life, that the hiſtory of one day is as good as that of a thouſand.

Hitherto, Sir, I have informed you of nothing in her Ladyſhip's character, or mode of living, to which a perſon in my dependent circumſtances might not have endeavoured, even cheer

fully, to accommodate herſelf. Nor am I ſure that what I have yet to inform you of will be ſufficient to juſtify me in the opinion of *all* your readers, for the reſolution I have taken of quitting her Ladyſhip's ſervice; at a time too when I ſtand ſo high in her favour, that ſhe has repeatedly declared ſhe could not live without me. Be that as it may, I owe it in juſtice to myſelf, to inform you of the cauſe of my diſſatisfaction with my preſent ſituation.

I had very early obſerved in her Ladyſhip's diſpoſition, that ſelfiſhneſs we often remark in low minds; a ſenſibility limited to their own pains and pleaſures, with a total unconcern for thoſe of others. It was, however, only by degrees I came to diſcover to what lengths this principle was capable of extending. I am now diſpoſed to believe there are perſons whoſe nature partakes not in the ſmalleſt degree of the humane or benevolent affections.

In the courſe of my attendance on her Ladyſhip at thoſe ſales which ſhe daily frequents, I have occaſionally witneſſed ſcenes which none but the moſt obdurate natures could have beheld with unconcern. An auction of the effects of a private perſon is frequently the moſt melancholy of ſpectacles. It is the ſignal of the diſſolution of a family, the breaking up of all the tendereſt ties of human nature: and it often

ten happens, that in thoſe ſcenes poverty is ſuperadded to calamity. I attended her Ladyſhip one day lately to a ſale in the houſe of Mr. S——, who, about a month before, had loſt a moſt amiable wife, the mother of five children. He had been unfortunate in buſineſs, and loſing with this event all reſolution to ſtruggle with the world, he had determined to retire with his family to a diſtant part of the country. Amidſt the confuſion of the houſe, there was one room in which the children were kept, under the care of a maid-ſervant. Lady Bidmore, prying in the ſpirit of a harpy into every corner, entered this room, having in her hand a ſmall dreſſing-box, which ſhe had juſt bought. A beautiful boy, of four years of age, ran up to her, and endeavoured to ſeize the box: "That's my "Mamma's," ſaid he;—"you ſhall not carry it "away; 'tis my own Mamma's."—"Mamma, "my dear," whiſpered the maid, "has no uſe "for it."—"Hold your peace, little Mr. Prate-"apace," cried my Lady Bidmore, "'tis my "box now, and I have paid pretty well for it. "Nurſe, young maſter muſt have a whipping, "to teach him better manners."—

Her Ladyſhip has many poor relations, among the reſt two ſiſters, who have numerous families. One of theſe is a widow, whom having once accommodated with the loan of ten pounds,

which ſhe was unable to repay, this circumſtance furniſhes, at preſent, an excuſe for allowing her and her family to ſtarve. The other having the misfortune to be married to a ſpendthrift and a drunkard, it would be an unworthy uſe of her Ladyſhip's money, to ſupply his extravagance and debaucheries. Thus, while in my Lady's repoſitories I have counted the complete furniſhings of twenty beds, her two ſiſters have ſcarce a blanket to cover them: and while there are, to my knowledge, in one ſingle cheſt, thirty pieces of uncut nankeen, there are ſix of her nephews at this moment running the ſtreets without breeches. Theſe, however, are her Ladyſhip's heirs, unleſs ſupplanted by ſome favourite like myſelf. For ſhe has repeatedly aſſured me, I ſhall find a proof of the ſtrength of her affection in her will.—Silly girl that I am, to forego thoſe brilliant expectations! Yet ſuch is the misfortune of ſome feelings, with which I believe I was born, and ſome principles, which have been ſtrengthened in me by an erroneous ſyſtem of education.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ALICE HEARTLY.

N° 80. SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 12, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Dic mihi cras iſtud, Poſthume, quando venit?
MART.

SIR,

I Flatter myſelf you will not think me unworthy of your correſpondence. Moſt of the members of my family have taken the liberty of communicating the particulars of their ſituation, or of praying redreſs of their grievances from the authors of the periodical works of the time; and a certain dark-complexioned relation of mine has had a petition to yourſelf laid before the public in your 53d number. I think, Mr. Lounger, I may ſay without much arrogance, I am not leſs deſerving of your favour than her. She, I know, pretends to have ſometimes aſſiſted you in your labours; but it is to me you look for their reward.

Of that relation, Mr. Lounger, ſince I have mentioned her, I may firſt complain. She was naturally of a ſerious and rather melancholy

caſt. But of late a faſhionable life has quite altered her diſpoſition. She has become intolerably light-headed, gay, as her friends call it, and allows her affairs to get into the greateſt confuſion and diſorder; all of which it falls upon me to re-eſtabliſh and put to rights again. Her gaiety, when carried the ridiculous length to which in town ſhe frequently puſhes it, is the occaſion of much ſadneſs to me; her feſtivity gives me many a headach; her extravagance has frequently threatened me with a jail; and her impertinence brought me in danger of my life.

I am, generally ſpeaking indeed, the moſt unfortunate perſon in the world in regard to my predeceſſors. They got a thouſand things upon truſt, which they have left me to anſwer for. With all ranks and conditions of men, I am conſtantly the Scape-goat for every thing that is amiſs, the Bail for all miſdemeanors, the Security in all obligations. My burdens are now become ſo intolerable, that I am reſolved (through your channel, if you will allow me) to rid myſelf of them at once, and to take out a *Commiſſion of Bankruptcy* in the Lounger. What ſort of diviſion my circumſtances will allow, you will pleaſe ſignify to the principal claſſes of my creditors in your next paper.

Tell

Tell such of them as may look for me at court, that I do not hold myself bound for above one shilling in the pound of the promises and notes of hand of my ancestors. With some people in place there, I have pretty long accounts to settle; but to these I know they do not pay much attention, for a very good reason indeed, that the balance is generally against them.

Let that class who frequent courts of law know, that I will not pretend to clear above a tenth part of the incumbrances that are there laid upon me. In all the courts, I must leave the other nine parts to be settled by my successors. In chancery, I don't know whether my great-great-grandson will be able to discharge them.

Be so kind as acquaint the Projectors of various denominations, who are so deep in my books, that I cannot answer above one in a thousand of the draughts they will probably make upon me. Nay, I will frankly tell them, that it is likely they may lose more than even the money they were made to advance for me. But as most of them expected usurious interest, their losses do not touch me very nearly.

I must inform those Lovers who have trusted me, that they are of all my creditors the most likely to be offended with me. They are indeed in a very singular situation with regard to the securities of mine in their possession. If they

receive payment, it is a hundred to one but they will be undone by it.

My bonds to Beauties muſt ſuffer a very great diſcount. They are indeed of ſuch a nature that preſcription ſoon bars them; and moſt of them are ſo conceived, that coverture or marriage in the obligee renders them abſolutely void.

Authors will be often diſappointed in the claims they pretend to have upon me. I never receive a fiftieth part of the books that modern writers deſire their bookſellers to ſend me. In order, however, to conciliate your favour, Sir, I will give you my promiſe (though it is but fair to confeſs that I ſometimes forget my promiſes), that the *Lounger* ſhall make one of my library.

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

TO-MORROW.

I HAVE lately received ſeveral letters on the ſubject of the Stage, and among others, one ſigned *Nerva*, cenſuring in very ſtrong terms that boiſterous and noiſy kind of applauſe which, in the midſt of the moſt affecting paſſages of a tragedy, the bulk of a Britiſh audience are diſpoſed to indulge in. It ſeems to have been written during the time of *Mrs. Pope*'s late performance in our theatre, whoſe tones of pity and of tenderneſs, my correſpondent complains, were often

often interrupted or rendered inaudible by the drumming of ſticks and the clapping of hands in the pit and gallery. He was the more ſtruck with the impropriety, he ſays, from his being accompanied by a gentleman, a native of Italy, though enough a proficient in our language to underſtand the play. He deſcribes "the ſur-"priſe and horror of the ſuſceptible *Albani*," (ſo it ſeems the ſtranger is called,) accuſtomed as he had been to the decorum of the Italian ſtage, to find, inſtead of ſilent and involuntary tears, the roar and riot with which our audience received the moſt pathetic ſpeeches of one of the beſt of our tragedies.

"On Sunday," continues my correſpondent, "Albani and I went to church. The plainneſs "of the edifice, and the ſimplicity of our wor-"ſhip, ſtruck him much; yet he was pleaſed "with the decency which prevailed, and charmed "with the diſcourſe." "I am ſurpriſed," ſaid he, as we walked home, "that ſo elegant "a preacher is not a greater favourite with the "public."——"You are miſtaken," I replied, "he has long been their favourite."—"Nay," ſaid he, "do not tell me ſo; you ſaw they "did not give him a ſingle mark of applauſe "during the whole diſcourſe, nor even at the "end."—"I laughed, Mr. Lounger, and ſo "perhaps will you; but I believe you will find

"it

"it difficult to assign any good reason, why "silence, attention, and tears, which are thought "ample approbation in the one place, should be "held insufficient in the other; or why that "boisterous applause which is thought so ho-"nourable in the Theatre, should be thought a "disgrace to merit in the Pulpit or at the Bar."

I cannot, however, perfectly agree with my correspondent in this last observation. At the Bar, indeed, the clapping of hands, and the beating the floor with people's sticks, might do well enough; but at the Bar it is a rule, never to make a noise for nothing. In the Church, not to mention the indecency of the thing, disturbances of that kind are perfectly averse to the purpose for which many grave and good Christians go thither.

In the Playhouse, besides the prescriptive right which the audience have now acquired to this sort of freedom, I think that part of the house by which it is commonly exercised have much to plead in its defence. The boxes frequently contrive to drown the noise of the stage, and it is but fair that the pit and gallery should in their turn drown the noise of the boxes.

My correspondent seems to allow this sort of applause at the representation of Comedy, or at least of Farce; and indeed I am inclined to think, that in some of our late Farces, a very moral

moral uſe may be made of it, as the leſs that is heard of them by the boxes the better. The cudgels of the audience, of the barbarity of which Nerva complains ſo warmly, cannot be better employed, except perhaps they could be applied to recompenſe the merit of the author, inſtead of the talents of the actors. Moral writers on the ſubject of the Stage uſed to vent their reproaches againſt the Comic authors of the laſt age, who mixed ſo much indecency with their wit. The cenſure does not exactly apply to the *petite piece* writers of our days; for they keep ſtrictly to the unity of compoſition, and mix no wit with their indecency. I fairly confeſs, that I have been obliged to abate ſomewhat of the ſeverity of my former opinion with regard to the wicked wits of the old ſchool, and am content to go back to *Wycherley* and *Congreve*, having always thought, with my friend Colonel Cauſtic, that if one muſt ſin, it is better to ſin like a gentleman. Beſides, a very dull or a very innocent perſon may poſſibly miſs the alluſion of a free ſpeech, when it is covered with the veil of wit or of irony. But the good things of our modern Farce-mongers have nothing of diſguiſe about them; the diſhes they are pleaſed to ſerve up to us are not garlicked ragouts, but ragouts of garlic. I was much pleaſed with the anſwer which I heard a plain country-gentleman give

give to another in the pit ſome weeks ago, who obſerved to him, that the farce was droll and laughable enough, but that there was a good deal of *double entendre* in it. I don't know what you may think *double*, ſaid he in reply; but in my mind, it was as plain *ſingle entendre* as ever I heard in my life.

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N° 81. SATURDAY, *August* 19, 1786.

THE Love of Fame, "that laſt infirmity "of noble minds," though it may ſometimes expoſe its votaries to a certain degree of blame or of ridicule, is in the main a uſeful paſſion. In the preſent age, I have often thought, that, inſtead of being reſtrained, a love of fame and of glory ought to be encouraged, as an incitement to virtue, and to virtuous actions. From various cauſes, which I mean not at preſent to inveſtigate, this paſſion ſeems to have loſt its uſual force; it has almoſt ceaſed to be a motive of action; and its place ſeems now to be ſupplied by a ſordid love of gain, by which men of every rank and of every ſtation appear to be actuated. In the Camp, as upon 'Change, *profit* and *loſs* is the great object of attention. When a young ſoldier ſets out on an expedition againſt the enemies of his country, he does not now talk ſo much of the honour and reputation he is to acquire, as of the profit he expects to reap from his conqueſts. Accordingly we have ſeen gallant officers metamorphoſed into ſkilful merchants, who, though they had ſpirit enough to expoſe themſelves to "the cannon's mouth," were

were very much disposed to seek something there more solid than "the bubble Reputa-" tion."

The Roman triumph, which to us wears so barbarous an appearance, was intended to excite this love of glory; and if we may judge from consequences, it was a wise and useful institution. In our own country, it rarely happens that distinguished military merit is allowed to pass unnoticed and unrewarded. There is something indeed so dazzling in the glory of a hero, that, when not restrained by motives of jealousy or of envy, we are apt rather to heighten than to detract from it. If, therefore, it be true that our fleets and armies have of late made a less distinguishing figure than in former times, it certainly cannot be attributed to any want of public honour or public applause.

But there is a species of merit less brilliant, though not perhaps less useful or less praiseworthy, which often is disregarded by the world, and in general entitles its possessor to little attention while alive, and to little fame after his death. There is a sort of military spirit and honour which is sometimes opposed to the same qualities in a civil sense; and a young man, when he puts on his uniform, often thinks himself exempted from the obligation to certain duties which he allows to be commendable enough

in

in the ſons of peace. A want of attention to his own intereſt, or the intereſt of thoſe connected with him, a degree of diſſipation and extravagance equally hurtful to both, are held as venial offences in a ſoldier, whoſe buſineſs is to march and to fight, but who is not bound to think or to feel. Yet true nobleneſs of mind is every where the ſame, and may be equally ſhown in the honourable dealings of private life, as in the moſt ſplendid exertions of ſpirit or of valour. As the Hiſtorian of character and manners, (in which light a periodical author, to be of any uſe at all, muſt be conſidered,) I am happy when I have an opportunity of recording any example of that more humble merit which other annaliſts have no room to celebrate. In this view, I was much pleaſed with an anecdote I was told t'other day, of General W——, one of Queen Anne's Generals. It is not, however, as a ſoldier (although he poſſeſſed great profeſſional merit) that I wiſh to introduce General W—— to my readers.

Mr. W—— obtained an enſigncy in the army when rather more advanced in life than moſt of the captains of the preſent times, who make ſo fine a figure upon all occaſions, in their green, red, and white feathers, and whoſe heads at every aſſembly rival thoſe of our moſt faſhionable ladies. From the time Mr. W—— joined

his

his regiment, he was diſtinguiſhed for an unwearied attention to the duties of his ſtation. When he appeared in public, or upon duty, his dreſs and deportment were always decent and proper. Of his manner of life in private, even his brother-officers were for ſome time ignorant. He did not meſs with them, and he partook of none of their expenſive pleaſures and amuſements. At length it was diſcovered, that he fared worſe, and lived on leſs, than any private ſoldier in the regiment. The good ſenſe and the known ſpirit of Mr. W—— preſerved him from the ridicule and contempt with which this diſcovery might otherwiſe have been attended. His merit as an officer mean-while recommended Mr. W—— to the notice of his ſuperiors; he was promoted from time to time; but no promotion ever made any alteration on his mode of life. After ſerving with diſtinguiſhed reputation under King William, Mr. W—— went to Flanders in the beginning of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, in the courſe of which he was promoted to the rank of General, and obtained the command of a regiment. Although his income was now great, he ſtill lived with the utmoſt parſimony; and even thoſe who eſteemed him the moſt were obliged to allow that his love of money (which they conſidered as a ſort of diſeaſe) exceeded all bounds.

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His enemies, however, were forced to acknowledge, that in all his tranſactions he was perfectly honourable, and that his love of money never led him to commit injuſtice.

In one of the laſt years of the war, General W—— and his regiment went into winter-quarters at Ghent. About the middle of winter his officers were aſtoniſhed at receiving an invitation to dine with their Colonel for the firſt time. Moſt of the principal officers in the garriſon received with equal ſurpriſe a ſimilar invitation. Upon the day appointed they went to the General's houſe, where they were received with a kindly cheerful welcome, proceeding from a mind at eaſe, and ſatisfied with itſelf, more engaging to the feelings of our gueſts than the moſt finiſhed politeneſs. After an elegant dinner, wines of every kind were placed upon the table; and as the General knew that ſome of his gueſts did not diſlike their glaſs, he puſhed the bottle briſkly about. The company were more and more aſtoniſhed; at length ſome of them took the liberty to expreſs what all of them felt. "I "do not wonder at your ſurpriſe," ſaid General W——, "and in juſtice to myſelf I muſt "take this occaſion to explain a conduct which "hitherto muſt have appeared extraordinary to "all of you. You muſt know, then, that I "was bred a linen-draper in London. Early in "life

" life I ſet up in buſineſs, which for ſome time " I carried on with ſucceſs, and to a conſider- " able extent. At length, by various misfor- " tunes, I was obliged to ſtop payment. I called " my creditors together, and laid my affairs " before them; and though they loſt very con- " ſiderably, they were ſo ſatisfied with my con- " duct, that they immediately gave me a full " diſcharge, and ſome of them even urged me " to engage in buſineſs anew. But I was ſo " diſheartened with my former ill ſucceſs, that I " could not think of hazarding myſelf in the " ſame ſituation again. At length I reſolved to " go into the army, and by the intereſt of one " of thoſe creditors, who was ſatisfied of the " fairneſs of my conduct, and who pitied my " misfortunes, obtained an enſigncy. But tho' " my creditors were ſatisfied, I was far from " being ſo. The idea that they had ſuffered by " me dwelt upon my mind, and I felt that I " could enjoy nothing while my debts remained " unpaid. Happily I have at length accom- " pliſhed that object. The laſt packet from " England brought me a full acquittance from " my creditors of all I owed them, principal " and intereſt. Till now I poſſeſſed nothing " which in juſtice I could call my own. Hitherto " you have ſeen me act as a rigid ſteward for " others; now I muſt intreat that my friends

" will assist me to enjoy an income far beyond " my wants."

I believe my readers will agree with me in thinking that the conduct of General W——was truly noble. Of men's actions in public life it is often difficult to form a just estimate. The Statesman may be applauded for measures which are not his own, and a General or an Admiral may be indebted for all his fame to a lucky accident, which, " without his stir," has crowned him with victory unmerited and unexpected. But General W——'s merit was all his own, and ought to be rated the higher for this reason, that it was not of that splendid kind which figures most in the imagination of mankind.

To excite to virtue, by exhibiting pictures of excellence and worth, is certainly the pleasantest, if not the best and most effectual mode of instruction. To cite opposite examples in our own time, by way of contrast to this instance in the reign of Queen Anne, would be an ungrateful task. I may mention, however, in order to take off the idea of that distinction which some men have arrogated to themselves, from a contempt of the obligations of justice, that the preeminence which rank or high life formerly used to claim in that respect, is now in a great measure lost. Now-a-days there are tradesmen who

dissipate

diſſipate their own money, and waſte that with which others have intruſted them, with all the *ſangfroid* of the beſt-bred people of faſhion; and we may meet with more than one man of ſpirit behind a counter, who can cock his hat in the face of his creditors, as valiantly as if there was a cockade or a feather in it.

N° 82. SATURDAY, *August* 26, 1786.

Je n'arme contre lui que le fruit de son crime.

CREBILLON.

THE effects of moral instruction and precept on the mind have been rated very highly by some grave and worthy men, while by others the experience of their inefficacy, in regulating the conduct of the hearer or reader, has been cited as an indisputable proof of their unimportance. Among those, say they, on whom Moral Eloquence has employed all her powers, who have been tutored by the wisest and most virtuous teachers, and have had the advice and direction of the ablest and most persuasive guides, how few are there whose future conduct has answered to the instruction they received, or the maxims which were so often repeated to them. Natural disposition or acquired habits regulate the tenor of our lives; and neither the sermon that persuades, nor the relation that moves, has any permanent effect on the actions of him who listens or who weeps.

Yet, though examples of their efficacy are not very frequent, it does not altogether follow that

the diſcourſe or the ſtory are uſeleſs and vain. Stronger motives will no doubt overpower weaker ones, and thoſe which conſtantly aſſail will prevail over others which ſeldom occur. Paſſion therefore will ſometimes be obeyed when reaſon is forgot, and corrupt ſociety will at length overcome the beſt early impreſſions. But the effects of that reaſon, or of thoſe impreſſions, we are not always in condition to eſtimate fairly. The examples of their failure are eaſily known, and certain of being obſerved; the inſtances of ſuch as have been preſerved from ſurrounding contagion by their influence, are traced with difficulty, and ſtrike us leſs when they are traced.

Formal precepts and hypothetical cautions are indeed frequently offered to youth and inexperience, in a manner ſo ungracious as neither to command their attention nor conciliate their liking. He who ſays I am to inſtruct and to warn, with a face of inſtruction or admonition, prepares his audience for hearing what the young and the lively always avoid as tireſome, or fear as unpleaſant. A more willing and a deeper impreſſion will be made, when the obſervation ariſes without being prompted, when the underſtanding is addreſſed through the feelings. It was this which ſtruck me ſo forcibly in the ſtory of *Father Nicholas*. I never

never felt so strongly the evils of dissipation, nor ever was so ashamed of the shame of being virtuous.

It was at a small town in Brittany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them : mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess however I have often been disappointed ; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally well belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind : one however was of a very superior order ; that of a monk who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark *Rembrandt* shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntarily

luntarily no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his crofs; the fimilarity of the attitude, and the quiet refignation of the two countenances, formed a refemblance that could not but ftrike every one. "It is Father Nicholas," whifpered our conductor, "who is of all the "brotherhood the moft rigid to himfelf, and "the kindeft to other men. To the diftreffed, "to the fick, and to the dying, he is always "ready to adminifter affiftance and confolation. "Nobody ever told him a misfortune in which "he did not take an intereft, or requefted good "offices which he refufed to grant: yet the "auflerity and mortifications of his own life "are beyond the ftricteft rules of his order; "and it is only from what he does for others "that one fuppofes him to feel any touch of "humanity." The fubject feemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthufiaftic; it funk into my heart, and I could not reft till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. "It is not ufual," faid he, "my fon, for peo-"ple at your age to folicit acquaintance like "mine. To you the world is in its prime; "why fhould you anticipate its decay? Gaiety

"and

"and cheerfulneſs ſpring up around you; "why ſhould you ſeek out the abodes of me- "lancholy and of woe? Yet though dead to "the pleaſures, I am not inſenſible to the cha- "rities of life. I feel your kindneſs, and wiſh "for an opportunity to requite it."—— He perceived my turn for letters, and ſhewed me ſome curious MSS. and ſome ſcarce books, which belonged to their convent: theſe were not the communications I ſought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the know- ledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the ſtory of his ſorrows, the cauſe of his auſterities.

One evening when I entered his cell, after knocking at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a ſmall picture, which I took to be that of the bleſſed Virgin. I ſtood be- hind him, uncertain whether I ſhould wait the cloſe of his devotional exerciſe, or retire un- perceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand, and I heard his ſtifled groans. A mixture of compaſſion and of curioſity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: he laid hold of the picture, which he kiſſed twice, preſſed it to his boſom, and then, gazing on it earneſtly, burſt

into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—"Alas! (said he) be "not deceived; these are not the tears of de- "votion; nor the meltings of piety, but the "wringings of remorse. Perhaps, young man, "it may stead thee to be told the story of my "sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous as thy "nature seems, it may be exposed to tempta- "tions like mine; it may be the victim of "laudable feelings perverted, of virtue betray- "ed, of false honour, and mistaken shame."

My name is *St. Hubert*; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with applause through the ordinary studies which the capital

capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother ſent me to Paris, along with the ſon of a neighbouring family, who, though of leſs honourable deſcent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delaſerre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumſtances which promiſed ſucceſs in that line, my mother and her friends had deſtined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchaſe of a charge for me when I ſhould be qualified for it. Delaſerre had a ſovereign contempt for any profeſſion but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inſpiring me with the ſame ſentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had ſerved, the inſolent ſuperiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition and awed my baſhfulneſs. From nature I had that extreme ſenſibility of ſhame, which could not ſtand againſt the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his ſuperior effrontery; and the beſt-eſtabliſhed principles of my mind would ſometimes yield to the impudence of aſſuming ſophiſtry or of unbluſhing vice. To the profeſſion which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and ſober

manners were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined, a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaserre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior, and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearances of superior dignity and show; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

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The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the reſtraints of conſcience. But the dangerous connection I had formed was broken off by the accident of Delaſerre's receiving orders to join his regiment then quartered at Dunkirk. At his deſire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's houſe in Picardy, where he was to ſpend a day or two in his way. "I will intro-"duce you," ſaid he in a tone of pleaſantry, "becauſe you will be a favourite; my couſin "*Santonges* is as ſober and preciſe as you were "when I firſt found you." The good man whom he thus characteriſed poſſeſſed indeed all thoſe virtues of which the ridicule of Delaſerre had ſometimes made me aſhamed, but which it had never made me entirely ceaſe to revere. In his family I regained the ſtation which, in our diſſipated ſociety at Paris, I had loſt. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural diſpoſition to goodneſs; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more intereſting aſſiſtant to it. After my experience of the few of her ſex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaſerre, however, found them inſipid and tireſome. He left his kinſman's the third

morning after his arrival, promiſing, as ſoon as his regiment ſhould be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, ſaid he, we exiſt merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the preſence of Emilia de Santonges. But why ſhould I recall thoſe days of pureſt felicity, or think of what my Emilia was! for not long after ſhe was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that aſſiduity which was due to his friendſhip, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the ſkill of his phyſicians, were fruitleſs. He died, and left his daughter to my friendſhip. It was then that I firſt dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to aſk, if ſhe thought me worthy of comforting her ſorrows? Emilia was too innocent for diſguiſe, too honeſt for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous,) to reward at the ſame time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happineſs; and I may ſay without vanity, ſince it is now my ſhame, that the ſince wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deſerve the bleſſings he enjoyed.

N° 83. SATURDAY, *Saturday* 2, 1786.

Continuation of the Story of Father *Nicholas*.

IN this ſtate of peaceful felicity we had lived ſomething more than a year, when my Emilia found herſelf with child. On that occaſion my anxiety was ſuch as a huſband who dotes upon his wife may be ſuppoſed to feel. In conſequence of that anxiety, I propoſed our removing for ſome weeks to *Paris*, where ſhe might have abler aſſiſtance than our province could afford in thoſe moments of danger which ſhe ſoon expected. To this ſhe objected with earneſtneſs, from a variety of motives; but moſt of my neighbours applauded my reſolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchaſed the eſtate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was ſuch, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of truſting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and abſolutely determined for the journey. To induce

my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented, and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. "I "shall not live," she would say, "to revisit "*Santonges:* but my Henry will think of me "there: in those woods in which we have so "often walked, by that brook to the fall of "which we have listened together, and felt in "silence what language, at least what mine, "my Love, could not speak."—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind, and tears for a moment choked his utterance. After a short space he began, with a voice faultering and weak.

—"Pardon

— "Pardon the emotion that ſtopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of ſo gentle a kind; the images her ſpeech recalled ſoftened my feelings into ſorrow; but I am not worthy of them.—Hear the confeſſion of my remorſe.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at laſt diſſipated by her ſafe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderneſs we gazed with inexpreſſible delight. Emilia ſuckled the infant herſelf, as well from the idea of duty and of pleaſure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurſe to be truſted. We propoſed returning to the country as ſoon as the re-eſtabliſhment of her ſtrength would permit: mean time, during her hours of reſt, I generally went out to finiſh the buſineſs which the truſt of my deceaſed friend had devolved upon me.

In paſſing through the *Thuilleries*, in one of thoſe walks, I met my old companion *Delaſerre*. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I ſcarce expected from my knowledge of his diſpoſition, or the length of time for which our correſpondence had been broken off. He had heard, he ſaid, accidentally of my being in town, but had ſought me for ſeveral days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the moſt afraid of meeting. I had heard

in the country of his unbounded diſſipation and extravagance; and there were ſome ſtories to his prejudice which were only not believed, from an unwillingneſs to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiariſed to baſeneſs; yet I found he ſtill poſſeſſed a kind of ſuperiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuſe, by forcing myſelf to think him leſs unworthy than he was reported. After a variety of inquiries, and expreſſing his cordial ſatisfaction at the preſent happineſs I enjoyed, he preſſed me to ſpend that evening with him ſo earneſtly, that though I had made it a ſort of rule to be at home, I was aſhamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company conſiſted only of Delaſerre himſelf, and two other officers, one a good deal older than any of us, who had the croſs of St. Louis, and the rank of Colonel, whom I thought the moſt agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingneſs with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different ſort of party where I was going, made me feel the preſent one doubly pleaſant. My ſpirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that conſtraint I was prepared for, roſe in proportion to the pleaſantry around me, and the perfect eaſe in which I found myſelf with this old

old officer, who had information, wit, ſentiment, every thing I valued moſt, and every thing I leaſt expected in a ſociety ſelected by *Delaſerre*. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleaſure, an invitation from the Colonel to ſup with him the evening after.

The company at his houſe I found enlivened by his ſiſter and a friend of hers, a widow, who though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impreſſed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When ſilent, there was a certain ſoftneſs in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expreſſion which her converſation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unuſed as I was to the little gallantries of faſhionable life, I rather wiſhed than hoped to make myſelf agreeable to her. She ſeemed, however, intereſted in my attentions and converſation, and in hers I found myſelf flattered at the ſame time and delighted. We played, againſt the inclination of this Lady and me, and we won rather more than I wiſhed. Had I been as rich as Delaſerre, I ſhould have objected to the deepneſs of the ſtakes: but we were the only perſons of the company that ſeemed uneaſy at our ſucceſs, and we parted with the moſt cordial good-humour. *Madame de Trenville*, (that

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was the widow's name,) ſmiling to the Colonel, aſked him to take his revenge at her houſe, and ſaid, with an air of equal modeſty and frankneſs, that as I had been the partner of her ſucceſs, ſhe hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of ſharing a leſs favourable fortune.

At firſt my wife had expreſſed her ſatisfaction at my finding amuſement in ſociety, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my abſence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almoſt every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the ſame, ſhe could not help expreſſing by her countenance her diſſatisfaction at my abſence. I perceived this at firſt with tenderneſs only, and next evening excuſed myſelf from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it uſed to be: thoughtful, but afraid to truſt one another with our thoughts, Emilia ſhewed her uneaſineſs in her looks, and I covered mine but ill with an aſſumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaferre called, and ſaw Emilia for the firſt time. He rallied me gently for breaking my laſt night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife inſiſted on my keeping. Her couſin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out

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in the evening, I came to wiſh Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have ſtaid, but for the ſhame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety, and Delaſerre was merry on the occaſion. Even my friend the Colonel threw in a little raillery on the ſubject of marriage. 'Twas the firſt time I felt ſomewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and ſat later than formerly; but I was to ſhew myſelf not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I loſt conſiderably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I ſaw Emilia next morning, whoſe ſpirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct, and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did ſo. Delaſerre came to take me to his houſe to dinner. He obſerved as we went, that Emilia looked ill. "Going to the "country will re-eſtabliſh her," ſaid I.—"Do "you leave Paris?" ſaid he.—"In a few days." —"Had I ſuch motives for remaining in it as "you have."—"What motives?"—"The attach-"ment of ſuch friends; but friendſhip is a "cold word: the attachment of ſuch a woman "as *de Trenville*." I know not how I looked, but he preſſed the ſubject no farther; perhaps I was leſs offended than I ought to have been.

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We went to that Lady's houſe after dinner. She was dreſſed moſt elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had ſeen her. The party was more numerous than uſual, and there was more vivacity in it. The converſation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country-manners, of country-opinions, of the inſipidity of country-enjoyments, was kept up with infinite ſpirit by Delaſerre, and moſt of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and ſometimes looked at me as if the ſubject was too ſerious for her to be merry on. I was half aſhamed and half ſorry that I was going to the country; leſs uneaſy than vain at the preference that was ſhewn me.

N° 84. SATURDAY, *September* 9, 1768.

Conclusion of the Story of Father *Nicholas.*

I Was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to ſcreen myſelf from a diſcovery that might have ſaved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my viſits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of ſome perplexing incidents that had ariſen in the management of thoſe affairs with which I was intruſted. Her mind was too pure for ſuſpicion or for jealouſy. It was eaſy even for a novice in falſehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able aſſiſtant in Delaſerre, who now reſumed the aſcendency over me he had formerly poſſeſſed, but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakneſs, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened that juſt at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of her's

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in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature-painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, propoſed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his ſleep. The young painter was pleaſed with the idea, provided ſhe would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the ſake of ſurpriſing me with the picture when it ſhould be finiſhed. That ſhe might have a better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a ſort of ſatisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my abſence.

She knew not what, during that abſence, was my employment. The ſlave of vice and of profuſion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the moſt artful and worthleſs of women, and loſing the fortune that ſhould have ſupported my child and her's, to a ſet of cheats and villains. Such was the ſnare that Delaferre and his aſſociates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generoſity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that ſhe was every way the victim of her affection for me. My firſt great loſſes at play ſhe pretended to reimburſe from her own private fortune, and then threw her-

ſelf

ſelf upon my honour, for relief from thoſe diſtreſſes into which I had brought her. After having exhauſted all the money I poſſeſſed, and all my credit could command, I would have ſtopped ſhort of ruin: but when I thought of returning in diſgrace and poverty to the place I had left reſpected and happy, I had not reſolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in deſperation, mortgaged the remains of my eſtate, and ſtaked the produce to recover what I had loſt, or to loſe myſelf. The event was ſuch as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my ſituation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me ſuch a reception as ſuited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falſehood, and of that ruin to which ſhe had been employed to lead me, flaſhed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which ſhe received with the coolneſs of hardened vice, of experienced ſeduction. I ruſhed from her houſe, I knew not whither. My ſteps involuntarily led me home. At my own door I ſtopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had ſhrunk back ſome paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unſpeakable horror, and my knees ſmote each other. It was night, and the ſtreet was dark

and

and ſilent around me, I threw myſelf down before the door, and wiſhed ſome ruffian's hand to eaſe me of life and thought together. At laſt the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, croſſed my diſordered mind, and a guſh of tenderneſs burſt from my eyes. I roſe, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up ſoftly to my wife's chamber. She was aſleep, with a night-lamp burning by her, her child ſleeping on her boſom, and its little hand graſping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She ſmiled through her ſleep, and ſeemed to dream of happineſs. My brain began to madden again; and as the miſery to which ſhe muſt wake croſſed my imagination, the horrible idea aroſe within me,—I ſhudder yet to tell it,—to murder them as they lay, and next myſelf!—I ſtretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclaſped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle preſſure wrung my heart; its ſoftneſs returned; I burſt into tears; but I could not ſtay to tell her of our ruin. I ruſhed out of the room, and, gaining an obſcure hotel in a diſtant part of the town, wrote a few diſtracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence ſhould wipe out my offences, and my induſtry repair

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that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which ſhe had never offended. Having ſent this, I left Paris on the inſtant, and had walked ſeveral miles from town before it was light. At ſun-riſe a ſtage-coach overtook me. It was going on the road to *Breſt*. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and ſat in ſullen and gloomy ſilence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with ſeveral other paſſengers, regardleſs of food and incapable of reſt. But the ſecond day I found my ſtrength fail, and when we ſtopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the paſſage of the inn. I was put to bed, it ſeems, and lay for more than a week in the ſtupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greateſt care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man miniſtered to my ſoul, as he had done to my body, that aſſiſtance and conſolation he eaſily diſcovered it to need. By his tender aſſiduities I was now ſo far recruited as to be able to breathe the freſh air at the window of a little parlour. As I ſat there one morning, the ſame ſtage-coach in which I had arrived, ſtopped at th

the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and amongst others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in had not strength to support. The effects were a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was

placed

placed here, where, except one melancholy journey to that ſpot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever ſince remained. My ſtory is unknown, and they wonder at the ſeverity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by ſuffering alone that Heaven is reconciled; I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in its ſight. Bleſſed be God! I have attained the conſolation I wiſhed.—Already, on my waſting days a beam of mercy ſheds it's celeſtial light. The viſions of this flinty couch are changed to mildneſs. 'Twas but laſt night my Emilia beckoned me in ſmiles; this little cherub was with her!"——His voice ceaſed,—he looked on the picture, then towards heaven; and a faint glow croſſed the paleneſs of his cheek. I ſtood awe-ſtruck at the ſight. The bell for Veſpers tolled—he took my hand—I kiſſed his, and my tears began to drop on it.—"My ſon," ſaid he, "to feelings like yours it may not be unpleaſing to recall my ſtory:—if the world allure thee, if vice enſnare with its pleaſures, or abaſh with its ridicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous, and be happy."

N° 85. SATURDAY, *September* 16, 1786.

Non adeo inhumano ingenio ſum, Chærea,
Neque tam imperita, ut quid amor valeat neſciam.
TER.

"WHY," ſays one of my correſpondents, who writes in a fair Italian hand, and ſubſcribes herſelf *Imoinda*, "Why have "you ſo little of love in the Lounger?" I anſwer, becauſe there is ſo little of it in the world. "Love," ſays an author, who is probably of Imoinda's acquaintance, "Love, "the paſſion moſt natural to the ſenſibility of "youth, has loſt the plaintive dignity he "once poſſeſſed, for the unmeaning ſimper of "a dangling coxcomb; and the only ſerious "concern, that of a dowry, is ſettled even "among the beardleſs leaders of the dancing-"ſchool *." It is undoubtedly true, that our young men now-a-days begin very early to ſee the propriety of mingling in love-affairs the *utile dulci*; which may be tranſlated, that they think fully as much of the fortune as of the Lady.

* Man of Feeling.

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The preſent age, amidſt all its acquirements and all its poliſh, has loſt a good deal of that ſpirit of gallantry, and delicate reſpect for the ladies, which former times poſſeſſed. If we trace the hiſtory of their power, from the days of chivalry and romance down to the preſent leſs heroic times, we ſhall find it gradually declining, till now that there is little more than a mere ſovereignty of form, but ſcarce any thing of the empire of ſentiment remaining.

The prevailing rage for Play, which is almoſt the only amuſement (if it may not rather be called a buſineſs) which intereſts the faſhionable world, has perhaps, of all circumſtances, the moſt direct and powerful tendency to level the ſupremacy of the ſex, and to ſtifle the feelings of reſpectful and delicate affection. Beſides that the paſſions it excites are of that ungentle kind which "ſcare the little loves," there is, at a Whiſt or a Pharaoh table, a ſort of buſineſs and money tranſaction with the ladies, which neceſſarily abates the prerogative of ſex, and aboliſhes that humble homage which they were wont to claim, which we were flattered to pay.

In the intercourſe of ordinary life, the late founder of a ſchool of politeneſs recommended a certain indifference or *nonchalance* of manner, as the characteriſtic of a well-bred man. The ſyſtem has ſince his time flouriſhed and prevailed

in a moſt extenſive degree; and, like all other ſyſtems that war on nature, has been carried a good deal farther by the diſciples, than it is probable their maſter intended. "Nous avons "changé tout cela," ſays the *Mock-Doctor* of *Moliere*, when his patient's father ventured to ſuppoſe that the heart lay on the left ſide of the body. The fine gentleman of Lord *Cheſterfield* has made a change ſtill greater; the heart is ſtruck out of his anatomy altogether.

Nor is it only in the reſorts of faſhionable, or of diſſipated life, that Love has loſt his votaries. In the walk of Letters, in the haunts of Meditation, the ſtudies of modern times tend alſo to exclude his power. The modern diſcoveries in natural hiſtory, and in the mechanical arts; the reſearches into the various properties of matter, which the chymiſt and the naturaliſt have puſhed to ſo extraordinary a length, however uſeful to the purpoſes of life, are unfavourable to that enthuſiaſm which formed the lover and the poet. The "ſhadowy tribes "of mind" are much leſs cultivated than formerly. Fancy and imagination give place to ſober reaſon and to certain truth; and the young man who in the academic ſhades was wont to dream majeſtic things, and to weave the myrtle garland for his miſtreſs, now watches the progreſs of experiment, or unravels the maze of demonſtration.

monſtration. Poetry is almoſt extinguiſhed among us; and its decline may not unfairly be ſuppoſed to hold an equal pace with that of love, and to proceed from cauſes of a ſimilar kind.

Of all the "penſive cares of life," none have a greater tendency to purify and exalt the mind, than thoſe of a delicate and virtuous love. The inſpiration of its melancholy ſoars above the groſſneſs of vice, and the meanneſs of worldly and low-thoughted care. Its tender diſtreſſes humanize and ſoften the heart; and the hope or the pride of its more fortunate ſtate is the ſtrongeſt incentive to great and noble atchievements.

I have been led into this ſtrain of reflection, from the peruſal of an elegant little Poem, with which I was lately favoured by an unknown correſpondent. My readers, I am perſuaded, will hold themſelves indebted to me for its inſertion. The Muſe of later times, like a beauty in the days of her decay, has been in uſe to trick herſelf out in artificial ornaments, to load her language with epithet, and to twiſt her expreſſion with inverſions. The verſes of my correſpondent are free from that defect; he breathes the artleſs ſentiments of ingenuous love, and clothes them in a ſuitable ſimplicity of language.

ODE *to a* LADY *going abroad.*

I.

FAR, far from me my *Delia* goes,
And all my pray'rs, my tears, are vain;
Nor ſhall I know one hour's repoſe,
Till Delia bleſs theſe eyes again.

Companion of the wretched, come,
Fair hope! and dwell with me a while;
Thy heavenly preſence gilds the gloom,
While happier ſcenes in proſpect ſmile.

Oh! who can tell what Time may do?
How all my ſorrows yet may end?
Can ſhe reject a love ſo true?
Can Delia e'er forſake her friend?

Unkind and rude the thorn is ſeen,
No ſign of future ſweetneſs ſhows;
But time calls forth its lovely green,
And ſpreads the bluſhes of the roſe.

Then come, fair Hope, and whiſper peace,
And keep the happy ſcenes in view;
When all theſe cares and fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Delia bleſs a love ſo true.

II. Hope,

II.

Hope, ſweet deceiver, ſtill believ'd,
In mercy ſent to ſoothe our care:
Oh! tell me, am I now deceiv'd,
And wilt thou leave me to Deſpair?

Then hear, ye Powers, my earneſt pray'r,
This pang unutterable ſave;
Let me not live to know deſpair,
But give me quiet in the grave!

Why ſhould I live to hate the light,
Be with myſelf at conſtant ſtrife,
And drag about, in nature's ſpite,
An uſeleſs, joyleſs, load of life?

But far from her all ills remove,
Your favourite care let Delia be,
Long bleſt in friendſhip, bleſt in love,
And may ſhe never think on me.

III.

But if to prove my love ſincere,
The fates a while this trial doom;
Then aid me, Hope, my woes to bear,
Nor leave me till my Delia come;

Till Delia come, no more to part,
And all theſe cares and fears remove,

Oh, come! relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come! my pride, my love!

My Delia come! whoſe looks beguile,
Whoſe ſmile can charm my cares away:—
Oh! come with that enchanting ſmile,
And brighten up life's wintry day;

Oh, come! and make me full amends,
For all my cares, my fears, my pain;
Delia, reſtore me to my friends,
Reſtore me to myſelf again.

N° 86. SATURDAY, *September* 23, 1786.

I Happened to ſpend ſome days lately in the country, at the houſe of a gentleman diſtinguiſhed in the republic of letters, and whoſe converſation is at all times in the higheſt degree inſtructive and entertaining. On my road home from his houſe, my whole thoughts were taken up with the agreeable entertainment I had received from his company, and I was employed in treaſuring up in my mind the many uſeful obſervations that had fallen from him. When I arrived in town, the firſt perſon I met with was my old acquaintance *Sympoſius*. Sympoſius is what is called a good bottle-companion; that is, one who thinks none, talks little, and drinks a great deal. He is much in company, and good company too; becauſe he keeps his ſeat quietly, has a ſteady hand at decanting a bottle, never forgets where the toaſt ſtands, never interrupts a ſtory except by filling a bumper, can make punch, brew negus, and ſeaſon a *devil*. With this combination of qualities, Sympoſius is oftener ſeen at good dinners than any man in town; and were it not for the liquor he conſumes, would be as harmleſs as e'er a bottle-ſlider

at the table. At ſome houſe of my acquaintance he had heard of my country-excurſion, and where I had paſſed my time. "You are a "happy man," ſaid he, "in poſſeſſing an inti- "macy and friendſhip ſo valuable as that of "Mr. ——. I was once accidentally at his "houſe: he had the fineſt batch of wine of "any man in the country. I never drank ſuch "Old Hock in my life."

I could not help ſmiling at Sympoſius's idea of a valuable friendſhip; and yet, when I conſidered the matter a little more cloſely, I began to think that in moſt men the ſame diſpoſition might be traced, to value others according to the ſtandard of themſelves; to form their opinions and their attachments from circumſtances as partial, though not ſo ridiculous, as the friendſhip of Sympoſius for the cellar of Mr.——

I had not long parted with Sympoſius, when I met with my old college-companion Dr. *Syntax*. He was, when I knew him firſt, a tutor at one of the univerſities, which he left on the death of a relation in India, who bequeathed him a conſiderable annuity for life. When at the univerſity, he was remarkable for his ſkill in the Latin language, and ſtill conſiders the knowledge of that tongue as the only thing which can conduct a man to eminence. I remember to have had ſome converſation with him

him about a gentleman, who, in his younger years, was one of Syntax's pupils. This gentleman had been bred to the bar; and after having figured in his profeſſion, he became a member of the legiſlature, and was conſidered as one of the ableſt ſpeakers in the houſe in which he ſat. "Yes," ſaid my learned friend, "I al-"ways knew the lad would do well. When he "was under my care, he wrote Latin verſes "faſter than any boy I ever knew, and com-"poſed the beſt diſcourſe I ever read upon *Pa-"tavinity.*" I took care not to let Syntax know that the firſt thing his pupil did, was to endeavour to *forget* almoſt all he had learned from his maſter, and that to this he principally aſcribed his ſucceſs in life.

But it is not only amongſt men of learning that this narrowneſs of opinion is to be met with. It is to be found in all profeſſions and in every ſituation. *Ditticus* is a man of fortune, and indeed he has this merit, that it has been principally made by himſelf. To men whoſe wealth is of their own acquirement, it naturally appears of the higheſt value, as the Iſraelites worſhipped the golden image they had made. Ditticus ſuppoſes, that the poſſeſſion of wealth conſtitutes the great happineſs of life. In this, perhaps, however falſe the ſuppoſition, Ditticus is not ſingular; but he carries the matter a

good deal farther, and thinks that wealth confers not only every bleſſing, but every talent and accompliſhment. He thinks meanly of the ſenſe, the learning, or the taſte of any man who walks on foot, a little better of one who rides a-horſeback, but his idea of ſupreme excellence is confined to the perſon who lolls in his coach and ſix. When you ſee Ditticus with a ſtranger, you may judge of the weight of his purſe from the degree of complaiſance and attention which Ditticus pays to his opinions. Ditticus would not for the world be thought to be intimate with a poor man; and avoids as much as poſſible being ſeen with perſons ſuſpected of poverty; and if he ſhould be ſo unlucky as to encounter with any of them, he takes care to ſhow, by his behaviour, in what repute he holds their abilities and underſtanding. If he has a rich man at his table, he ſends him a larger ſlice of his mutton than to any other perſon, as if his ſtomach were proportionably capacious as his purſe; if he is engaged in a party at cards, he chuſes the wealthieſt man of the ſet for his partner, as if riches could give ſkill in the game. I dined t'other day with Ditticus, when, upon his telling me a ſtory that appeared not a little improbable, I expreſſed ſome difficulty to give entire credit to it; Ditticus, with great earneſtneſs, aſſured me it was moſt certainly true; for he had

had heard it from a gentleman of L. 3000 a-year.

The character of *Valens* is very different from that of Ditticus, but he is guided by principles equally abſurd. Valens has the good fortune to be poſſeſſed of a hale robuſt conſtitution. Valens is not only ſenſible of the advantage ariſing from this circumſtance, but prizes it ſo highly as to think it communicates every other advantage; and that the want of it is connected with every thing that is mean and unworthy. Valens never ſees a man with broad ſhoulders, brawny legs, or an open cheſt, but he looks upon him with reſpect, and wiſhes to become his friend; while he ſtarts back with horror from, and avoids, as he would do a thing contaminated, a man who has the appearance of a weak and ſickly conſtitution. In ſhort, good health with Valens is like the cruſt of loaf bread, which Peter told his brothers was the ſtaff of life, in which was contained the quinteſſence of beef, mutton, veal, veniſon, partridge, plum-pudding, and cuſtard. As Valens is a man of ſome education, he has formed a theory, in order to juſtify his conduct and principles. If you attempt to reaſon with him, he will tell you, that health muſt be the foundation, not only of good morals, but of every thing elſe that is valuable; that without a robuſt conſtitution, no man can poſſeſs

poſſeſs firmneſs and intrepidity of mind, or give that application and attention which is requiſite for the purpoſes of life; that it is health alone which can give cheerfulneſs, and its attendants, good-will and benevolence to others; that without health a man becomes peeviſh, chagrined, moroſe, and diſcontented, diſpleaſed with himſelf, and unfriendly to all the reſt of mankind. When he has a mind to be more diffuſe, as he is a man of ſome humour, he will tell you, that John Knox could never have brought about the Reformation, had he not been a man of a ſtrong make and a firm conſtitution; that Marlborough would never have been able to ſtem the power of France, had he not been of that figure of body which gives ſtrength and vigour to the mind; that Cicero's long neck produced that feebleneſs of ſoul, which threw ſuch a cloud over his other qualities; and that, had not Alexander the Great been a man of ſmall ſtature, he would not only have conquered the world, but have been able to hand down the empire he had won undivided to his ſucceſſors.

The character of *Pallidus* forms an exact counter-part to that of Valens. Pallidus inherited from nature a feeble conſtitution; and the effeminate education which he received from his doting parents, who had no other child, did not tend to correct or to ſtrengthen it. As Pal-

lidus's

lidus's ſtate of health is very different from that of Valens, ſo he has formed a ſyſtem directly oppoſite. Pallidus is conſtantly telling you, and he is *uneaſy* if you do not believe him, that it is only men of delicate conſtitutions who can be ſuſceptible of the delicacies of virtuous feeling; that men who are robuſt and hardy, acquire a ferociouſneſs and a hardneſs of mind which deſtroys all the finer principles of the ſoul. Pallidus is at times eloquent upon the ſubject; he will run you over a long liſt of names of men who have been confeſſedly allowed to be poſſeſſed of the fineſt genius; and concludes with aſſuring you, it was the extreme delicacy of their health that gave birth to their exquiſite ſenſibility of mind, which exerted itſelf in thoſe diſplays of imagination and of ſcience which have rendered them immortal. Pallidus is exceedingly fond of the ſociety of the ladies, and courts their company; but he was never known to be attached to a woman remarkable for the goodneſs of her conſtitution, who was able to bear fatigue, or to ſhare thoſe exerciſes which require bodily ſtrength. Pallidus has ever in his mouth that remark of Dean Swift's, "That he never knew a woman who "was good for any thing, that had a conſtant "flow of health and good ſpirits." Nay, Pallidus carries the matter ſo far, that he cannot en-

dure to ſee a female eat with an appetite; and would no more allow his ſiſter or his niece to aſſociate with a woman of a good ſtomach, than with one of a tainted reputation.

In all theſe characters, I perceived, upon a little reflection, the ſame leading propenſity to bring the happineſs, the excellence, or the defects of others, to our own ſtandard; and I am perſuaded, were we narrowly to examine thoſe around us, we ſhould find among the buſy, the idle, the ambitious, or the diſſipated, the ſame colouring of objects, according to their own prevailing taſte or humour; and that, though the examples might not found ſo ludicrouſly, the principle would ſtill be found the ſame, would ſtill, in the eye of a philoſopher, be the *Old Hock* of Sympoſius.

A

N° 87. SATURDAY, *September* 30, 1786.

——Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manſerunt hodieque manent veſtigia ruris.

HOR.

THAT there is Nobody in town, is the obſervation of every perſon one has met for ſeveral weeks paſt; and though the word *Nobody*, like its fellow-vocable *Everybody*, has a great latitude of ſignification, and in this inſtance means upwards of threeſcore thouſand people, yet undoubtedly, in a certain rank of life, one finds, at this ſeaſon, a very great blank in one's accuſtomed ſociety. He whom circumſtances oblige to remain in town, feels a ſort of impriſonment from which his more fortunate acquaintance have eſcaped to purer air, to freſher breezes, and a clearer ſky. He ſees, with a very melancholy aſpect, the cloſe window-ſhutters of deſerted houſes, the ruſted knockers, and moſſy pavement of unfrequented ſquares, and the few diſtant ſcattered figures of empty walks; while he fancies, in the country, the joyouſneſs of the reapers, and the ſhout of

of the ſportſman enlivening the fields; and within doors, the hours made jocund by the feſtivity of aſſembled friends, the frolic, the dance, and the ſong.

Though the prevailing incidents of my latter part of life have fixed it almoſt conſtantly to a town, yet nobody is more enthuſiaſtically fond of the country than I; and amidſt all my baniſhment from it, I have contrived ſtill to preſerve a reliſh for its pleaſures, and an enjoyment of its ſports, which few who viſit it ſo ſeldom are able to retain. I can ſtill weave an angling-line, or dreſs a fly, am at leaſt a hit-and-miſs man a-ſhooting, and have not forgotten the tune of a *View Holla*, or the encouraging *Hark forward!* to a cautious hound. But though theſe are a ſet of capacities, which mark one's denizenſhip to the country, and which therefore I am proud to retain, yet I confeſs I am more delighted with its quieter and leſs turbulent pleaſures. There is a ſort of moral uſe of the country, which every man who has not loſt the rural ſentiment will feel; a certain purity of mind and imagination which its ſcenes inſpire, a ſimplicity, a colouring of nature on the objects around us, which correct the artifice and intereſtedneſs of the world. There is in the country a penſive vacancy (if the expreſſion may be allowed me) of mind, which ſtills the violence of

of passion and the tumult of desire. One can hardly dream on the bank of some nameless brook without waking a better and a wiser man. I early took the liberty of boasting to my readers, that, as a *Lounger*, I had learned to be idle without guilt, and indolent without indifference. In the country, methinks, I find this disposition congenial to the place; the air which breathes around me, like that which touches the *Eolian harp*, steals on my soul a tender but varied tone of feeling, that lulls while it elevates, that soothes while it inspires. Not a blade that whistles in the breeze, not a weed that spreads its speckled leaves to the sun, but may add something to the ideas of him who can lounge with all his mind open about him.

I am not sure if, in the regret which I feel for my absence from the country, I do not rate its enjoyments higher, and paint its landscapes in more glowing colours, than the reality might afford. I have long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy-chair, of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlour, to distant places and to absent friends, of drawing scenes in my mind's eye, and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when

when I have returned from the coffeehouſe where the boxes were unoccupied, and ſtrolled out from my accuſtomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left; I was fain to ſhut myſelf up in my room, order a diſh of my beſt tea (for there is a ſort of melancholy which diſpoſes one to make much of one's ſelf), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the ſolitary town for a ſolitude more intereſting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wiſh to be undeceived, was the moſt elyſian ſpot in the world.

'Twas at an old Lady's, a relation and god-mother of mine, where a particular incident occaſioned my being left during the vacation of two ſucceſſive ſeaſons. Her houſe was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic caſtle, of which one tower was ſtill almoſt entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and ſwallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the building, reſided the miſtreſs of the manſion. The houſe was ſkirted with a few majeſtic elms and beeches, and the ſtumps of ſeveral others ſhewed that they had once been more numerous. To the weſt a clump of firs covered a ragged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a preſcriptive ſeignory. Through this a daſhing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progreſs;

progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling inclosed a washing-green, and a wicker-seat fronting the south was placed for the accommodation of the old Lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still, warm sunshine, soothed the good old Lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labours of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labour was little. In that department the old man-servant was her minister, the father of my *Peter*, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel bank. This old butler (I call

(I call him by his title of honour, though in truth he had many ſubordinate offices) had originally enliſted with her huſband, who went into the army a youth, though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman, had been his ſervant abroad, and attended him during his laſt illneſs at home. His beſt hat, which he wore a Sundays, with a ſcarlet waiſtcoat of his maſter's, had ſtill a cockade in it.

Her huſband's books were in a room at the top of a ſcrew ſtair-caſe, which had ſcarce been opened ſince his death; but her own library for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-preſs in the parlour. It conſiſted, as far as I can remember, of ſeveral volumes of ſermons, a Concordance, *Thomas a'Kempis*, Antoninus's Meditations, the Works of the Author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and a tranſlation of *Boethius*; the original editions of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, *Cowley*'s Poems, *Dryden*'s Works (of which I had loſt a volume ſoon after I firſt came about her houſe), *Baker*'s Chronicle, *Burnet*'s Hiſtory of his own Times, *Lamb*'s Royal Cookery, *Abercromby*'s Scots Warriors, and *Niſbet*'s Heraldry.

The ſubject of the laſt-mentioned book was my godmother's ſtrong ground; and ſhe could diſentangle a point of genealogy beyond any body I ever knew. She had an excellent memory

mory for anecdote; and her ſtories, though ſometimes long, were never tireſome; for ſhe had been a woman of great beauty and accompliſhment in her youth, and had kept ſuch company as made the drama of her ſtories reſpectable and intereſting. She ſpoke frequently of ſuch of her own family as ſhe remembered when a child, but ſcarcely ever of thoſe ſhe had loſt, though one could ſee ſhe thought of them often. She had buried a beloved huſband and four children. Her youngeſt, Edward, "her "beautiful, her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his anceſtors. His picture, done when a child, an artleſs red and white portrait, ſmelling at a noſegay, but very like withal, hung at her bedſide, and his ſword and gorget were croſſed under it. When ſhe ſpoke of a ſoldier, it was in a ſtyle above her uſual ſimplicity; there was a ſort of ſwell in her language, which ſometimes a tear (for her age had not loſt the privilege of tears) made ſtill more eloquent. She kept her ſorrows, like the devotions that ſolaced them, ſacred to herſelf. They threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle ſhade only, like the fleckered clouds of ſummer, that increaſe, not diminiſh, the benignity of the ſeaſon.

She had few neighbours, and ſtill fewer viſitors; but her reception of ſuch as did viſit her was

was cordial in the extreme. She preſſed a little too much perhaps; but there was ſo much heart and good-will in her importunity, as made her good things ſeem better than thoſe of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her gueſts, tho' it might have flattered her vanity more than that of moſt exhibitors of good dinners, becauſe the cookery was generally directed by herſelf. Their ſervants lived as well in her hall, and their horſes in her ſtable. She looked after the airing of their ſheets, and ſaw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who roſe betimes, would never ſuffer any body to mount his horſe faſting.

The parſon of the pariſh was her gueſt every Sunday, and ſaid prayers in the evening. To ſay truth, he was no great genius, nor much a ſcholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did, but ſhe received from him information of another ſort, he told her who were the poor, the ſick, the dying of the pariſh, and ſhe had ſome aſſiſtance, ſome comfort of them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment!—dreſſed in grey, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for ſhe was ſomewhat finical about the neatneſs of her perſon), ſitting in her ſtraight-backed elbow-chair, which ſtood in a large window

dow ſcooped out of the thickneſs of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glaſs, the ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren. On the outſide waved a honeyſuckle-tree, which often threw its ſhade acroſs her book, or her work; but ſhe would not allow it to be cut down. "It has ſtood there many a "day," ſaid ſhe, "and we old inhabitants "ſhould bear with one another." Methinks I ſee her thus ſeated, her ſpectacles on, but raiſed a little on her brow for a pauſe of explanation, their ſhagreen-caſe laid between the leaves of a ſilver-claſped family-bible.—On one ſide, her bell and ſnuff-box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damaſk bag.—Between her and the fire an old Spaniſh pointer, that had formerly been her ſon Edward's, teaſed, but not teaſed out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its buſineſs. In town I may have ſeen ſuch a figure; but the country ſcenery around, like the taſteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would loſe in any other ſituation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little reliſh on the portrait. I know it is an egotiſm in me to talk of its value; but over this diſh of tea, and in ſuch a temper of mind, one

is given to egotiſm. It will be only adding another to ſay, that when I recall the rural ſcene of the good old lady's abode, her ſimple, her innocent, her uſeful employments, the afflictions ſhe ſuſtained in this world, the comforts ſhe drew from another; I feel a ſerenity of ſoul, a benignity of affections, which I am ſure confer happineſs, and I think muſt promote virtue.

N° 88. SATURDAY, *October* 7, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IN a late Paper you have given to the Public, you preſented us with the character of a gentleman poſſeſſed of ſenſibility and delicacy of feelings, but deſtitute of virtuous exertion. Allow me to introduce to your readers the character of another, conſiderably different, the view of which may not perhaps be altogether without its uſe, and may make ſome addition to the number of original portraits you have given to the Public.

Dormer is a man who is not only free from vice, but who is poſſeſſed of a conſiderable regard for virtue; and yet when his character comes to be conſidered attentively, it will be found defective in many very important reſpects. Dormer's great object is the public good, and to this he dedicates his whole time and labour.

Part of the year he lives in the country; and when there, he is conſtantly occupied in contriving ſchemes for the advancement of agricul-

ture and the improvement of manufactures. He has written a number of little treatiſes upon thoſe ſubjects, and his houſe is conſtantly filled with thoſe pamphleteers and projectors, who, like him, talk of nothing but the good of their country. At county meetings he never fails to attend, and there he conſtantly ſupports or oppoſes ſome ſcheme, as beneficial or pernicious to the public good. When any plan is propoſed, which by theoretical deduction it can be ſhown may poſſibly be attended with ſome general advantage, but which will certainly be very hurtful to ſome individuals, Dormer is ſure to give it his warmeſt approbation and ſupport. His conſtant maxim is, that the intereſt of individuals ſhould never be put in competition with that of the Public. From a ſteady adherence to this maxim, he thinks nothing of demoliſhing houſes, rooting out incloſures, or diſpoſſeſſing tenants. I have known him, for the purpoſe of widening a highway only a few feet, pull down a houſe by which a widow and a numerous family of children were turned out to the open air.

The ſame love of public utility attends Dormer when he comes to town. He views with admiration the public works which are going on, and viſits with great ſatisfaction the different improvements. He talks with apparent philanthropy

thropy of the rapid progreſs this country is making, and bleſſes himſelf for having lived at a period of ſo great advancement.

He ſays, it ever ſhall be his object to contribute as much as a poor individual can to every thing which is of national importance. Actuated by ſuch motives, he is a good ſubject to government; and one of his favourite tenets is, that the powers that are ſhould be implicitly ſubmitted to. To every magiſtrate, and every perſon in public office, he pays the moſt paſſive obedience; and when once a law is enacted, he is for enforcing it without mitigation, though it ſhould produce the ruin of the moſt innocent individuals. At a Circuit, he conſtantly waits upon the Judges, values himſelf on the reſpect and attention he pays them; and on all occaſions is for inflicting rigorous puniſhments on the perſons convicted of crimes, without paying regard to any alleviating circumſtances in their caſe.

I do not wiſh to find fault with theſe, or at leaſt with all of theſe particulars in Dormer; nor do I mean to ſay, that he is not ſincere, or that his conduct does not proceed from a real concern for the good of the public. But when I allow this, I allow him all he is intitled to,—That he has regard for the public intereſt.—This is the whole merit of his character.

But are there not private virtues, are there not private intereſts and attachments, that are as important as neceſſary to conſtitute a virtuous character, as a regard for the public intereſt? And ought general conſiderations of utility to ſuperſede the attention to every thing elſe? In the conduct of Dormer they certainly do.

His love for the public is ſuch, that he pays no attention to his family; the public engroſſes him to ſuch a degree, that he has no time for private friendſhip, or for the exerciſe of private virtues. His wife and daughters are unattended to at home; and his ſon, an excellent young man, is deſpiſed by him, becauſe he does not like public meetings, and does not chooſe to buſtle for the good of his country. No one can tell of any charitable deed performed by Dormer; of any perſon in diſtreſs relieved by his generoſity. To give this relief would be contrary to his principles, as he holds charity and generoſity to be baſtard virtues; he ſays, that if there were no charity there would be no idleneſs.

By unavoidable misfortunes in trade, a couſin of his, of the faireſt and beſt character, was reduced in his circumſtances. Dormer was applied to for his name to a ſubſcription for this gentleman's relief and that of his family; but he refuſed; ſaid he thought it wrong to try to keep

keep them in a genteel ſtyle; that the loweſt ſtation in ſociety is the moſt uſeful; and that, in his opinion, the ſons ſhould be bred mechanics, and the daughter put out to ſervice.

I have already ſaid, that I do not mean to deny that Dormer is ſincere in what he profeſſes, in having the real good of the public at heart; but yet this admiſſion which I have made muſt be taken with ſome allowance. His regard for the public, the concern which he takes in projects of advancement in agriculture, manufactures, and public works, does not ſo much proceed from a feeling of the happineſs which this advancement will produce, as from a love of theory, of what is calculated to promote that theory, from a fondneſs for order, and for every thing conſpiring to one great and general end. Were his views directed by a concern for the happineſs produced by his plans, he would in ſome caſes allow the comfort of individuals to enter into his regards.

A very ingenious philoſopher, who poſſeſſes a ſingular power of illuſtration, joined to an uncommon depth of thinking, in ſpeaking of the reaſon why utility pleaſes, has remarked, "That "the fitneſs, the happy contrivance of any pro- "duction of art, is often more valued than the "very end for which it was intended; and that "the exact adjuſtment of the means for attain-

" ing any conveniency or pleaſure, is fre-
" quently more regarded than that very con-
" veniency or pleaſure, in the attainment of
" which their whole merit would ſeem to con-
" ſiſt.

" When a perſon," continues this author, " comes into his chamber, and finds the chairs " all ſtanding in the middle of the room, he " is angry with his ſervant; and rather than " ſee them continue in that diſorder, perhaps " takes the trouble himſelf to ſet them all in " their places, with their backs to the wall. " The whole propriety of this new ſituation " ariſes from its ſuperior conveniency in leaving " the floor free and diſengaged. To attain this " conveniency, he voluntarily puts himſelf to " more trouble than all he could have ſuffered " from the want of it, ſince nothing was more " eaſy than to have ſet himſelf down upon one " of them, which is probably what he does " when his labour is over. What he wanted, " therefore, it ſeems, was not ſo much this " conveniency, as that arrangement of things " which promotes it; yet it is this conveniency " which ultimately recommends that arrange-
" ment, and beſtows upon it the whole of its " propriety and beauty.

" A watch, in the ſame manner, that falls " behind above two minutes in a day, is de-

" ſpiſed

" ſpiſed by one curious in watches. He ſells it " perhaps for a couple of guineas, and purchaſes " another at fifty, which will not loſe above a " minute in a fortnight. The ſole uſe of watches, " however, is to tell us what o'clock it is, and " to hinder us from breaking any engagement, " or ſuffering any other inconveniency, by our " ignorance in that particular point. But the " perſon ſo nice with regard to this machine, " will not always be found either more ſcrupu- " louſly punctual than other men, or more " anxiouſly concerned upon any other account to " know preciſely what time of day it is. What " intereſts him is not ſo much the attainment " of this piece of knowledge, as the perfec- " tion of the machine which ſerves to attain " it."

The ſame author afterwards obſerves, that it is a ſimilar principle which frequently ſerves to recommend thoſe inſtitutions that tend to promote the public welfare.

Something of this kind may afford the key to Dormer's character. In all his ſchemes, in all his projects, it is not ſo much the end which he has in view, as the mode of producing that end. For this he ſacrifices the happineſs of individuals; nay, the aggregate happineſs of a whole ſociety does not fill or intereſt his mind ſo much,

as the fitneſs of the meaſure by which, after many hardſhips and oppreſſions, that object may be produced.

I am, &c.

T. L.

If the account which is given by my correſpondent of Dormer's character be a juſt one, and I am perſuaded, by my own obſervation, that it is not out of nature, ſeveral uſeful leſſons may be learned from it. We may be taught the danger of ſuffering attention to one part of our conduct to ſwallow up our regard for every other; we may perceive the hazard of allowing notions of public utility to extinguiſh private virtues. Theſe laſt are indeed indiſpenſably neceſſary to conſtitute the perfection of any character, and to all of us, except a very few, are the only virtues within our reach.

It may be told thoſe men, who, like Dormer, arrogate to themſelves the praiſe of public ſpirit, and look down with contempt on the humbler virtue of ſuch as are occupied in the private concerns of life, that they are not quite ſo remote from ſelfiſhneſs as they would ſometimes have the world to believe. The theories of

Dormer

Dormer are as much his children, as that ſon and daughter, whom perhaps he will call it virtue to diſregard, in his violent attention to the good of his country; and when he canvaſſes with ſucceſs at county-meetings for the family of his projects, he feels as much ſelfiſh ſatisfaction, and much more ſelfiſh vanity, than if he obtained a penſion for his wife, or an appointment for his unfortunate relation. From Dormer's, and other ſuch oſtentatious characters, we may learn, that there may be often much pretenſion to virtue, and even ſome virtuous conduct, without much humanity, or much virtuous feeling.

P

N° 89. SATURDAY, *October* 14, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Read with infinite ſatisfaction your 87th Number, on the Pleaſures of the Country, and the moral uſe of that "rural ſentiment," the effects of which you know ſo well how to paint. But thus it is that brilliant fiction ever delights us; while you were deſcribing in town, I was witneſſing in the country. I have juſt returned from an excurſion into a diſtant county, "a hundred miles from town, its inhabit-"ants, and its buſineſs." 'Twas at the houſe of Mr. L——, a relation and intimate acquaintance of mine, where I have been preſſingly invited theſe ſeveral years paſt, to ſpend a month or two of the autumn; to leave the thick air and unwholeſome ſtreets, the buſtle, cares, and diſſipation of the town, for the pure breeze, the healthful walk, the quiet, the peacefulneſs, and ſobriety of the country. I had often heard of my friend L——'s charming place, his excellent houſe, his every thing, in ſhort, that great wealth

wealth (for he is a man of a very large eſtate) could beſtow, and taſte (for every body talked of his and Mrs. L——'s taſte) could adorn. I pictured his groves, his lawns, and his water-falls, with ſomewhat of that enthuſiaſm for country-ſcenery which you ſeem to feel; and I thought of his daughters (two elegant girls, whom I had juſt ſeen for a few minutes in their way from London) as the wood-nymphs of the ſcene. All this "rural ſentiment" I ſet out with; and the ſight of my friend's country-ſeat and beautiful grounds, which I reached on the third evening, did not belie it. How it has improved by my ſtay there, you ſhall judge by a ſhort ſketch of the country-life people lead at *L—— Hall.*

The party there, which my relation had told me was to be a ſelect one, and which made him doubly urgent in his deſire to have me there this autumn, conſiſted of an elderly Dowager of rank and fortune, and her two unmarried daughters; a member of parliament, and his brother a clergyman from England; and two young officers of family, companions of Mr. L——'s eldeſt ſon, who has been about a year in the army. Theſe, with your humble ſervant, in addition to Mr. L——'s own family, made up the ſtanding eſtabliſhment of the houſe. There were beſides, every day, numerous occaſional

viſitors from the neighbourhood; Mr. L—— repreſenting the county in parliament, and receiving the inſtructions of his conſtituents at this time of the year only.

The night of my arrival, I took the liberty of retiring before the reſt of the company, being a good deal fatigued with my journey. Next morning, however, I got up betimes to enjoy the beauties of the ſeaſon, and of the calm clear landſcape around me. But when I would have gone out, I found the houſe-door locked. After various unſucceſsful attempts to diſcover the retreat of the ſervants, I met a ragged little fellow, who told me he was boy to the porter's man, and the only creature beſide myſelf ſtirring in the houſe; for that Mr. L——'s gentleman had given a ſupper to the ſervants who had lately arrived from town, and they had all ſat up at cards till five in the morning. By the intereſt of this young friend, I at laſt procured the key, and was let out. I ſtrolled the way of the ſtable, of which I found the entry much eaſier than the exit from the houſe, the door being left very conveniently open. The horſes from town had not been quite ſo well entertained as the ſervants; for they were ſtanding with empty mangers, and the dirt of the day before hardened on their ſkins. But this was not much to be wondered at, as a pack of cards

cards certainly affords a much pleaſanter occupation than a curry-comb.

Having rubbed down a favourite poney, which I had brought to the country for an occaſional ride, and locked the ſtable-door, I turned down a little path that led to the ſhrubbery; but I was afraid to enter any of the walks, as it was notified, by very legible inſcriptions, that there were men-traps and ſteel-guns, for the reception of intruders. I was forced therefore to reſtrict myſelf to a walk amidſt the duſt of the high-road till ten, when, on my return to the houſe, I found no leſs duſt within doors, and was obliged to take refuge in my bed-room till the breakfaſting parlour was put in order. By one of the ſervants, whom, from his ſurly look, I ſuppoſed to be a loſer of the preceding night, I was informed that breakfaſt for ſome of the company would be ready by eleven.

At eleven I found ſome of the company aſſembled accordingly. The Dowager did not appear, nor Mrs. L—— herſelf, but had chocolate in their different apartments: it ſeems they could not be made up, as one of the young Ladies expreſſed it, ſo early: their daughters ſeemed to have been made up in haſte; for they came down in rumpled night-caps, and their hair in a brown paſte upon their ſhoulders. The young gentlemen joined us with the ſecond

tea-

tea-pot; their heads were in diſorder too, but of a different kind; they had drank, as they told us, three bowls of gin-toddy after the reſt of the company had gone to bed. The maſter of the houſe entered the room when breakfaſt was nearly over: he aſked pardon of his brother Senator and the Clergyman for being ſo late; but he had been detained, he ſaid, looking over his farm; for he is a great improver of the value as well as the beauty of his eſtate. "Did you ride or walk, Sir?" ſaid I. Mr. L—— ſmiled. "I walked only to the eaſy "chair in my library; I always view my farm "upon paper: *Mr. Capability*, my governor in "theſe matters, drives through it in his phae-"ton, and lays down every thing ſo accurately "that I have no occaſion to go near it."

Breakfaſt ended about one. The young gentlemen talked of going out a-ſhooting; but the weather was ſuch as to ſcare any but hardy ſportſmen; ſo they agreed to play billiards and cards within doors, in which they were joined by all the ſenior gentlemen except myſelf. I propoſed to betake myſelf to the library; but I found an unwillingneſs in our hoſt to let me take down any of the books, which were ſo elegantly bound and gilt, and ranged in ſuch beautiful order, that it ſeemed contrary to the etiquette of the houſe to remove any of them from

from the ſhelves; but there was a particular ſelection in the parlour, which the company was at liberty to peruſe; it was made up of Hoyle's Games, the Liſt of the Army, two Almanacks, the Royal Regiſter, a file of the Morning Herald, Boſwell's Tour, the Faſhionable Magazine, the Trial of the Brighton Tailor, and an odd volume of the laſt Collection of farces.

Mrs. L——, and her friend the Dowager, made their appearance about two. As I was neither of the billiard or the whiſt party, and had finiſhed my ſtudies in the parlour, they did me the honour to admit me of their *converſazione*. It conſiſted chiefly of a diſſertation on ſome damaſk and chintz furniture Mrs. L—— had lately beſpoke from the metropolis, and a diſpute about the age of a *fulky* ſet of china ſhe had bought laſt winter, at a ſale of Lord *Squanderfield*'s. In one of the pauſes of the debate, the day having cleared up beautifully, I ventured to aſk the two Ladies, if they ever walked in the country. The Dowager ſaid, ſhe never walked on account of her corns; Mrs. L—— told me, ſhe had not walked ſince ſhe caught a ſore throat in one of the cold evenings of the year 1782.

The converſation was interrupted by the arrival of the young Ladies, with half a ſcore of packing-boxes, juſt received by a ſhip from London.

London. Theſe changed the current of the diſcourſe to the ſubject of dreſs, to caps, feathers, hats, and riding-habits. The military men now joined us, and made a very valuable addition to this board of inquiry, by their commentaries on walking boots, riding ſlippers, clubs, buckles, and buttons. We had, not long after, an opportunity of judging of the practice as well as theory of thoſe branches of the fine arts. Dinner was half cold, waiting for the Dowager's eldeſt daughter, and the Major. They had ſpent about two hours at their toilets: yet the hurry of the Major appeared, by his man having forgot to put in the falſe ſtraps to his buckles; and of the young Lady from one cheek being at leaſt half a ſhade redder than the other. The ladies went to tea at nine o'clock, and we joined them at eleven, after having diſcuſſed the prices of different ſets of burghs at one end of the table, and the qualities of ſeveral race-horſes and game-cocks at the other.

Such, Sir, is the detail of one day at the rural retirement of my friend Mr. L——, which may ſerve for the hiſtory of moſt of thoſe I ſpent there. We had, however, our Sabbath-day's employment, and our Sabbath-day's gueſt, as well as your godmother. The firſt Sunday after my arrival being a rainy one, Mrs. L——,

and

and moſt of our party accompanying her, went to the pariſh church. The Engliſh clergyman would not conſent to ſo wicked a thing as going to a Preſbyterian place of worſhip, and therefore ſtaid at home, to look over a party at picquet in the Dowager's dreſſing-room between her and his brother. I went with the church-going people for that one time, but ſhall never do ſo profane a thing again. The young folks nodded and laughed all the time of the ſervice, and during the ſermon drew back their chairs from the front of the gallery, eat nuts, and pelted the ſhells. The Major only was more ſeriouſly employed, in drawing caricatures of the congregation below, for which, it muſt be confeſſed, ſome of them afforded no unfavourable ſubjects.

The parſon of the pariſh, like your old Lady's, was always a Sunday viſitor at L—— Hall. He had been tutor to the heir and his ſecond brother, and had the honour of inſpiring them both with a moſt ſovereign contempt and deteſtation of learning. He, too, like your god-mother's clergyman, communicated information; to the ladies he related the little ſcandalous anecdotes of the pariſh, and gave his former pupils intelligence of ſeveral coveys of partridges. Himſelf afforded them game within doors, being what is commonly called a *Butt* to the unfledged arrows

arrows of the young gentlemens' wit. To their father he was extremely useful in drawing corks, and putting him in mind where the toast stood. In short, he seemed a favourite with all the branches of the family. As to religion, it fared with that as with the literature he had been employed to instil into his pupils; he contrived to make all the house think it a very ridiculous thing.

About a fortnight after I went to L—— Hall, the arrival of an elderly Baronet from town, an old club-companion of Mr. L——'s, added one other rural idea to the stock we were already in possession of; I mean that of eating, in which our new guest, *Sir William Harrico*, was a remarkable adept. Every morning at breakfast we had a dissertation on dinner, the bill of fare being brought up for the revisal of Sir William. He taught us a new way of dressing mushrooms, oversaw the composition of the grouse-soup in person, and gave the venison a reprieve to a certain distant day, when it should acquire the exactly proper *fumet* for the palate of a connoisseur.

Such, Mr. Lounger, is the train of "rural "sentiment" which I have cultivated during my autumn abode at L—— Hall. I think I might, without leaving town, have acquired the receipt for the mushroom ragout, and have eat stinking venison there as easily as in the country.

try. I could have played cards or billiards at noon-day with as much satisfaction in a crowded ſtreet, as in view of Mr. L——'s woods and mountains. The warehouſe in *Prince's-Street* might have afforded me information as to chintz and damaſk chair-covers; and your ingenious correſpondent *Mr. Jenkin* could have ſhewn me a model of the neweſt-faſhioned buckle on the foot of ſome of his little ſcarlet beaux, or of a rouged cheek on one of the miniature ladies of his window. In ſhort, I am inclined to believe, that folly, affectation, ignorance, and irreligion, might have been met with in town, notwithſtanding the labours of the *Lounger*; that I might have ſaved myſelf three days journey, the expence of a poſt-chaiſe, and a ſix weeks loſs of time; and, what was perhaps more material than all the reſt, I might have preſerved that happy enthuſiaſm for country-pleaſures which you ſeem ſtill to enjoy, and which, in the leſs-informed days of my youth, alſo was fortunate enough to poſſeſs.

I am, &c.

URBANUS.

N° 90. SATURDAY, *October* 21, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH, from my rank in life, being a tradeſman's daughter, left an orphan at ſix years old, I had little title to know any thing about ſenſibility or feeling; yet having been very kindly taken into a family, where there were ſeveral young ladies who were great readers, I had opportunities of hearing a good deal about theſe things. By the ſame young ladies I was made acquainted with your Paper, and it was a favourite employment of mine to read the *Lounger* to them every Saturday morning. In one of the numbers publiſhed ſome time ago, we met with *Mrs. Alice Heartly*'s account of an old lady with whom ſhe lives; and from the experience of our own feelings, could not help pitying the connection with one ſo deſtitute of all tender ſentiments as my Lady *Bidmore*. I had ſoon after occaſion to congratulate myſelf on a very different ſort of eſtabliſhment, having been recommended by my young patroneſſes to a lady, who uſed frequently to viſit at their houſe, whom we all knew (indeed it was her pride, ſhe uſed to

to ſay, to acknowledge her weakneſs on that ſide) to be a perfect pattern, or, according to her own phraſe, a perfect martyr of the moſt acute and delicate ſenſibility. At our houſe I ſaw her once in the greateſt diſtreſs imaginable, from the accidental drowning of a fly in the cream-pot; and got great credit with her myſelf, for my tenderneſs about a goldfinch belonging to one of our young ladies, which I had taught to perch upon my ſhoulder, and pick little crumbs out of my month. I ſhall never forget Mrs. *Senſitive*'s crying out, "Oh! how I envy "her the ſweet little creature's kiſſes!" It made me bluſh to hear her ſpeak ſo; for I had never thought of kiſſes in the matter.

That little circumſtance, however, procured me her favour ſo much, that, on being told of my ſituation, ſhe begged I might, as ſhe was kind enough to expreſs it, be placed under her protection. As I had heard ſo much of her tender-heartedneſs and her feeling; as ſhe was very rich, having been left a widow, with the diſpoſal of her huſband's whole fortune; as ſhe had nobody but herſelf in family, ſo that it promiſed to be an eaſy place; all theſe things made me very happy to accept of her offer; and I agreed to go home to her houſe immediately, her laſt attendant having left her ſomewhat ſuddenly. I heard indeed, the very morning after I went

I went thither, that her ſervants did not uſe to ſtay long with her, which gave me ſome little uneaſineſs; but ſhe took occaſion to inform me, that it was entirely owing to their cruelty, and want of feeling, having turned them all off for ſome neglect or ill uſage of her little family, as ſhe called it. This little family, of which I had not heard before, conſiſts of a number of birds and beaſts, which it is the great pleaſure of Mrs. Senſitive's life to keep and to fondle, and on which ſhe is conſtantly exerciſing her ſenſibilities, as ſhe ſays. My chief employment is to aſſiſt her in the care of them.

The waiting on this family of Mrs. Senſitive's is not ſo eaſy a taſk as I at firſt had flattered myſelf it would have been. We have three lap-dogs, four cats, ſome of the ladies of which are almoſt always lying-in, a monkey, a flying ſquirrel, two parrots, a parroquet, a Virginia nightingale, a jack-daw, an owl, beſides half a hundred ſmaller birds, bulfinches, canaries, linnets, and white ſparrows. We have a dormouſe in a box, a ſet of guinea-pigs in the garret, and a tame otter in the cellar; beſides out-penſioners of pigeons and crows at our windows, and mice that come from a hole in the parlour wainſcotting, to viſit us at breakfaſt and dinner time. All theſe I am obliged to tend and watch with the utmoſt care and aſſiduity; not only to take

care

care that their food and their drink be in plenty, and good order; not only to wash the lap-dogs, and to comb the cats, to play on the bird-organ for the instruction of the canaries and gold-finches, and to speak to the parrots and jack-daw for theirs; but I must accommodate myself, as my mistress says, to the feelings of the sweet creatures; I must contribute to their amusement, and keep them in good spirits; I must scratch the heads of the parrots; I must laugh to the monkey, and play at cork-balls with the kittens. Mrs. Sensitive says, she can understand their looks and their language from *sympathy*; and that she is sure it must delight every susceptible mind to have thus an opportunity for extending the sphere of its sensibilities.

She sometimes takes an opportunity of extending something else with poor me. You can hardly suppose what a passion she gets into, if any thing about this family of hers is neglected; and when she chuses to be angry, and speak her mind to me a little loud or so, her favourites, I suppose from sympathy too, join in the remonstrance, and make such a concert!—What between the lap-dogs, the parrots, the jack-daw, and the monkey, there is such a barking, squalling, cawing, and chattering!—Mrs. Sensitive's ears are not so easily hurt as her feelings.

But the misfortune is, Mr. Lounger, that her feelings are only made for brute creatures, and

don't extend to us poor Chriſtians of the family. She has no pity on us, no ſympathy in the world for our diſtreſſes. She keeps a chambermaid and a boy beſides myſelf; and I aſſure you it does not fare near ſo well with us as it does with the lap-dogs and the monkey. Nay, I have heard an old milk-woman ſay, who has been long about the family, that Mr. Senſitive himſelf was not treated altogether ſo kindly as ſome of his lady's four-footed favourites. He was, it ſeems, a good-natured man, and not much given to complain. The old woman ſays, ſhe never heard of his finding fault with any thing, but once that Mrs. Senſitive inſiſted on taking into bed a Bologna greyhound, becauſe ſhe ſaid it could not ſleep a-nights, from the coldneſs of the climate in this country. Yet ſhe often talks of her dear, dear Mr. Senſitive, and weeps when ſhe talks of him; and ſhe has got a fine tomb-ſtone raiſed over his grave, with an epitaph full of diſconſolates, and inconſolables, and what not. To ſay truth, that is one way even for a human creature to get into her good graces; for I never heard her mention any of her dead friends without a great deal of kindneſs and tender regrets: but we are none of us willing to purchaſe her favour at that rate.

As for the living, they have the misfortune never to be to her liking. Ordinary objects of charity we are ordered never to ſuffer to come near

near her; ſhe ſays ſhe cannot bear to hear their lamentable ſtories, for that they tear her poor feelings in pieces. Beſides, ſhe has diſcovered, that moſt of them really deſerve no compaſſion, and many ſenſible worthy people of her acquaintance have cautioned her againſt giving way to her ſenſibility in that way: becauſe, in ſuch caſes, the compaſſion of individuals is hurtful to ſociety. There are ſeveral poor relations of her huſband's, who, if it had not been for a ſettlement he made in her favour a ſhort while before his death, would have had, I am told, by law, the greateſt part of his fortune, to whom he never gave a ſhilling in her life. One little boy, her huſband's godſon, ſhe conſented to take into the houſe; but ſhe turned him out of doors in leſs than a week, becauſe of a blow he gave to *Fidele*, who was ſtealing his bread and butter.

Some of the other members of the family are almoſt tempted to ſteal bread and butter too. Mrs. Senſitive is an œconomiſt, though ſhe ſpends a great deal of money on theſe naſty dogs and monkeys, and contrives to pinch it off us, both back and belly, as the ſaying is. The chambermaid has given her warning already on his ſcore; and the boy ſays, he will only ſtay till he is a little bigger. As for me, ſhe is ceaſed to ſay, that I am of an order of beings ſuperior to the others; and ſhe ſometimes con-

deſcends to reaſon with me. She would perſuade me, Sir, that it is a ſin to eat the fleſh of any bird or beaſt, and talks much of a ſet of philoſophers, who went naked, I think, who believed that people were turned into beaſts and birds; and that therefore we might chance to eat our father or mother in the ſhape of a gooſe or a turkey. And ſhe ſays, how delighted ſhe would be in the ſociety of thoſe naked philoſophers, and how much their doctrines agree with her fine feelings; and then ſhe coaxes me, and ſays, that I have fine feelings too: but indeed I have no ſuch feelings belonging to me; and I know her greens and water don't agree with my feelings at all, but quite to the contrary, that there is ſuch a grumbling about me. ——And as for people being changed into birds and beaſts, I think it is Heatheniſh, and downright againſt the Bible; and yet it is diverting enough ſometimes to hear her fancies about it; and I can't help having my fancies too: as t'other morning, when the great horned owl ſat at table by her, on the chair which ſhe has often told me her dear, dear Mr. Senſitive uſed to occupy, and the poor creature looked ſo grave, and ſat as ſilent as mum-chance;—but then ſhe was ſo kind to the owl! I don't know what her ſquirrel was changed from, but it is always getting into ſome odd corner or other. 'Twas but yeſterday

yeſterday I got a ſad ſcold for offering to ſqueeze it when it had crept Lord knows how far up my petticoats; and my miſtreſs was in ſuch a flurry, for fear I ſhould have hurt it! She lets it ſkip all about her without ever ſtarting or wincing, for all her feelings are ſo fine. But theſe fine feelings are not like the feelings of any other body; and I wiſh to get into the ſervice of ſome perſon who has them of a coarſer kind, that would be a little more uſeful. If Mrs. Heartly therefore continues in her reſolution of quitting Lady Bidmore's on account of that old Lady's want of feeling, I would be very much obliged to you to recommend me to the place. I think I can bear a pretty good hand at a rubber and hard bruſh; and as for keeping the furniture clean, it would be perfect paſtime only, in compariſon of my morning's cleaning out Mrs. Senſitive's living collection. I hope Lady Bidmore, from her education, has never heard any thing of the naked philoſophers; and if any other ſet have taught her that people are changed into Commodes, Cheſts of Drawers, or Bedſteads, it ſignifies very little, as we ſhall take exceeding good care of them, and the belief will have no effect on our dinners or ſuppers.——I am, &c.

BARBARA HEARTLESS.

N° 91. SATURDAY, *October* 28, 1786.

IT is the obſervation of an elegant author *, "That there is a ſublime and tender melan-"choly, almoſt the univerſal attendant of ge-"nius, which is too apt to degenerate into "gloom and diſguſt with the world." I have frequently had occaſion to mark the juſtice of this obſervation; and it is with much regret that I have ſometimes ſeen men of taſte, and delicacy of feeling, have a tendency to indulge in habits of gloom, deſpondency, and diſreliſh of the world. There is a certain ſtandard of virtue and propriety, which a man of delicacy is apt to form in his own mind, but which, in the common events of the world, is rarely to be met with;—there are certain ideas of elevated and ſublime happineſs which a man of a highly cultivated mind has a diſpoſition to indulge, which it is hardly poſſible can be realized. When, therefore, a perſon of this diſpoſition comes abroad into the world, when he meets with folly where he expected wiſdom, falſehood in

* Dr Gregory.

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the room of honour, coarſeneſs inſtead of delicacy, and ſelfiſhneſs and inſenſibility where he had formed high ideas of generoſity and refinement, he is apt to fall under the dominion of melancholy, and to ſee the world in a gloomy point of view. Such a man, if he is not at pains to guard againſt it, runs ſome riſk of contracting a degree of habitual diſguſt at mankind, and becoming miſanthropical to a certain extent.

It will not, however, be that ſpecies of miſanthropy which takes delight in the miſeries of mankind; on the contrary, it will be a feeling of diſguſt ariſing from diſappointed benevolence, mingled with pity and compaſſion for the follies and weakneſſes of men. I doubt much if there exiſts in the world a complete *miſanthrope*, in the darkeſt ſenſe of that word, a perſon who takes pleaſure in the wretchedneſs of others. If there does, it is impoſſible to conceive ſufficient deteſtation at ſuch a character. But the miſanthropy of which I ſpeak is of a much ſofter kind, and borders nearly on the higheſt degree of *philanthropy*. It ſeems indeed to be the child of philanthropy, and to proceed from too much ſenſibility, hurt by diſappointment in the benevolent and amiable feelings.

It is a common and a juſt remark, that where a ſtrong friendſhip has ſubſiſted, if that friendſhip is once broken by the fault of either party,

it is difficult to prevent a certain degree of hatred and diſguſt from taking place. The more ſuſceptible the two perſons were of the ſtrong attachments of friendſhip, the more warmly and the more cloſely they were once united, ſo much the more difficult does it become to bring about a re-union or reconcilement. The ſanguine and romantic opinions they had formed of one another's worth, and the diſappointment which both or either of them feel from the behaviour of the other, inflicts a wound which rankles in the ſoul, and prevents all future confidence. The ſame conduct in another perſon not ſo dear, with whom there was not ſo cloſe an union, would have been paſſed over, and made little impreſſion; the former diſtant and cold acquaintance would have gone on as uſual, and forgiveneſs would eaſily have taken place.

Somewhat ſimilar to the ſituation of a perſon who has been diſappointed in the conduct of one from whom he expected much happineſs and much friendſhip, is that of him who, having conceived warm and elevated notions of the world, has been diſappointed in all theſe better expectations. The world, with its purſuits, will appear in an unfavourable light; he will be apt to quit its ſociety, and to indulge in ſolitude his gloomy reflections. His diſlike of the world, however, will be of a calm and gentle kind; it will

will rather be pity than hatred; though he may think ill of the ſpecies, he will be kind to individuals; he may diſlike man, but will aſſiſt John or James.

Shakeſpeare, from whoſe writings much knowledge of the human heart is to be acquired, has preſented us, in ſeveral of his characters, with a hiſtory of that melancholy and miſanthropy I have deſcribed above.

Of the character of Hamlet, one of my predeceſſors * has given a delineation which appears to me to be a juſt one. Naturally of the moſt amiable and virtuous diſpoſition, and endued with the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility, he is unfortunate; and his misfortunes proceed from the crimes of thoſe with whom he was the moſt nearly connected, for whom he had the ſtrongeſt feelings of natural affection. From theſe circumſtances, he is hurt in his ſoul's tendereſt part; he is unhinged in his principles of action, falls into melancholy, and conceives diſguſt at the world; yet amidſt all his diſguſt, and the miſanthropy which he at times diſcovers, we conſtantly perceive, that goodneſs and benevolence are the prevailing features of his character; amidſt all the gloom of his melancholy, and the agitation in which his calamities involve him, there are occaſional outbreakings of a mind richly

* Mirror, N° 99, 100.

endowed by nature, and cultivated by education. Had Hamlet poſſeſſed leſs ſenſibility, had he not been ſo eaſily hurt by the calamities of life, by the crimes of the perſons with whom he was connected, he would have preſerved more equanimity, he would not have been the prey of dark deſponding melancholy; the world and all its uſes would not have appeared to him "ſtale, "flat, and unprofitable; an unweeded garden "that grows to ſeed, poſſeſſed merely by things "rank and groſs in nature."

In the play of "*As you like it*," there is brought upon the ſtage a perſonage of a more fixed and ſyſtematic melancholy than that of Hamlet. Hamlet's melancholy and diſguſt with the world, is occaſioned by the particular nature of the misfortunes he meets with. But in *Jaques* we ſee a ſettled and confirmed melancholy, not proceeding from any misfortune peculiar to himſelf, but ariſing from a general feeling of the vanity of the world, and the folly of thoſe engaged in its purſuits. His melancholy is therefore more ſettled than that of Hamlet, and is in truth more deeply rooted. He takes no ſhare in the enjoyments of life, but abandons ſociety, and lives in ſolitude. Hamlet, wounded to the heart by the misfortunes which befal him, and irritated by the crimes of others, feels more poignantly at the time. The feelings of Jaques

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are more general, and therefore the more calm, but from that very cauſe are deeper and more fixed. It is to be obſerved, however, that the melancholy and miſanthropy of Jaques, like that of Hamlet, proceeds from exceſs of tenderneſs, from too much ſenſibility to the evils of the world and the faults of mankind. His moralizing on the poor ſequeſtered ſtag, is a moſt beautiful illuſtration of his tenderneſs, and of his nice perception and ſorrow for the follies and vices of men;—as his compariſon of the world to a ſtage affords a highly finiſhed picture of the eſtimation in which he holds human life.

In "*Timon of Athens*," we are preſented with a character in many reſpects different from that of Hamlet or Jaques. Here we have miſanthropy of a much darker hue. Soured with diſappointment; fallen from the height of proſperity into the loweſt ſtate of adverſity; deceived by flattering friends; forſaken by the buzzing attendants on wealth and greatneſs, Timon conceives diſguſt at the world and its enjoyments; and that diſguſt produces hatred and averſion at mankind. Yet even here it is obſervable, that with all Timon's miſanthropy, there is a great mixture of original goodneſs and benevolence. At his firſt outſet in life he was unſuſpicious, and wiſhed to contribute to the happineſs of all around him. "Being free himſelf, he thought

"all others so." Disappointed in the opinion he had formed of the world, and shocked with the ingratitude he met with; "brought low," as he is said to be, "by his own heart, undone "by goodness," he becomes a prey to deep gloom and misanthropy; but with all his misanthropy, he preserves a sense of honour and of right.

It is to be admitted, however, that as Timon's is a character much inferior to, and much less amiable than that of Hamlet or of Jaques, so his misanthropy is of a much blacker and more savage nature. Hamlet's misanthropy arises from a deep sense of the guilt of others;—Jaques's from a general impression of the follies and weaknesses of the world;—Timon's is produced by a selfish sense of the ingratitude of others to himself. His disgust at the world, therefore, is not mixed with the same gentleness and amiable tenderness which are displayed by the other two; and he possesses as much misanthropy of the blackest sort as it is possible for human nature to arrive at. Shakespeare indeed holds him forth as a person altogether bereft of reason. He seems to have thought, that such a degree of misanthropy as Timon is described to be possessed of, was inconsistent with the use of that faculty.

In the criticism on Hamlet which I before quoted, it is observed, that amidst all his melan-

choly and gloom, there is a great deal of gaiety and playfulneſs in his deportment. The remark is certainly juſt, and it may be extended to the other characters of Shakeſpeare above taken notice of. Notwithſtanding the ſettled dejection of Jaques, he is deſcribed as poſſeſſing an uncommon degree of humour. He himſelf tells us, "he is often wrapped in a moſt humorous ſad-"neſs." The account which he gives of the motley fool he met with in the foreſt, and the deſcription of the ſeven ages of human life, are lively inſtances of this ſtrong feature in his character.

Even Timon, black as his melancholy appears, is not without an humour in his ſadneſs. The joke put by him on his worthleſs friends, in inviting them to dinner when he had none to give them, the converſation between him and Apemantus, and the laſt ſcene with the Poet and Painter, are ſufficient confirmations of this remark.

The diſpoſition in all theſe characters to a certain degree of jocularity and ſportiveneſs, is far from being unnatural. On the contrary, I am diſpoſed to think that ſomething of this kind takes place in every perſon who is under the influence of melancholy. There is no doubt that the mind may be ſo much overwhelmed, as to be incapable of reliſhing any degree of ſportive-

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neſs or of gaiety; but when the firſt paroxyſms of grief are over, when the violent effects of overwhelming diſtreſs, which cannot long continue, have ſubſided, and when the mind has aſſumed a tone perhaps equally diſtreſſing, but more laſting and calm, and even more thoughtful, there is no time when the effect of a joke will be more eaſily perceived, or better underſtood.

This may perhaps be accounted for by a few obſervations on the ſtate of the mind in ſuch circumſtances, with which I ſhall conclude the preſent Paper.

A perſon under the influence of melancholy, or indeed of any paſſion whatever, muſt frequently become a ſpectator of his own mind *; muſt often be led to view his own feelings in the light in which they will appear to others. Viewing them in this light, and in the ſituation of perſons not under the ſame prejudice, they may appear to him very differently from what is his own habitual impreſſion; and in this ſituation he may entertain ſomewhat of a diſpoſition to ſmile at himſelf, and to admit of a joke even at his own expence. The gentleneſs of Hamlet's ſpirit made him anxious to accommodate himſelf, and bring down his own feelings to a level

* See Theory of Moral Sentiment.

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with thoſe of the perſons around him; and therefore, on all occaſions, even in the deepeſt melancholy, he engages in pleaſantry of converſation; he even ventures to joke with Horatio on his mother's marriage, which was the great cauſe of all his ſorrow.

If, as ſome philoſophers have maintained, ridicule ariſes from contraſt, there is no ſituation, provided we are capable of perceiving ridicule at all, in which the ridiculous will appear in a ſtronger point of view, than when the mind is under the dominion of melancholy. The very ſituation muſt heighten the contraſt. The circumſtance of *Cromwell* and his aſſociate bedaubing one another's faces with ink, while they were in the act of ſigning the warrant for the death of the King; or that of Lord *Lovat* with the ſuds on his beard kiſſing *Hogarth*, who had come to ſteal a drawing of him the day before his execution; would have been childiſh at any other time.

When a perſon is in a melancholy frame of mind, ſuch a melancholy as leads him to view the world and all its purſuits in a gloomy point of view, this is apt to produce a ſort of elevation above the world, and an indifference about every thing that is going on in it. The great and the low, the rich and the poor, the buſy and the idle, are all ſeen with equal unconcern, as paſſing through

through a few years to that period, when all their projects will be buried in the grave.

Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, et infima
De gente, sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.
Omnes eodem cogimur.——

Such a person may feel some gratification in letting himself down from the melancholy eminence from which he views human life; and, considering all its occupations as frivolous alike, it will rather flatter than hurt his pride, to join in the trifling jest or idle merriment.

He who is under the pressure of grief, under the influence of sorrow, occasioned by some calamity, may at times feel a sort of gratification in escaping from his own mind, and from the dominion of his melancholy. To use the words of an author who has a peculiar talent at expressing the nice feelings of the human heart: "there is a certain kind of trifling, in which a "mind not much at ease can sometimes indulge "itself. One feels an escape, as it were, from "the heart, and is fain to take up with lighter "company. It is like the theft of a truant boy, "who goes to play for a few minutes, while his "master is asleep, and throws the chiding for his "task upon futurity."

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Such a diſpoſition of mind, however, with all that intereſt which it exerts in us, with all the privileges it may claim, and all the pleaſantry it may at times enjoy, is nevertheleſs deeply to be regretted in others, and anxiouſly to be avoided in ourſelves. I muſt the more earneſtly warn my readers againſt the indulgence of this ſort of melancholy diſpoſition; becauſe, in its firſt ſtages, there is ſomething gratifying, ſomething which flatters and captivates: but if allowed to grow into a habit, it unhinges every better faculty of the mind; it deſtroys the uſefulneſs, and blaſts the enjoyment, of life.

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N° 92. SATURDAY, *November* 4, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

A Correſpondent of yours has deſcribed the uneaſineſs he feels from a wife of a romantic turn of mind. It is my misfortune to be yoked to a huſband who would have pleaſed that lady to a T, but who is a perpetual diſtreſs to me; who teazes me from morning to night with what he calls ſentiment; and talks for ever of ſomething which he terms fineneſs of mind.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune in the ſouth of Scotland, who, early in life, married a Lady who brought him no fortune indeed, but ſoon enriched him with four ſons and five daughters, of whom I am the eldeſt. By the aſſiſtance of a great man, whoſe intereſt in the county my father had eſpouſed, my brothers were ſoon ſhipped off to India, and ſome other far-off places, to ſhift for themſelves, and puſh their fortune as they beſt could. It was more difficult to diſpoſe of us. My mother propoſed

propoſed to breed ſome of us to buſineſs, to put us in a way, as ſhe ſaid, of earning an honeſt livelihood for ourſelves. The pride of my father could not ſubmit to this propoſition, and he thought it better that we ſhould ſtarve like gentlewomen deſcended from an ancient family.

We were accordingly kept at home in the old and crazy manſion-houſe, where we received ſuch an education as my mother, aſſiſted by our pariſh-miniſter (who happened to be a relation of her's), could give us. As to my father, he was ſo much occupied in managing his farm, and in labouring to make the two ends of the year meet, that he had little leiſure to beſtow any attention upon us. If at any time he addreſſed himſelf to me and my ſiſters, it was to check any thing that appeared to him like extravagance in our dreſs, to recommend œconomy and attention to houſehold affairs, and to praiſe thoſe happy times when men were not ſcared from marriage by the extravagance of wives; and when, of courſe, every daughter of a reſpectable family was ſure of a good huſband as ſoon as ſhe was brought from the nurſery.

A continual flow of animal ſpirits, and a cheerful diſpoſition, enabled me to ſupport this life, without feeling much uneaſineſs, or much

much desire to change my situation. When I had entered my twentieth year, a female relation of my father's, who resides chiefly in town, honoured us with a visit. She was pleased to express much satisfaction with my looks and appearance, blamed my father for not sending me to town; and said, that were I once properly introduced into the world, I might be certain of a good marriage. These observations were accompanied with a warm invitation to pass the next winter at her house, where she told my father it would cost him nothing but a mere trifle for my clothes, and that he might think himself very happy to be able to dispose of a daughter at so easy a rate.

These arguments at length prevailed, and it was agreed that I should attend my cousin to town. I will fairly own, Sir, that I felt a certain degree of uneasiness at the thoughts of being exposed as it were to sale, and condemned to give my hand to the highest bidder. My parents, it was plain, sent me to town with no other view than that I might find a husband there; and when I took leave of them, I could easily see they laid their account that I was not to return without one.

These reflections were soon lost amidst the gaiety and hurry of a town-life; I enjoyed its pleasures and amusements without thinking of

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conſequences; and would have forgotten the object of my journey, had not my prudent kinſwoman recalled my attention to it from time to time, and inculcated, in terms ſufficiently ſtrong, the abſolute neceſſity of changing my ſtate.

Meanwhile the ſeaſon paſſed away; and though I met with a ſufficient degree of attention at all public places, and though my couſin ſpared no pains to ſet me off to the beſt advantage, nothing like a ſerious propoſal of marriage ever was made.

Such was the natural lightneſs of my ſpirit, and eaſineſs of my diſpoſition, that, without much difficulty, I reconciled myſelf to the idea of returning to my father's; and nothing gave me any diſquietude, but the thoughts of continuing a burden on him. But the ſolicitude of my couſin, who had in a manner undertaken to diſpoſe of me, increaſed daily, and afforded me, I muſt confeſs, rather amuſement than uneaſineſs. When ſhe ſaw me led out to dance by a younger brother, ſhe could not conceal her chagrin; and from her manner and converſation, a perſon unacquainted with her motive might have been led to think, that there was ſomething baneful in the touch of a man who did not poſſeſs a certain fortune.

While matters wore this unpromiſing aſpect, and the period fixed for my return to the country

try approached, we went with a party to the theatre, to see the celebrated Mrs. Siddons play in the tragedy of the Gamester. The distress of Mrs. Beverly soon engaged my attention so completely, that it was some time before I observed, that, by an accidental change of places in the box, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and whom I had never seen before, was placed by me. He seemed deeply affected by the play; and after it was over, addressed to me some observations on the piece and the performers. He appeared to be pleased with a remark or two which I happened to make on the play, praised the feeling I had shown during its representation, and then entered more deeply into the subject of plays and of feelings. I cannot say that I understood all he said; but either he did not perceive my ignorance, or kindly wished to instruct me; and so continued talking till it was time to retire.

When we got home, my cousin observed, that I had been well placed that evening. "Mr. *Edwards*," said she, "is not one of those young, "giddy, extravagant fops whom one generally "meets with at public places. He has lately "succeeded to a large fortune by the death of "an elder brother, and the world says he is "looking out for a wife. He is just the sort "of man I should wish for you, and I have

"engaged

"engaged him to dinner on Monday next; so "I desire you may be at home."

The imagination of my good kinswoman dwelt constantly on Mr. Edwards, whom she seemed to consider as my last stake, and many a good advice I received as to my conduct and behaviour on this important Monday. "Mr. "Edwards," said she, "is a sedate, sensible "man; you must not therefore talk at random, "and laugh, as you sometimes do. You must, "above all, be attentive to him, and do not "engage in any idle talk with the rest of the "company." When the day came, my cousin attended my toilet in person; and, had I been going to a birth-day ball, could not have bestowed more pains than she did in dressing me out in the manner that appeared to her most likely to make an impression on the devoted Mr. Edwards.

You may well believe that I was much entertained with this anxiety to please a person I had seen but once, and who I could not suppose had ever bestowed one thought on me. When the company assembled, I found that, in the selection she had made, my cousin had done me ample justice. The females were either old or uncommonly plain in their appearance. By some manœuvre I was placed next to Mr. Edwards at dinner; but there, the ridicule of my own

own situation added to my natural flow of spirits, and forgetting all the prudent advices I had received, I yielded without reserve to the disposition of the moment, and was highly amused with the looks I from time to time received from the head of the table, which, though unobserved by the rest of the company, were to me sufficiently intelligible.

My artless unpremeditated manner was however more successful than my cousin expected, or I could foresee. Mr. Edwards repeated his visits, and after some time offered me his hand in the most respectful and delicate manner. In marrying Mr. Edwards I did no violence to my own inclinations. Though I cannot say that I loved him, I esteemed his character; I was grateful for the distinctions with which he had honoured me, and I was firmly determined to discharge all the duties of a wife.

Soon after our marriage, he carried me on an excursion to England; and as he wished, he said, to enjoy my conversation without interruption, we travelled alone. For the first day or two I endeavoured to amuse him as I best could, by talking of the face of the country, the towns through which we passed, the gentlemen's seats we saw, and such like common topics. One day, however, he at once struck me dumb, by asking whether I was most

pleased

pleaſed with *Marivaux* or *Riccoboni?* I was at length obliged to confeſs, that I did not know the meaning of his queſtion. "Gracious "Heavens!" exclaimed he, "have you never, "*Matilda*, (for ſo he always calls me, though "I have told him a thouſand times that I was "chriſtened Martha,) peruſed the delightful "pages of theſe celebrated authors?" In a word, Sir, had I told him that I had never read the ſcripture, he could not have teſtified more aſtoniſhment.

Our jaunt was ſhortened, and we hurried into the country, that I might, without interruption, apply myſelf to the ſtudy of the French language, without which my huſband plainly inſinuated that I could never be a companion for a rational creature. To this I had no objection; and I reſolved, by aſſiduous application, to make up for the deficiencies in my education. But this will not ſatisfy my huſband, and I now plainly perceive, that were I as accompliſhed as any of my ſex, it would not mend the matter one bit. If I happen to be in good humour when he is in a grave fit, (which, to ſay the truth, he frequently is,) he aſcribes it to want of attachment, and tells me, that if I felt that ſympathy of ſoul in which true happineſs conſiſts, I could not behave in that manner. If I receive my friends and neigh-

bours with common attention, he says, that if I loved like him, I could not dedicate so much of my time to the gratification of others. If I quit him to look after my household concerns, he talks of vulgar cares and unfeeling solicitudes; though, at the same time, with all his sentiment and refinement, he is by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table; and it was but yesterday that he was out of humour the whole day, because the mutton was over-roasted, and the cook had put too much garlick into an omelet.

Under favour, Sir, I have been sometimes led to suspect, that the unhappiness of my husband proceeds from a certain degree of selfishness, which he has not been at pains to restrain within due bounds. I would willingly, however, do every thing in my power to remove his uneasiness, but find myself altogether at a loss how to act. His distresses are so various, and often of so peculiar a nature, that when I exert myself the most to please him, I frequently give him the greatest pain. In this hard situation I at length resolved to apply to you for advice and assistance; which will much oblige,

Your constant reader,

MARTHA EDWARDS.

ALL this comes of not marrying a younger man. Had Miſs Martha (or Matilda, ſince her huſband will have it ſo) wedded one of the young gentlemen of the preſent mode, ſhe would have found him perfectly indifferent as to what feelings ſhe poſſeſſed, or what authors ſhe read; but he would probably have aſked ſome preliminary queſtions about her fortune, which Mr. Edwards ſeems to have overlooked. As to the niceties of the table, that is a feeling common to both ſchools, in which the new indeed rather ſurpaſſes the old: that ſtudy therefore I would recommend to Mrs. Edwards. The codes of "ſentiment and fineneſs of mind," are ſo voluminous, that I know not how to deſire her to undergo a courſe of them; but it will not be difficult for her to make herſelf miſtreſs of *Hannah Glaſſe*.

R

N° 93. SATURDAY, *November* 11, 1786.

Fortunatus et ille Deos qui novit agreſtes.
VIRG.

ONE of the great pleaſures of a periodical Eſſayiſt ariſes from that ſort of friendly and cordial intercourſe which his publication ſometimes procures him with worthy and reſpectable characters. The receipt of the following letter has added to the liſt of my acquaintance a gentleman whoſe perſon indeed I am ignorant of, but whoſe ſentiments I reſpect, whoſe ſorrows I revere, and whoſe feelings I am perſuaded many of my readers (even in theſe days, which he holds not very ſuſceptible of ſuch emotions) will warmly participate.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I, As well as your correſpondent *Urbanus*, was very much pleaſed with your late Paper on the moral uſe of the country, and the portrait of the excellent Lady it contained. I am an old man, Sir, but, thank God, with all my faculties and feelings entire and alive about me; and your deſcription recalled to my memory ſome worthy

worthy characters with which my youth was acquainted, and which, I am inclined to believe, I ſhould find it a little difficult, were I even diſpoſed to look out for them, to ſupply now. At my time of life, friends are a treaſure which the fortunate may have preſerved, but the moſt fortunate can hardly acquire; and, if I am not miſtaken in my opinion of the preſent race, there are not many friendſhips among them which I would be ſolicitous to acquire, or they will be likely to preſerve. It is not of their little irregularities or imprudences I complain; I know theſe muſt always be expected and pardoned in the young; and there are few of us old people who can recollect our youthful days without having ſome things of that ſort to bluſh for. No, Mr. Lounger, it is their prudence, their wiſdom, their foreſight, their policy, I find fault with. They put on the livery of the world ſo early, and have ſo few of the weakneſſes of feeling or of fancy! To this cauſe I impute the want of that rural ſentiment which your correſpondent Urbanus ſeems to ſuppoſe is baniſhed only from the country-retreats of town-diſſipation, from the abodes of faſhionable and frivolous people, who carry all the follies and pleaſures of a city into ſcenes deſtined for rural ſimplicity and rural enjoyments. But in truth, Sir, the people of the country themſelves, who never knew faſhionable life or city-diſſipation,

have now exchanged the ſimple-hearted pleaſures which in my younger days were common amongſt them, for ideas of a much more ſelfiſh and intereſted ſort. Moſt of my young acquaintance there (and I ſpend at leaſt eight months of the year in the country) are really arrived at that prudent way of eſtimating things which we uſed to be diverted with in *Hudibras*:

" For what's the value of a thing,
" But as much money as t'will bring?"

Their ambition, their love, their friendſhip, all have this tendency, and their no-ambition, their no-love, their no-friendſhip, or, in one word, their indifference about every object from which ſome wordly advantage is not to be drawn, is equally obſervable on the other hand.

On ſuch a diſpoſition, Mr. Lounger, what impreſſion is to be made by rural objects or rural ſcenery? The viſions which theſe paint to fancy, or the tender ties they have on remembrance, cannot find room in an imagination or a heart made callous by ſelfiſh and intereſted indifference. 'Tis with regret rather than reſentment that I perceive this ſort of turn ſo prevalent among the young people of my acquaintance, or thoſe with whom I am connected. I have now, alas! no child of my own in whom I can

can either lament such a failing, or be proud of the want of it.

I think myself happy, Sir, that, even at my advanced period of life, I am still susceptible of such impressions as those which your 87th number imputes to rural contemplation. At this season, above all others, methinks they are to be enjoyed. Now, in this fading time of the year, when the flush of vegetation, and the glow of maturity is past, when the fields put on a sober, or rather a saddened appearance, I look on the well-known scenery around my country-dwelling, as I would on a friend fallen from the pride of prosperity to a more humble and a more interesting situation. The withering grass that whistles on the unsheltered bank; the fallen leaves strewed over the woodland path; the silence of the almost naked copse, which not long ago rung with the music of the birds; the flocking of their little tribes that seem mute with the dread of ills to come; the querulous call of the partridge in the bare brown field, and the soft low song of the red-breast from the household shed; this pensive landscape, with these plaintive accompaniments, dimmed by a grey October sky, which we look on with the thoughts of its shortened and still shortening light; all this presses on my bosom a certain still and gentle melancholy, which I would not

part with for all the pleaſure that mirth could give, for all the luxury that wealth could buy.

You ſay truly, in one of your late Papers, that poetry is almoſt extinguiſhed among us: it is one of my old-faſhioned propenſities to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its deſcriptions, to be affected by its ſentiments. I find in genuine poetry a ſort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expreſſion could not give vent; I ſee in its deſcriptions, a picture more lively and better compoſed than my own leſs diſtinct and leſs vivid ideas of the objects around me could furniſh. It is with ſuch impreſſions that I read the following lines of Thomſon's Autumn, introductive of the ſolemn and beautiful apoſtrophe to philoſophic melancholy.

" But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
" Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
" Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk and dun,
" Of every hue, from wan-declining green
" To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome
" Muſe,
" Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown
" walks,
" And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.
"Meantime, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
" Fleeces unbounded ether; whoſe leaſt wave
" Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
" The gentle current: while illumin'd wide

" The

" The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
" And thro' their lucid veil his ſoften'd force
" Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the
" time,
" For thoſe whom Wiſdom and whom Nature
" charm,
" To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate
" crowd,
" And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
" To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their
" feet,
" To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace,
" And woo lone Quiet in her ſilent walks."

About this time three years, Sir, I had the misfortune to loſe a daughter, the laſt ſurvivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderneſs, who cloſed a life of the moſt exemplary goodneſs, of the moſt tender filial duty, of the warmeſt benevolence, of the moſt exalted piety, by a very gradual, but not unperceived decay. When I think on the returning ſeaſon of this calamity, when I ſee the laſt fading flowers of autumn, which my *Harriet* uſed to gather with a kind of ſympathetic ſadneſs, and hear the ſmall chirping note of the flocking linnets, which ſhe uſed to make me obſerve as the elegy of the year! when I have drawn her picture in the midſt of this

rural ſcenery, and then reflect on her many virtues and accompliſhments, on her early and unceaſing attentions to myſelf, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her reſignation during the progreſs of her diſorder, her unſhaken and ſublime piety in its lateſt ſtages; when theſe recollections fill my mind, in conjunction with the drooping images of the ſeaſon, and the ſenſe of my own waning period of life; I feel a mixture of ſadneſs and of compoſure, of humility and of elevation of ſpirit, which I think, Sir, a man would ill exchange for any degree of unfeeling prudence, or of worldly wiſdom and indifference.

The attachment to rural objects is like that family-affection which a warm and uncorrupted mind preſerves for its relations and early acquaintance. In a town, the lively partiality and predilection for theſe relations and friends, is weakened or loſt in the general intercourſe of the multitude around us. In a town, external objects are ſo common, ſo unappropriated to ourſelves, and are ſo liable to change and to decay, that we cannot feel any cloſe or permanent connection with them. In the country, we remember them unchanged for a long ſpace of time, and for that ſpace known and frequented by ſcarce any but ourſelves. "Methinks I "ſhould hate," (ſays a young Lady, the child of

of fiction, yet drawn with many features like that excellent girl I loſt,) "methinks I ſhould "hate to have been born in a town. When I "ſay my native brook, or my native hill, I talk "of friends, of whom the remembrance warms "my heart." When the memory of perſons we dearly loved is connected with the view of thoſe objects, they have then a double link to the ſoul. It were tender enough for me to view ſome ancient trees that form my common evening-walk, did I only remember what I was when I firſt ſported under their ſhade, and what I am when I reſt under it now; but it is doubly tender, when I think of thoſe with whom I have walked there; of her whom but a few ſummers ago I ſaw beneath thoſe beeches, ſmiling in health, and beauty, and happineſs, her preſent days lighted up with innocence and mirth, and her future drawn in the flattering colours of fancy and of hope.

But I know not why I ſhould trouble you with this recital of the ſituation and feelings of an individual, or indeed why I ſhould have written to you at all, except that I catched a ſort of congenial ſpirit from your 87th number, and was led by the letter of Urbanus, to compare your deſcription of a perſonage in former times, with thoſe whoſe ſentiments I ſometimes hear in the preſent days. I am not ſure that theſe have

gained in point of ſubſtance what they have loſt in point of imagination. Power, and wealth, and luxury, are relative terms; and if addreſs, and prudence, and policy, can only acquire us our ſhare, we ſhall not account ourſelves more powerful, more rich, or more luxurious, than when in the little we poſſeſſed we were ſtill equal to thoſe around us. But if we have narrowed the ſources of internal comfort and internal enjoyment, if we have debaſed the powers or corrupted the purity of the mind, if we have blunted the ſympathy or contracted the affections of the heart, we have loſt ſome of that treaſure which was abſolutely our own, and derived not its value from comparative eſtimation. Above all, if we have allowed the prudence or the intereſts of this world, to ſhut out from our ſouls the view or the hopes of a better, we have quenched that light which would have cheered the darkneſs of affliction, and the evening of old age, which at this moment, Mr. Lounger, (for, like an old man, I muſt come back to myſelf,) I feel reſtoring me my virtuous friends, my loved relations, my deareſt child!

I am, &c.

ADRASTUS.

N° 94. SATURDAY, *November* 18, 1786.

Vos lene consilium et datis, et dato
Gaudetis. HOR.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

THOUGH you, and other writers of your sort, are constantly recommending benevolence and social affection, as not only the most laudable, but as the happiest dispositions of mind; yet I confess I am inclined to doubt at least one half of the proposition. The care we take of our neighbours is oftener praised than rewarded, and sometimes it has the misfortune to meet neither with approbation nor recompense. That I have some reason to say so, Mr. Lounger, I fancy you will be inclined to allow, when I tell you how it has fared with myself.

I was, from my earliest years, disposed to think more of other people's advantage than of my own. When at school, I was the great prompter both of study and of amusement, tho' I was nowise remarkable for excelling in the one or enjoying the other. I shewed the first boys of our class the easiest way of getting their lessons and performing their exercises; but I seldom

feldom could be at the trouble to get or to perform my own. I laid excellent plans for new games, truant expeditions, and little plots of mifchief; but being of a weakly conftitution, and of not a very refolute mind, I feldom was an actor in the amufement or the adventure: as I had, however, a fort of vanity, which was flattered by the imputation of the advice, I was often flogged for tricks I had not played, and idle diverfions in which I had not partaken. I was generally pitched on as a fort of ambaffador when a play-day was to be afked, or a boy begged off; becaufe I liked to put myfelf forward, and was readier with my tongue than my hand. But in this office I was very ill rewarded for my trouble; I was fometimes whipped in place of him whofe pardon I had the affurance to afk, and often left out of the party whofe play I had been fo lucky as to obtain.

Thefe difappointments, however, did not damp the natural ardour of my difpofition to ferve my friends. Genius, it has been obferved, rather grows upon controul: my genius was that of giving advice, and it feemed rather to increafe than to abate as I grew up into life. I chofe a profeffion which was very well calculated for indulging this propenfity, that of a phyfician, and went through a regular courfe of education to qualify myfelf for a degree; which,

which, however, I failed of obtaining at the univerſity in which I ſtudied, having incurred the diſpleaſure of the profeſſors, from being the promoter, as they ſaid, of certain cabals among the ſtudents, which diſturbed the peace of the community. For obtaining that honorary diſtinction, I was obliged to go to a foreign univerſity, where, from a want of the language, I was prevented from giving ſo much good advice as I ſhould otherwiſe have been inclined to beſtow.

When I returned to my native country, I was reſolved to make up for this unprofitable interval of ſilence, by a liberal uſe of my talent for adviſing. But I don't know how it happened, except from that diſpoſition which genius has rather to voluntary than to expected exertion, I had not half the pleaſure in giving advice as a phyſician, that I felt in offering my counſel in any other caſe of doubt or of difficulty. It might perhaps be owing to this that I was little conſulted, and in ſome houſes into which I had got acceſs as a doctor, it was alleged that I raiſed ſuch a ferment by my non-medical advice, as all my ſedatives were unable to allay. On my ſkill as a phyſician I bore attacks without much emotion; but, conſcious of the purity of my intentions, I was ſurpriſed to hear my conduct as a man arraigned; aſtoniſhed, when an adviſer like myſelf cautioned me

me againſt intermeddling with other people's affairs; told me, that nothing was ſo hurtful to one's ſelf as the telling people diſagreeable truths; and that, if I was not on my guard, I would ſoon be ſhunned as a buſy-body and an incendiary, who ſet every family into which he was admitted by the ears.

In conſequence of the caution offered me by this teller of agreeable truths, I was determined, notwithſtanding my natural philanthropy, to withhold the counſel of which I ſaw moſt of my neighbours ſtand ſo much in need, when an incident happened that put me a good deal in ſpirits with myſelf and in favour with the world. An uncle died, and left me heir to a conſiderable ſum which he poſſeſſed in the funds. By his death I found myſelf to have acquired a great deal of wiſdom and perſuaſion, as well as money; and, while that money laſted, ſeldom met with a man or a woman who did not find my advice perfectly prudent and uſeful. It was indeed frequently given in a way exactly the reverſe of what my profeſſion (which I now followed only for my amuſement) ſhould have taught me. The fee commonly accompanied the preſcription, in the form of a loan, a preſent, a ſubſcription, or ſome ſuch genteel denomination; and I had among my patients perſons of very great conſideration, and of the moſt eminent talents. I ſcarce remember

ber any who obſtinately and bluntly refuſed my advice, except one author, whom I earneſtly adviſed to ſuppreſs a dedication he ſhewed me to a ſmall volume of poems, with which he was about to favour the public. This was a matter too in which I thought I had the beſt title to offer my opinion, as the book was to be dedicated to myſelf, and I had ſet down my name for one hundred copies.

In the diſpoſal of the riches with which this unexpected death of my relation had endowed me, I was equally benevolent and diſintereſted as in the other parts of my conduct. The effects of this were, as in other caſes, more beneficial to my friends than to myſelf: by that hoſpitality with which I repaid the gratitude of thoſe whoſe meaſures I prompted or adviſed; by the facility with which I entered into money-engagements, in aid of thoſe meaſures; by becoming a ſharer in ſeveral projects, of which I had the chief management and direction, and in which therefore I generally had the honour of making the firſt and largeſt advances; and by laying out money according to the advice of ſome of the ableſt men in that department; (for after I grew rich I had got adviſers too;) by all theſe means, Mr. Lounger, in the courſe of ten or twelve years, I found my uncle's inheritance almoſt entirely exhauſted, and I was left in the decline of life with no other proviſion than a very

very ſmall annuity, which the wreck of it enabled me to purchaſe.

I was, however, always of a ſanguine, thoughtleſs diſpoſition, and not eaſily put out of temper with the circumſtances in which fortune had placed me. My annuity, ſmall as it was, enabled me to keep up a decent appearance; and my degree gave me a convenient, and, in this country, a reſpectable appellation. I had gained, too, ſome experience during the viciſſitudes of my fortune, and in my days of proſperity had, as I mentioned above, known what it was to receive as well as to offer advice. On this experience, and an attention to my own feelings, I built the ſyſtem of my future conduct; and by a diligent attention to the feelings of others, I have been able to purſue it with very tolerable ſucceſs. I ſtill continue my profeſſion of *adviſer*; but I now give advice after a manner perfectly different from that in which I ſet out, not according to the caſe in which I am conſulted, but according to the inclination of him or her who conſults me.

You cannot eaſily imagine, Sir, how much good-will this deportment has gained me. Inſtead of the diſtant acquaintance and cold reception which in the days of my honeſt counſel I generally met with, I now find myſelf ſurrounded by friends and well-wiſhers wherever I go.

I go. I dine ſix days in the week at good tables, have frequent invitations to parties of pleaſure; nay, I might have even ſome profeſſional advantage, if I was inclined to lay hold of it, and might be fee'd for preſcribing remedies to people of faſhion, of which themſelves have firſt told me the infallibility. I had a preſent of a gold ſnuff-box from an old gouty Lord, for liſtening to his account of the virtues of *ſulphur water*; and my Lady *Notable* lately ſent me a ſuit of damaſk of her own making, for having ſtaid to witneſs ſome experiments with her favourite *worm-powder*.

Not only indeed in medicine, in which I might be ſuppoſed to have ſome knowledge, but in moſt other arts and ſciences, this ſame echo-counſel has given me the character of being very ſkilful and well informed. I have acquired a great character for connoiſſeurſhip in painting, by adviſing the great collector, Mr. *Tinto*, to purchaſe, as an original *Vandyke*, a picture which his ordinary counſellor in theſe matters had inſiſted, in ſpite of his patron's aſſertion, was but a copy; and an author of great reputation has mentioned me as one of the juſteſt critics of his acquaintance, becauſe I gave it as my opinion, that he ſhould by all means retain a ſimile in his new tragedy, which an actor would have had him cut out as too long and unnatural.

At

At the theatre my advice is followed, even by that moſt unadviſable of all profeſſions, the players, ever ſince I told Mr.—— that he was an incomparable *Macbeth*, and adviſed Mrs.—— to play *Juliet* in her grand climacteric.

I ſometimes make friends, and eſtabliſh my reputation for taſte, as much by diſſuading from what ſhould not, as by adviſing what ſhould be done. I have eat veniſon half a dozen times at Lord *Viſto*'s country-ſeat, ever ſince I begged him not to think of building ſuch a clumſy temple as his neighbour Sir *Paul Proſpect* has lately erected; and have been very much a man *à bonnes fortunes* in the good graces of *Miſs Trippet*, ſince one morning that I diſſuaded her from wearing a gypſey hat with pink ribbons, which made *Lady Bell Airy* look ſo frightful at the Aſſembly a few evenings before.

On one occaſion only I recollect my method of giving counſel to have failed of being acceptable: in my young days, when I had the fooliſh way of adviſing inconſiderately, I had given a decided opinion againſt a friend's marrying his maid-ſervant, who a few days after firſt ſhewed his being eſtranged from me, by leaving me out of the company he invited to the chriſtening of his firſt child. In my wiſer days, I was conſulted by another friend on a ſimilar occaſion. I adviſed him by all means to marry. I did not ſee

him

him till a twelvemonth after; he ſeemed to bear me no good-will for my advice; and the firſt token of reconciliation I received from him was a few weeks ago, by a letter to his wife's funeral.

I have thus very candidly communicated to you, Mr. Lounger, my method of giving advice, ſo agreeable to the adviſed, as well as ſo highly advantageous to the adviſer. I communicate it to you from a very friendly motive; becauſe I think I have obſerved, that in many of your Papers you have rather ſhewn a diſpoſition to give counſel to your readers in my firſt manner, which, before I had been taught better things, made me ſo unwelcome a gueſt and ſo diſagreeable a companion. Believe me, you will find it much more expedient to perform this friendly office according to the improved ſyſtem which at preſent I follow with ſo much applauſe and ſucceſs. But I forget that it is probable you deſign your Work rather for poſterity than the preſent times; in which caſe, you are certainly very much in the right to adopt the oppoſite plan; and in that view of the matter, it has my entire approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

VALERIUS VELVET.

N° 95. SATURDAY, *November* 25, 1786.

Here HUNT *may box, or* MAHOMET *may dance.*
JOHNSON.

WHEN I returned from my morning's walk one day of laſt week, *Peter* informed me that a young gentleman had called, who would not tell his name, but promiſed to call again in the evening, and in the mean time left a letter which he ſaid would inform me who he was. "I think, Sir," ſaid Peter, while I was opening the letter, "that were he a little "older, and had a major wig inſtead of his "own brown hair in round curls on his neck, "that one might diſcover a likeneſs between him "and Colonel *Cauſtic*." There was ſome reaſon for the reſemblance; for in fact it was a young relation of the Colonel's, who had been two or three years at an Engliſh univerſity, and is now come hither for the winter to ſtudy ſome particular branches at ours. He brought me a letter of introduction from my worthy friend his kinſman, which gave him, in the Colonel's delicate way, a great deal of commendation, though

though I am perſuaded, from what I have ſeen of him, no more than he merits. "He is really "a fine boy," ſaid the Colonel's letter, "and I "think you will like him the better that he pre- "tends to be no more. He has neither learned "to be a Fop nor a Prig at college; and though "a little flighty and light-headed now and then, "has a ſoundneſs at heart that never deceives "one. The lad has a claſſical taſte, and has "written ſome love-verſes that would not have "diſgraced better times, when the women were "worthy of them."

When he came in the evening, I found his appearance very prepoſſeſſing, and not the leſs ſo, that I really imagined I ſaw ſome of that reſemblance which Peter's ſagacity had diſcovered. Peter laid two covers without my bidding; and the young gentleman accepted the invitation they implied. After our little ſupper, we got ſo well acquainted, and found ourſelves ſo much related through the connection of Colonel Cauſtic, that the young man, as I wiſhed, forgot the difference of our age, and the lateneſs of his introduction, and we quoted Horace, told college anecdotes, repeated college verſes, and laughed at college puns, till midnight.

He pleaſed me much with the affection he expreſſed for my old friend and his ſiſter, with whom he had ſpent ſeveral weeks previous to

his coming hither. "Don't you think Miſs "*Cauſtic*, Sir," ſaid he, "one of the moſt ex- "cellent women in the world? and then her "brother's affection for her! methinks I like "both the better every time he ſpeaks of his "ſiſter. We were talking one day of a book "of receipts which ſhe had copied.——"There "wants one here," ſaid the Colonel, "which "my ſiſter poſſeſſes beyond any body I know; "a receipt for making people happy."——She "has a way of doing kind things with ſo little "pretenſion! She had talked lately of getting "ſome pieces of dreſs from town, and when ſhe "heard of my ſetting out, had put twenty "guineas into my hand as her agent in the "buſineſs; but when ſhe took leave of me, "ſhe ſaid, ſhe found ſhe ſhould have no occaſion "for any addition to her wardrobe this year. "—— But you muſt lay out the twenty "guineas," ſaid ſhe, "in looking at the faſhion- "able dreſſes of this winter, that you may be "able to inſtruct me in my purchaſes for the "next."

"You never ſaw the Colonel (continued his "young friend) in better health or ſpirits than "he is at preſent. He put one or two of his "old guns in order on my account, and walked "out with me himſelf, to ſhew me the grounds "where the game was to be found, which he

"ſays

"says was almoſt as plentiful this ſeaſon, as it "was when he was a ſhooter."—"Why does "he not come to town?" ſaid I.—"I aſked "him that queſtion, Sir; but he told me he "did not intend to be in town; and yet I be-"lieve he was much the better for his laſt ex-"curſion hither."—"I am perſuaded the jour-"ney would be of ſervice to him."—His young relation ſmiled. "I believe it was not ſo much "the journey to Edinburgh, as the follies he "ſaw there, that did him ſo much good. He "ſwallowed a thouſand impertinences, he ſays, "when here; and his ſiſter tells me he has "chewed the cud on them ever ſince. Every "time he related any of them to her or to me, "he ſeemed to be better pleaſed with himſelf, "and with the times which he calls his own; "though I am happy to believe that he will "live theſe dozen years, to tell us that he has "nothing to do with the preſent times. He "ſays, he does not intend being in town again, "becauſe the novelty that amuſed him the laſt "time he was there is over. I ſhould only find, "ſaid he, the ſame follies and the ſame vices; "the ſame coarſe or frivolous men, and the "ſame vulgar or giddy women, I ſaw there two "winters ago."

"But you may aſſure him," ſaid I, "he is miſ-"taken; that I have received undoubted intelli-

" gence, that there is to be no folly, no vice among
" us this winter; that our private ſociety is to
" be decent and well-bred, our public places or-
" derly and well regulated; that there will be no
" bludgeon'd beaux to juſtle him in his walks,
" nor female cavaliers to ſtare him out of coun-
" tenance; that our dinners are to afford the
" elegant entertainment of Attic conviviality,
" the feaſt of reaſon, and the flow of ſoul;"
" that the tea-tables of the ladies are to be
" ſchools of delicacy, refinement, and inſtruc-
" tive converſation; that Lady Rumpus has
" learned ſilence, old—ſobriety, and his ſon
" decorum, that our aſſemblies, inſtead of
" *fine ladies* lolloping through country-dances
" with *fine men*, are to be filled with *fine women*;
" who are to dance minuets with *fine gentlemen*;
" that at our concerts people of faſhion are to
" liſten to the muſic, and that the muſic is to be
" worth the liſtening to; that our Theatre——
" But you ſhall hear what it is to be from better
" authority. I received this very morning a
" letter on that ſubject, which, among other
" novelties, you may communicate to the Colo-
" nel. Here it is, ſealed with a *Shakeſpear*'s
" head, and dated from *Holyroodhouſe*."

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

I Preſume, from the uniform practice of your predeceſſors, and indeed from ſeveral of your earlier Papers, that the ſtate of the Theatre is by no means a ſubject of indifference to you. In this belief, I make bold to trouble you with a Letter concerning our Scottiſh Stage, which I hope will meet with your attention. I think, Sir, I may preſume to ſay, that I am not an unqualified correſpondent on that ſubject, having paſſed moſt of my life behind the Scenes, in different parts of the kingdom, and have reaſon to flatter myſelf with having been of conſiderable uſe to the Stage, though my labours have not proved ſo advantageous to myſelf as I had reaſon to look for. I was the firſt who brought any thing like diſcipline among *Bayes's Light Horſe*; I had a very principal hand in the Sea in *Harlequin's Invaſion*; and gave the Plan for the conſtruction of the famous Cloud which took up the deities in *Midas*. Theſe, and many other ſervices of equal importance, have been long forgotten. I will make no perſonal reflections, Sir; but Managers are well known not to be always ſo attentive to merit as they

ought to be. I know it has been ſaid, that I was diſmiſſed from the London Theatre, on account of an unfortunate accident, to wit, the falling of a flying dragon, which I had invented for a new Pantomime; by which the Devil and Dr. Fauſtus were both killed on the ſpot. But, in the firſt place, the ſtory is falſe in itſelf, the Doctor having only broke his noſe, and the Devil his tail, by the accident; and at any rate, the dragon was not of my conſtruction, but one borrowed from the Opera-houſe, which had been foundered by hard riding in the ballet of *Jaſon and Medea*.

I underſtand, Sir, that it is intended this winter to make a very material improvement on the Theatre at Edinburgh, by bringing down the *Sadler's Wells* Company, to perform here during a conſiderable part of the ſeaſon. I will not have the vanity to ſay, that this was entirely owing to a ſuggeſtion of mine; yet it is certain that I hinted at ſuch an improvement ſeveral months ago, at the houſe of a gentleman, an old acquaintance, with whom I ſometimes take a Sunday's dinner, who is on very intimate terms with the Gentleman who dreſſes the Manager. But whoever may claim the honour of the invention, Sir, I cannot help congratulating this country on the event, which I look on as proceeding from the ſame liberal and enlarged

ſpirit

ſpirit that has given riſe to the Commercial Treaty with France. Undoubtedly a free and full communication and interchange of commodities is of advantage both among Nations and Theatres; and the jealouſies and rivalſhips that uſed to ſubſiſt between contending Houſes were extremely hurtful to all parties. It is the duty of every good citizen to promote an object ſo deſirable as that of a friendly intercourſe and mutual co-operation between ſuch ſocieties, for the entertainment of the public. With ſuch good intentions, I beg leave to lay before you the ſketch of a Plan for the more cloſe and intimate union of the theatrical and dancing or tumbling kingdoms, by their not only occupying the ſame ground, and alternately exhibiting on the ſame ſtage, but by their mutually coaleſcing and incorporating with one another, ſo as to give a Play all the decoration and movement of a Dance or a Tumbling, and a Dance or a Tumbling all the intereſt and buſineſs of a Play. What an excellent entertainment, for inſtance, would Macbeth or Hamlet afford, if the plan of the Drama were preſerved, according to the ancient theatrical mode, and the unfolding and progreſs of it brought forth according to the new or Sadler's Wells ſchool. The Soliloquies might be turned into Hornpipes, the Battles into Country Bumpkins, and the reſpective Courts of Scotland and

Denmark might exhibit themſelves to great advantage in a Cotillon; or the ſolemn ſcenes might be performed on the Slack Wire, the more animated from the Tight Rope, and the buſtle of a full ſtage would naturally fall into Feats of Agility and Lofty Tumbling. In *Macbeth*, the *Little Devil* would be quite in his element. In the tragedy of *Venice preſerv'd*, what a brilliant High Dance might *Pierre* in the ſenate-houſe perform in his chains; (which is indeed but one ſtep beyond his ordinary ſtyle of acting in that ſcene;) and the ſenators (ſuch of them at leaſt whoſe robes would bear looking at behind) might join the inferior conſpirators as *Figurantes*.

Comedy will eaſily and naturally ſlide into the department of her ſiſter-arts; and as ſhe has already betaken herſelf almoſt entirely to ſinging on the Engliſh Stage, ſhe may with great propriety become a dancer on the Scotch Theatre. As to *Farces* or *petites Pieces*, I think they may admit of a different ſet of performers, and be played with applauſe by actors of the animal creation. *General Jackoo*, of the Sadler's Wells Company, who I'm told has a very quick *ſtudy*, might ſoon be made perfect in *Fribble*; and the wonderful *Engliſh Bull-dog* be brought out in the part of *Major Sturgeon*. It could not but afford pleaſure to every rational and philoſophic mind,

mind, thus to see the lower orders of creation brought forward a step in the scale of being, and assuming, on the stage of Edinburgh, a rank and consequence which partial nature has denied them.

But though the superstructure of dancing and tumbling is thus proposed to be raised on the old theatrical foundation; yet, Sir, it is by no means any part of my plan to discard or render unnecessary the present incumbents of the Theatre. Their exertions will necessarily be united with their new associates from Sadler's Wells, to get up, as it is called, the pieces which are to be performed in this new manner; and I have too much knowledge of the extent and versatility of their genius, not to be convinced that they will easily accommodate themselves to the change. Some of the best Tragedians of our present company will readily acquire the walk of the Tight-rope; most of the Ladies, I am sure, will have no objection to put themselves under the tuition of the Devil, in the tumbling way; and several of the most celebrated comic performers are already so excellent in the *posture* line, as to give assurance of their arriving at the first degree of eminence in that department.

And now, Sir, give me leave to state some of the obvious advantages that will arise from this

new and improved mode of conducting the Drama.

1*mo*, As the entertainment would be addreſſed to the eyes, it would allow perfect liberty to the tongues of the audience: of the reſtraint, in this particular, which ariſes from the preſent method of conducting the Drama, the moſt reſpectable part of the houſe have great reaſon to complain, as the players on the ſtage ſpeak almoſt as loud as people of the firſt diſtinction in the ſide-boxes.

2*do*, There would be none of that improper or unbecoming freedom or *double entendre*, againſt which ſome of the more rigid moraliſts inveigh, in the dialogue of our late comic performances. If any part of the Pantomime ſhould happen not to be quite ſo pure as it ought, (a grievance which even the ſpoken plays are liable to in the hands of ſome actors,) it will be eaſy for the ladies to turn their eyes half aſide, or to cover them with the ſticks of their fans: putting one's fingers in one's ears is not ſo graceful an attitude.

3*tio*, It will very much improve the cataſtrophe of ſome of our beſt Engliſh tragedies. *George Barnwell* may then be played, as I once heard a gentleman of this city propoſe to a Manager, with the hanging thrown into action inſtead of narrative, as the ſwing of ſeveral actors of the new company can eaſily be made to imitate that

polite

polite entertainment; and ſome of them who at preſent ſhew ſuch dexterity in twiſting their bodies into the collared-eel, and other beautiful forms, will have no difficulty of allowing themſelves to be broke on the wheel in the part of *Pierre*, which being a novelty, and ſomewhat more natural and affecting than the mere preparatives at preſent exhibited, cannot fail of drawing great houſes.

4*to*, It will evidently tend to facilitate the profeſſion of an actor, and to widen the range from which excellence in that line is to be drawn. As things are at preſent, the Britiſh Stage, from the circumſtance of language, is open only to the natives of England and Ireland; but if Plays are to be danced inſtead of ſpoken, their language, like that of Muſic, will be univerſal. This will remove a hardſhip peculiar to this part of his Majeſty's dominions, which, from its provincial pronunciation, is almoſt entirely excluded from the Stage; but in a natural talent for dancing and feats of agility, is ſuppoſed rather to have the advantage of its ſiſter kingdoms. If the plan I propoſe is adopted, I ſhall not be ſurpriſed, if the diſtrict of *Strathſpey* ſhould produce a ſucceſſor to *Garrick*, and a rival to Mrs. *Siddons*.

Laſtly, It will ſave a great deal of trouble to authors, who are often exceedingly at a loſs

how to carry on the dialogue of a piece through the ſpace of five, or even of three acts. In the improved method I have taken the liberty to ſuggeſt, an author will not only, like ſome of our modern dramatiſts, have no occaſion to write well, but he or ſhe may actually compoſe a very good play, without having ever learned to write or read at all.

Many other advantages might be ſhewn to reſult from this propoſed alteration of the mode of repreſenting theatrical pieces; but I flatter myſelf, that even the imperfect announcement of the plan which I have given, will be ſufficient to intitle it to the favour and patronage of perſons of taſte and knowledge; among whom, without flattery, Sir, I claſs the author of the Lounger in a very diſtinguiſhed rank.

I have the honour to be, &c.

RICHARD BUSKIN.

I doubt not but it will afford pleaſure to Mr. Buſkin to be told, that my young academical friend approved very much of his propoſal. "In "ancient Greece," ſaid he, "though they did "not carry this matter quite ſo far as your cor- "reſpondent propoſes, yet dancing made a chief "part of the entertainment in dramatic repre- "ſentations.

" ſentations. The verſes indeed of *Sophocles* and " *Euripides* were recited, but as we have no So- " phocleſes or Euripideſes now, and ſcarce any " actors who could ſpeak their verſes if we had, " I believe Mr. *Buſkin*'s plan to be a very ex- " pedient one. I remember one of our fellows " at college, who liked eccentric anecdotes, " uſed to tell us of a company of Comedians he " fell in with in a country excurſion, who " having, by ſome little misfortune, loſt their " principal actor, gave out their next day's bill " in theſe words: " On Monday will be pre- " ſented the Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Den-* " *mark*; the part of *Hamlet*, for that night, to " be left out."

N° 96. SATURDAY, *December* 2, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.
VIRG.

SIR,

AS in reading, either for inſtruction or entertainment, one is always moſt ſtruck with what comes neareſt to one's ſelf, we who are in the country have been particularly attentive to your rural papers. The family of which I am a member at preſent, have been very much entertained with them. We have found out ſeveral of our acquaintance in the letter of *Urbanus*; and even the picture of your godmother, though a little antiquated, was too ſtrongly marked for ſome of our party not to diſcover a reſemblance to it. *Adraſtus*'s portrait of himſelf was too ſerious for our meddling with. We never allow our imaginations to ſport with the ſaeredneſs of ſorrow.

Since the receipt of thoſe papers, it has become an amuſement here to draw ſketches for

the Lounger; and ſome of us laſt night after ſupper propoſed, that every one ſhould paint his neighbour. To this fancy and a rainy morning you owe this letter. I will try to give you the whole groupe; I am ſure, if I could do it juſtice, it ſhould pleaſe your benevolent readers better than the picture of Urbanus, though I give that gentleman perfect credit for the fidelity as well as the power of his pencil. But a family-piece of *Greuze* is more pleaſing, though perhaps leſs valued, than one of *Hemſkirk* or *Teniers*.

That I may, however, take no advantage, I will begin with myſelf. I am not of ſo ſerious a diſpoſition as Adraſtus, yet am I not altogether without ſome of that rural ſentiment which he indulges, and which you deſcribe. I own I had acuter feelings ſome five-and-twenty years ago; but having now lived half a century, I am become a good deal leſs heroic, leſs viſionary, and leſs tender than I was; yet I have not forgotten what my own feelings were, and I can perfectly underſtand what thoſe of younger men are; I confeſs I like to ſee them as warm as I myſelf was at their age, and enjoy a ſort of ſelf-flattery in thinking that I have learned to be wiſer, by being a little older than they. Something of the ſame reflection I venture now and then to indulge, from the circumſtance of being a ba-

a bachelor; I think myself as well as I am, and yet I am pleased to see a husband and a father happy. And as I am neither from age nor situation quite condemned to celibacy, I have that sort of interest in an amiable woman or a promising child, that makes their company very agreeable to me, and I believe mine not unpleasant to them. I have, thank God, good health and good spirits; was bred somewhat of a scholar by my father, who lived in town, and a pretty complete sportsman by my grandfather, who resided in the country. When at school, I stole an hour or two in the evening to learn music, and had a tolerable knack at making bad verses when at college. In short, there are few things come across me in which I am quite left out, and I have not the vanity of excellence to support in any of them.

I generally spend some months of Autumn in the country, and this season have passed them very agreeably at the house of a gentleman, who, from particular circumstances, I am pretty confident is the person you once mentioned under the appellation of *Benevolus*. A general idea of his character you have given in the paper I allude to: of his family and their country-life, will you allow me to try a little sketch now?

You

You have hinted at the uſe Benevolus makes of his wealth. In the country, as far as we can gather from thoſe around him, he gives largely; but as it is neither from the impulſe of fickly ſentiment or ſhallow vanity, his largeſſes tend oftener to incite induſtry than to ſupply indigence. Indeed, I have been forced to obſerve, that to nurſe poverty is, politically ſpeaking, to harbour idleneſs and vice; to prevent it is much the better way; for a man ſeldom thrives that does not deſerve to thrive; and, except from ſome unfortunate accidents, which Benevolus is ever ready to pity and to redreſs, a man is ſeldom poor without deſerving to be ſo. The occupiers of Benevolus's eſtate are generally thriving: he ſays, that to promote this is not an expenſive indulgence; but, on the contrary, that he gains by it. 'Tis ſome money advanced at firſt, ſays he; but no capital is more productive than that which is laid out on the happineſs of one's people. Some plans indeed have been ſuggeſted to him for doubling the revenue of his eſtate, by diſpeopling it of three-fourths of its inhabitants; but he would never conſent to them. If I wiſhed for money, he replied to an adviſer of theſe ſchemes, there are many trades you ſhould rather recommend to me; but the proudeſt property of a country gentleman is that of men. He has not, however, that inordinate

ordinate desire for extending the bounds of his estate, that some great proprietors have. A gentleman, whose family had been reduced in its circumstances, offered his land to him for sale. Benevolus expressed his sorrow for the necessity that forced the neighbour to this measure, and, after examining into his affairs, gave him credit to the extent of his debts. The young man went abroad, and from the recommendation of his honesty and worth, and great assiduity in business, acquired a fortune sufficient to redeem his affairs. Somebody observed what an enviable purchase that gentleman's land would have been to Benevolus. "But those "acres would not have dined with me with such "a face of happiness and gratitude as Mr.—— "did to-day."

Such faces, indeed, are a favourite part of the entertainment at Benevolus's table. One day of the week, which he jokingly calls his wife's rout day, there is an additional leaf put to the table, for the reception of some of the principal farmers on his estate, from whose conversation, he says, he derives much useful knowledge in country business, and in the management of his affairs. He behaves to them in such a way as to remove all restraint from the inequality of rank; and talking to every man on the subject he knows best, makes every man more

more pleaſed with himſelf, and more uſeful to thoſe who hear him. The reception indeed of thoſe gueſts ſtrongly marks the propriety of feeling and of behaviour of the family. There is none of that ſneer and tittering which one ſees among the young gentlemen and ladies of other tables; the children ſtrive who ſhall help the ſenior farmer of the ſet; they aſk queſtions about the different members of his houſehold, and ſometimes ſend little preſents to his children. I have had the charge of ſome parties of the young people, who dined with the farmers in return; and then we have ſo many long ſtories when we come back in the evening. There are no ſuch eggs, nor fowls, nor cream, as we meet with in thoſe excurſions. I am always appealed to as a voucher; and I can ſafely ſay, that we thought ſo, eſpecially when we took a long walk, or fiſhed, or ſhot by the way.

Benevolus has four ſons and three daughters. Their education has been ſcrupulouſly attended to; and there are perhaps no young people of their age more accompliſhed. When I ſpeak of their accompliſhments, I do not mean only their ſkill in the ordinary branches of education, muſic, dancing, drawing, and ſo forth. I have ſeen ſuch acquirements paſs through the memory and the fingers of young people, yet leave little fruit behind them. It is not ſo with my young

young friends here; not only are the faculties employed, but the mind is enriched by all their ſtudies. I have learned a great deal of true philoſophy, during the rainy days of this ſeaſon, from the little philoſophers in Benevolus's library; and when I indulge myſelf in a morning's lounge beſide the young ladies and their mother, I always riſe with ſentiments better regulated, with feelings more attuned, than when I ſat down. The young people's accompliſhments are ſometimes ſhewn, but never exhibited; brought forth, unaſſumingly, to beſtow pleaſure on others, not to miniſter to their own vanity, or that of their parents. In muſic their talents are ſuch as might attract the applauſe of the moſt ſkilful; yet they never refuſe to exert them in the ſtyle that may pleaſe the moſt ignorant. Muſic their father confeſſes he is fond of, beyond the moderation of a philoſopher. 'Tis a relaxation, he ſays, which indulges without debaſing the feelings, which employs without waſting the mind. The firſt time I was here, I had rode in a very bad day through a very dreary road; it was dark before I reached the houſe. The tranſition from the battering rain, the howling wind, and a flooded road, to a ſaloon lighted cheerily up, and filled with the mingled ſounds of their family concert, was ſo delightful, that I ſhall never forget it.

There

There is, however, a living harmony in the appearance of the family, that adds conſiderably to the pleaſure of this and every other entertainment. To ſee how the boys hang upon their father, and with what looks of tenderneſs the girls gather round their mother! "To be "happy at home," ſaid Benevolus one day to me, when we were talking of the ſex, "is one "of the beſt dowries we can give a daughter "with a good huſband, and the beſt prevent-"ive againſt her chuſing a bad one. How "many miſerable matches have I known ſome "of my neighbours' girls make, merely to eſcape "from the priſon of their father's houſe; and "having married for freedom, they reſolved to "be as little as they could in their huſband's."

Benevolus's Lady, though the mother of ſo many children, is ſtill a very fine woman. That lofty elegance, however, which, in her younger days, I remember awing ſo many lovers into adoration, ſhe has now ſoftened into a matron gentleneſs, which is infinitely engaging. There is a modeſt neatneſs in her dreſs, a chaſtened grace in her figure, a ſort of timid livelineſs in her converſation, which we cannot but love ourſelves, and are not ſurpriſed to ſee her huſband look on with delight. In the management of her houſehold concerns, ſhe exerts a quiet and unperceived attention to her family and her

gueſts,

gueſts, to their convenience, their ſports, their amuſements, which accommodates every one without the tax of ſeeing it buſtled for. In the little circles at breakfaſt, where the plans of the day are laid, one never finds thoſe faces of embarraſſment, thoſe whiſpers of concealment, which may be obſerved in ſome houſes. Mamma is applied to in all arrangements, conſulted in ſchemes for excurſions, in the difficulty of interfering engagements, and is often preſſed to be of parties, which ſhe ſometimes enlivens with her preſence.

Benevolus, in the ſame manner, is frequently the companion of his ſon's ſports, and rides very keenly after an excellent pack of harriers, though they ſay he has gone rather ſeldomer out this ſeaſon than he uſed to do, having got ſo good a deputy in me. He was diſputing t'other day, with the clergyman of the pariſh, a very learned and a very worthy man, on the love of ſport. "I allow, my good Sir, (ſaid "Benevolus,) that there are better uſes for "time; but, excluſive of exerciſe to the body, "there are ſo many diſſipations more hurtful "to the mind, (diſſipations even of reading, "of thinking, and of feeling, which are never "reckoned on as ſuch,) that if ſport be harmleſs, it is uſeful. I have another reaſon for "encouraging it in my ſon. It will give him

"an

" an additional tie to the country, which is to " be the chief ſcene of his future life, as a man " likes his wife the better that, beſides more " important accompliſhments, ſhe can ſing and " dance; and in both caſes, a man of a feeling " mind will connect with the mere amuſement, " ideas of affection, and remembrances of ten- " derneſs. Methinks I perceive an error in the " ſyſtem of education which ſome country- " gentlemen follow with their ſons. They ſend " them, when lads, to ſtudy at foreign univer- " ſities, and to travel into foreign countries, " and then expect them, rather unreaſonably, " to become country-gentlemen at their return. " My ſon ſhall travel to ſee other countries, " but he ſhall firſt learn to love his own. " There is a poliſh, there are ornaments, I " know, which travel gives; but the baſis muſt " be an attachment to home. My ſon's ruffles " may be of lace, but his ſhirt muſt be of more " durable ſtuff."

In this purpoſe Benevolus has perfectly ſucceeded with his ſon, who is now eighteen, with much of the information of a man, but with all the unaſſuming modeſty of a boy. 'Tis his pleaſure and his pride to acknowledge the claims which his native ſcenes have upon him. He knows the name of every hamlet, and of its inhabitants; he viſits them when he can be of uſe, gives encouragement to their improvements, and diſtri-

distributes rewards to the industrious. In return, they feel the most perfect fealty and regard to him. The old men observe how like he is to his father; and their wives trace the eyes and the lips of his mother.

The same good sense in their management, and a similar attention to their happiness, is shewn to every inferior member of Benevolus's household. His domestics revere and love him; yet regularity and attention are no where so habitual. Attention to every guest is one of the first lessons a servant learns at this house, and an attention of that useful and benevolent sort which is exactly the reverse of what is practised at some great houses in the country, where a man is vastly well attended, provided he has attendants of his own that make it needless; but a person of inferior rank may wait some time before he can find a servant whose province it is to take any care of him. At Benevolus's, it is every man's province to shew a stranger kindness; and there is an aspect of welcome in every domestic one meets. Even the mastiff in the court is so gentle, so humanized by the children, and "bears his faculties so meek," that the very beggar is not afraid of *Trusty*, though he bays him.

In such quarters, and with such society, I do not count the weeks of my stay, like your correspondent *Urbanus*. The family talks of not visiting

viſiting Edinburgh ſooner than Chriſtmas, and it is not improbable that I may ſtay with them till that time: ſo if your coffeehouſe-friend takes notes of arrivals this winter, he may poſſibly mark me down in my ſeat in the coach deſtined for N° 7. anſwering the queſtions of two cherub-faced boys, who are a ſort of pupils of mine here in all the idle branches of their education.

I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

W. G.

N° 97. SATURDAY, *December 9, 1786.*

TO the feeling and the ſuſceptible there is ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the contemplation of genius, of that ſuper-eminent reach of mind by which ſome men are diſtinguiſhed. In the view of highly ſuperior talents, as in that of great and ſtupendous natural objects, there is a ſublimity which fills the ſoul with wonder and delight, which expands it, as it were, beyond its uſual bounds, and which, inveſting our nature with extraordinary powers and extraordinary honours, intereſts our curioſity and flatters our pride.

This divinity of genius, however, which admiration is fond to worſhip, is beſt arrayed in the darkneſs of diſtant and remote periods, and is not eaſily acknowledged in the preſent times, or in places with which we are perfectly acquainted. Excluſive of all the deductions which envy or jealouſy may ſometimes be ſuppoſed to make, there is a familiarity in the near approach of perſons around us, not very conſiſtent with the lofty ideas which we wiſh to form of him who has led captive our imagination in the triumphs

triumph of his fancy, overpowered our feelings with the tide of paſſion, or enlightened our reaſon with the inveſtigation of hidden truths. It may be true, that "in the olden time" genius had ſome advantages which tended to its vigour and its growth; but it is not unlikely that, even in theſe degenerate days, it riſes much oftener than it is obſerved; that in "the ignorant preſent time" our poſterity may find names which they will dignify, though we neglected, and pay to their memory thoſe honours which their cotemporaries had denied them.

There is, however, a natural, and indeed a fortunate vanity in trying to redreſs this wrong which genius is expoſed to ſuffer. In the diſcovery of talents generally unknown, men are apt to indulge the ſame fond partiality as in all other diſcoveries which themſelves have made; and hence we have had repeated inſtances of painters and of poets, who have been drawn from obſcure ſituations, and held forth to public notice and applauſe by the extravagant encomiums of their introductors, yet in a ſhort time have ſunk again to their former obſcurity; whoſe merit, though perhaps ſomewhat neglected, did not appear to have been much undervalued by the world, and could not ſupport, by its own intrinſic excellence, that ſuperior place

which the enthuſiaſm of its patrons would have aſſigned it.

I know not if I ſhall be accuſed of ſuch enthuſiaſm and partiality, when I introduce to the notice of my readers a poet of our own country, with whoſe writings I have lately become acquainted; but if I am not greatly deceived, I think I may ſafely pronounce him a genius of no ordinary rank. The perſon to whom I allude is ROBERT BURNS, an *Ayrſhire* ploughman, whoſe poems were ſome time ago publiſhed in a county town in the weſt of Scotland, with no other ambition, it would ſeem, than to circulate among the inhabitants of the county where he was born, to obtain a little fame from thoſe who had heard of his talents. I hope I ſhall not be thought to aſſume too much, if I endeavour to place him in a higher point of view, to call for a verdict of his country on the merit of his works, and to claim for him thoſe honours which their excellence appears to deſerve.

In mentioning the circumſtance of his humble ſtation, I mean not to reſt his pretenſions ſolely on that title, or to urge the merits of his poetry when conſidered in relation to the lowneſs of his birth, and the little opportunity of improvement which his education could afford. Theſe particulars, indeed, might excite our wonder

wonder at his productions; but his poetry, considered abstractedly, and without the apologies arising from his situation, seems to me fully entitled to command our feelings, and to obtain our applause. One bar, indeed, his birth and education have opposed to his fame, the language in which most of his poems are written. Even in Scotland, the provincial dialect which Ramsay and he have used is now read with a difficulty which greatly damps the pleasure of the reader: in England it cannot be read at all, without such a constant reference to a glossary, as nearly to destroy that pleasure.

Some of his productions, however, especially those of the grave style, are almost English. From one of those I shall first present my readers with an extract, in which I think they will discover a high tone of feeling, a power and energy of expression, particularly and strongly characteristic of the mind and the voice of a poet. 'Tis from his poem entitled the *Vision*, in which the Genius of his native country, *Ayrshire*, is thus supposed to address him:

With future hope, I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

I ſaw thee ſeek the ſounding ſhore,
Delighted with the daſhing roar;
Or, when the North his fleecy ſtore
Drove through the ſky,
I ſaw grim Nature's viſage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

Or when the deep-green mantled earth,
Warm-cheriſhed every flowret's birth,
And joy and muſic pouring forth
In every grove,
I ſaw thee eye the general mirth
With boundleſs love.

When ripen'd fields and azure ſkies
Called forth the reapers' ruſtling noiſe,
I ſaw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely ſtalk,
To vent thy boſom's ſwelling riſe
In penſive walk.

When youthful love, warm-bluſhing, ſtrong,
Keen-ſhivering, ſhot thy nerves along,
Thoſe accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in ſong,
To ſoothe thy flame.

I ſaw thy pulſe's maddening play,
Wild, ſend thee Pleaſure's devious way,
Miſled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By Paſſion driven;
But yet the light that led aſtray
Was light from Heaven.

Of

Of ſtrains like the above, ſolemn and ſublime, with that rapt and inſpired melancholy in which the Poet lifts his eye "above this viſible "diurnal ſphere," the Poems intitled *Deſpondency*, the *Lament*, *Winter, a Dirge*, and the Invocation to *Ruin*, afford no leſs ſtriking examples. Of the tender and the moral, ſpecimens equally advantageous might be drawn from the elegiac verſes, intitled, *Man was made to mourn*, from *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, the Stanzas *To a Mouſe*, or thoſe *To a Mountain-Daiſy*, on turning it down with the plough in April 1786. This laſt Poem I ſhall inſert entire, not from its ſuperior merit, but becauſe its length ſuits the bounds of my Paper.

* Wee, modeſt, crimſon-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour,
For I maun cruſh amang the ſtoure
Thy ſlender ſtem;
To ſpare the now is paſt my power,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbour ſweet,
The bony Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mong the dewy weet
Wi' ſpreckled breaſt,
When upward-ſpringing, blythe to greet
The purpling eaſt.

* *Wee*, little; *maun*, muſt; *ſtoure*, duſt; *weet*, wet, a ſubſtantive; *cauld*, cold; *glinted*, peep'd; *bield*, ſhelter; *ſtane*, ſtone, *wa's*, walls; *riſtie*, dry, chapt, barren.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the ſtorm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High-ſhelt'ring woods and wa's maun ſhield;
But thou beneath the random bield
Of clod or ſtane,
Adorns the hiſtie ſtubble-field,
Unſeen, alane.

There, in thy ſcanty mantle clad,
Thy ſnowy boſom ſun-ward ſpread,
Thou lifts thy unaſſuming head,
In humble guiſe;
But now the *ſhare* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artleſs maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural ſhade!
By Love's ſimplicity betray'd,
And guileleſs truſt,
Till ſhe, like thee, all ſoil'd, is laid
Low in the duſt.

Such is the fate of ſimple bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckleſs ſtarr'd!
Unſkilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such

Such fate to ſuff'ring worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has ſtriven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To Miſery's brink,
Till, wrench'd of every ſtay but Heaven,
He ruined ſink.

Ev'n thou who mourn'ſt the daiſy's fate,
That fate is thine——No diſtant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-ſhare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till cruſh'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

I have ſeldom met with an image more truly paſtoral than that of the lark, in the ſecond ſtanza. Such ſtrokes as theſe mark the pencil of the poet, which delineates Nature with the preciſion of intimacy, yet with the delicate colouring of beauty and of taſte.

The power of genius is not leſs admirable in tracing the manners, than in painting the paſſions, or in drawing the ſcenery of Nature. That intuitive glance with which a writer like *Shakeſpeare* diſcerns the characters of men, with which he catches the many changing hues of life, forms a ſort of problem in the ſcience of mind, of which it is eaſier to ſee the truth than to aſſign the cauſe. Though I am very far from meaning to compare our ruſtic bard to

Shakeſpeare, yet whoever will read his lighter and more humorous poems, his *Dialogue of the Dogs*, his *Dedication to G—— H——, Eſq;* his *Epiſtles to a Young Friend*, and to *W. S——n*, will perceive with what uncommon penetration and ſagacity this Heaven-taught ploughman, from his humble and unlettered ſtation, has looked upon men and manners.

Againſt ſome paſſages of thoſe laſt-mentioned poems it has been objected, that they breathe a ſpirit of libertiniſm and irreligion. But if we conſider the ignorance and fanaticiſm of the lower claſs of people in the country where theſe poems were written, a fanaticiſm of that pernicious ſort which ſets *faith* in oppoſition to *good works*, the fallacy and danger of which, a mind ſo enlightened as our Poet's could not but perceive; we ſhall not look upon his lighter Muſe as the enemy of religion, (of which in ſeveral places he expreſſes the juſteſt ſentiments,) though ſhe has ſometimes been a little unguarded in her ridicule of hypocriſy.

In this, as in other reſpects, it muſt be allowed that there are exceptionable parts of the volume he has given to the public, which caution would have ſuppreſſed, or correction ſtruck out; but Poets are ſeldom cautious, and our Poet had, alas! no friends or companions from whom correction could be obtained. When

we

we reflect on his rank in life, the habits to which he must have been subject, and the society in which he must have mixed, we regret perhaps more than wonder, that delicacy should be so often offended in perusing a volume in which there is so much to interest and to please us.

Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. That honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the Muse's only dower, break forth on every occasion in his works. It may be, then, I shall wrong his feelings, while I indulge my own, in calling the attention of the public to his situation and circumstances. That condition, humble as it was, in which he found content, and wooed the Muse, might not have been deemed uncomfortable; but grief and misfortunes have reached him there; and one or two of his poems hint, what I have learnt from some of his countrymen, that he has been obliged to form the resolution of leaving his native land, to seek under a West-Indian clime that shelter and support which Scotland has denied him. But I trust means may be found to prevent this resolution from taking place; and that I do my country no more than justice, when I suppose her ready to stretch out her hand to cherish

and retain this native Poet, whose "wood-notes "wild" possess so much excellence. To repair the wrongs of suffering or neglected merit; to call forth genius from the obscurity in which it had pined indignant, and place it where it may profit or delight the world; these are exertions which give to wealth an enviable superiority, to greatness and to patronage a laudable pride.

Z

N° 98. SATURDAY, *December* 16, 1786.

———Nec domos potentum
Noſſemus, nec imagines ſuperbas. MART.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

IT is a long time ſince my laſt correſpondence with you; and indeed, I did not know that your Paper continued to come out, till lately that I ſaw it at a certain great houſe where I was on a viſit. Of that viſit, Mr. Lounger, if you will give me leave, I will tell you ſome particulars. Since I find that ſome of the great folks take in your paper, it may do them no harm to be told a little how things are about them; or if, as I am apt to believe, they are not eaſily to be mended, it will at leaſt give us little folks ſome ſatisfaction to get out our thoughts of them.

Your predeceſſor, the Author of the *Mirror*, who was kind enough to take ſome intereſt in my family, was well acquainted with its connection with Lady ——, the great Lady who

firſt ſet my wife and daughters heads agog about faſhion and finery. In my laſt to you, I informed you of our having luckily loſt her acquaintance, though I had got into another hobble by our intimacy with my rich neighbour young *Muſhroom*. I am aſhamed to tell you, Sir, how things have come about; but, as I told Mr. Mirror, I was always rather too eaſy in my way: I have been myſelf on a viſit at the houſe of the great Lady! (I beg her Lord's pardon, but that's the way of ſpeaking in our neighbourhood.) But this comes through Mr. Muſhroom too. You muſt know, that ſince he came home, by preſents of ſhauls and muſlins to my Lady, and, as ſome folks ſay, by lending ſome of his ſpare rupees to my Lord, he is become a great favourite at ——Lodge. And ſo my Lord and Lady and he have laid their heads together, that Mr. Muſhroom ſhall be member for our county the next vacancy; and they have been driving and riding about among us, and giving feaſts and dances at ——— Lodge and Muſhroom Hall. I fought a little ſhy, as the ſaying is; but Mrs. and Miſs Muſhroom ſo tickled the ears of my wife and daughters, and my Lady talked ſo much of the happineſs ſhe had formerly enjoyed at my houſe, and of her regret for having loſt the honour of my daughter Mrs.——'s acquaintance, that they

they were silly enough to forgive all her former neglect of them; and then they so belaboured me with the great things that might be expected from my Lord's patronage, and Mr. Mushroom's attachment to my family, (and they had some shauls and muslins too,) that I at last agreed to give my vote as they wished. O! then, there was so much fuss and kindness, and such invitations to go to —— Lodge, and so many honours and pleasures—that, in short, Mr. Lounger, having got in my corn and sold my cattle, I was prevailed on to lay out a little of the money in a new suit, to get a new saddle and bridle for my mare, to trim my brown colt for a portmanteau horse, and mounting John upon him, whom I could best spare at this season too, I accompanied one of my brother freeholders, a plain man like myself, who takes a little of his wife's advice, to —— Lodge.

As I knew something of the hours there, I took care that we should not reach the house till within a few minutes of four, though my neighbour was in a sort of flutter the last three miles for fear of being too late. But when we got off our horses, and walked into the lobby, we found we were much too early for the house. We had stalked about for some minutes, without knowing where we should go, when, who should I see come in but my old acquaintance

Mr.

Mr. *Papillot*, though it seems he had forgotten me; for when I asked him if my Lord or his Lady were within, he gave me a broad stare, and said that some of the servants would inform us. None of the servants, however, chose to be so kind; for though one or two peeped out of this and that door, they took no sort of concern in us, till at last a big surly-looking fellow appeared, pulling down the ruffles of his shirt, and bade us follow him into the saloon. Here we found an open window, and a half-kindled fire, and were left to cool our heels for above an hour before any living creature appeared. At last a civil enough sort of gentleman, whose name I never heard, for the family called him nothing but Captain, came in, and after talking a little to us about the weather, the roads, and the crop, (though he seemed to have but a bad notion of farming,) left the room again, telling us that my Lord and Lady would soon be down; but that dinner was somewhat later that day than usual, as they and their company had been at a bear-baiting, my Lord's bear having been backed against his neighbour Sir Harry Driver's dogs. This accident kept us from our dinner till six o'clock, by which time my neighbour and I, who had breakfasted betimes, were almost famished. Meanwhile we were left to entertain ourselves with the pictures, not

to

to mention my Lady's French lap-dog, which a ſervant brought in (I ſuppoſe by the time he had been dreſſed for dinner) and laid on a cuſhion at the fire-ſide. I found indeed one of the late numbers of the *Lounger*, which I began to read; but my neighbour *Broadcaſt* yawned ſo on the firſt page, that I laid it by out of complaiſance to him. Soon after the lap-dog, ſome of her Ladyſhip's company came in one after another, and did us the honour of ſtaring at us, and ſpeaking to the lap-dog. The dinner-bell was rung before my Lady appeared, who, to do her juſtice, behaved politely enough, and began to aſk half a dozen queſtions about our wives and children, to which ſhe did not wait for an anſwer; but to ſay truth ſhe had her hands full of the bear-baiting company, who, when they were all aſſembled, made a very numerous party. My Lord entered a few minutes after her; he did not give himſelf much trouble about any of us, till on the Captain's whiſpering ſomething in his ear, he came up to where my neighbour and I ſtood, and ſaid he was very happy to have the honour of ſeeing us at —— Lodge.

When we went to dinner, we contrived to place ourſelves on each ſide of our good friend the Captain, and things went on pretty well. I knew that at ſuch a table the victuals were not

not always what they ſeemed; and therefore I was cautious of aſking for any of your figured diſhes. At laſt, however, I got helped to a mutton-chop, as I would have called it; but the Captain told me it was a ragout. When I taſted it, it was ſo Frenchified, and ſmelt ſo of garlic, which I happen to have an averſion to, that I was glad to get rid of it as ſoon (and that was not very ſoon) as I could prevail on a ſervant to take away my plate. The Captain, who gueſſed my taſte I ſuppoſe, very kindly informed me there was roaſt beef on the ſide-board, and ſent a requeſt to a fine gentleman out of livery, who had the carving of it, for a ſlice to me. But whether he thought I looked like a cannibal, or that the diſh, being little in requeſt, was neglected in the roaſting, he ſent me a monſtrous thick cut, ſo red and raw, that I could not touch a morſel of it; ſo I was obliged to confine my dinner to the leg and wing of a partridge, which the ſecond courſe afforded me. I did not obſerve how my friend Broadcaſt fared at dinner; but I ſaw he catched a Tartar at the deſſert; for happening to take a mouthful of a peach, as he thought it, what ſhould it be but a lump of ice, that ſtung his hollow tooth to the quick, and brought the tears over his cheeks. The wine after dinner might have conſoled us for all

theſe

theſe little misfortunes, if we had had time to partake of it; but there the French mode came acroſs us again, and we had drank but a few glaſſes, and had not got half through the hiſtory of the bear-baiting, when coffee was brought.

When we went into the drawing-room, we found the card-tables ſet, and my Lady engaged with a party at Whiſt. She recommended ſome of us to the care of a friend of hers, a Lady ſomewhat advanced in life, though ſhe was ſtill a maiden one, for they called her *Miſs Lurcher*, who made up a table at Farthing-Loo. As this was a game I was uſed to play at home, and the ſtake was ſo very trifling, I conſented to make one. My neighbour Broadcaſt refuſed, and ſat down at the other end of the room, to hear one of the young Ladies play on the harpſichord, where he affronted himſelf by falling aſleep. It had been as well for ſome other people that they had been aſleep too. This game, though it began with farthings, ſoon mounted up to a very conſiderable ſum, and I had once loſt to the amount of twenty pounds. A lucky reverſe of fortune brought me a little up again, and I went to ſupper only 5000 farthings, that is, five guineas, out of pocket. It would not become me to ſuſpect any foul play at —— Lodge; but I could not help obſerving, that Miſs Lurcher held *Pam* plaguily often. I have been told

ſince,

ſince, that ſhe has little other fortune than what ſhe makes by her good luck at cards: and yet ſhe was as finely dreſt as my Lady, and had as fine a plume of feathers on her hat: I ſhall never look on that hat again without thinking that I ſee *Pam* in the front of it.

When we were ſhewn to our rooms, I looked for the attendance of John, to whom I had given ſtrict charge to be watchful in that matter; but he was not to be found, and, I was told, had never appeared at the Lodge after he went with his horſes to the inn. Before going to bed, I ſtole into the chamber where my friend Broadcaſt lay, and agreed with him, who ſeemed as willing to be gone as myſelf, that we ſhould cut ſhort our viſit, and (ſince French was the word) take a French leave early next morning. We were both up by day-light, and groped our way down ſtairs to get our hats and whips, that we might make our eſcape to where John and the horſes were lodged. But we could not find our road to the lobby, by which we had entered. There did not ſeem to be a creature ſtirring in the houſe; and, after wandering through ſeveral empty halls, in one of which we found a Backgammon table open, with a decanter not quite empty, on which was a Claret label, we went down a few ſteps to another paſſage, where we imagined we heard

ſome-

ſomebody ſtirring. But we had not gone many ſteps when the rattle of a chain made us take to our heels: and it was well we did; for we were within half a yard of being ſaluted by my Lord's bear, whoſe quarters it ſeems we had ſtrayed into. The noiſe of our flight, and his purſuit, brought a chambermaid, who happened to be up, to our aſſiſtance, and by her means we had the good fortune to get ſafely through the lobby into the lawn, from whence we had only a mile or two's walk to the inn where John was put up.

For want of John's attendance, I had comforted myſelf with the reflection, that if he had not been employed in taking care of me, the horſes would fare the better for it. But when we reached the houſe, we found that John had been employed in nothing but taking care of himſelf. The ſervants of my Lord's other gueſts who were there, kept a very good houſe, as the landlord called it; and John had been a good deal jollier at dinner the day before than his maſter. It was with ſome difficulty we got him on his legs, and brought him along with us. It was a long time before my portmanteau could be found; and my new bridle, with a plated bit, had been exchanged by ſome clearer-headed fellow, for an old ſnaffle not worth a groat.

Such

Such, Sir, is the hiſtory of my firſt viſit, and I hope my laſt, to —— Lodge. But as I have found the experience even of one viſit a little expenſive, I think it is doing a kindneſs to people in my ſituation, to let them know what they have to expect there. When my Lord aſks a vote again, let it be conditioned on the part of the freeholder, that he ſhan't be obliged to ſtudy the pictures of his ſaloon above half an hour, that he ſhall have ſomething to eat and ſomething to drink at dinner, and be inſured from falling into the paws of the bear, or the hands of Miſs Lurcher.

I am, &c.

JOHN HOMESPUN.

N° 99. SATURDAY, *December* 23, 1786.

To the AUTHOR of the LOUNGER.

SIR,

WITHOUT being thought partial to the preſent times, I believe one may venture to ſay, that, in point of invention and diſcovery, this age very much excels any former one. In Phyſics, in Electricity, in Chemiſtry, in Mechanics, new worlds, if I may uſe the expreſſion, have been opened to our reſearches. But in Britain, we have a compendious way of calculating the number of inventions. If I am not miſinformed, there have paſſed the offices within theſe twenty years no fewer than 167 patents; ſo that this iſland alone has in that very inconſiderable ſpace added 167 diſcoveries to the ſtock of knowledge which our fathers poſſeſſed.

Nor has France been leſs productive than her ſiſter-kingdom. Beſides the balloon, of which ſhe may certainly claim the practical application, if Britain ſhall diſpute the diſcovery of the principle, there are many other inventions, equally wonderful

wonderful though leſs brilliant, which her philoſophers have atchieved; and ſome of thoſe which his Britiſh Majeſty has ſanctioned with his royal patent, are only naturaliſed ſubjects, which had their birth in the territories of the Moſt Chriſtian King.

Of all diſcoveries ancient or modern, the moſt uſeful perhaps, as well as the moſt wonderful, took its riſe in Paris about three years ago; I mean the *Animal Magnetiſm* of the illuſtrious *Dr. Meſmer*. This has lately been imported into England, and is now practiſed with the greateſt ſucceſs by one of the Doctor's diſciples in London. To Scotland I believe it has not yet found its way; which, conſidering the ingenuity of the people, is to me ſomewhat ſurpriſing. I hope I ſhall not be thought to treſpaſs againſt the nature or deſign of your Paper, if I wiſh to make it the vehicle for communicating this invaluable diſcovery to my native country; for, notwithſtanding I have reſided chiefly abroad; I am proud to declare myſelf a Scotſman; and though, in enumerating the properties of this wonderful art, I muſt neceſſarily make uſe of technical terms; yet, as I know this city to be as it were the emporium of medicine, I flatter myſelf I ſhall here find a multitude of readers, who could perfectly underſtand me, even without the tranſlation, which I ſhall endeavour

deavour to affix to moſt of the medical phraſes I make uſe of.

I do not know, Sir, whether the immortal Meſmer flouriſhed at the time you were abroad. If your travels were before his time, you may not have heard of his proceſs of magnetiſing. The ceremony is ſimple and beautiful. The company ſit in a ſaloon fitted up in the moſt elegant ſtyle, round a *baquet* or large veſſel, forming a figure like the *a-la-ronde* of a cotillon. From the baquet, which is covered and ornamented as becomes the altar of Hygeia, riſe thoſe enchanted rods, if I may uſe the expreſſion, by which the magnetic virtue communicated by the artiſt is tranſmitted. At the end of the apartment is a piano-forte and harmonica, from which the great man himſelf, who, like his predeceſſor Apollo, cultivates both medicine and ſong, brings thoſe lively airs, or dying falls, which aſſiſt or temper the effects of his divine art. Within the ſaloon is a ſmaller apartment, called the *Chambre de Criſe*; but of this the ſecrets muſt not be "to mortal ears divulged." Suffice it to ſay, that that chamber has been witneſs to the moſt wonderful effects of the medico-magnetical art that ever aſtoniſhed man. Such ſublime agonies, ſuch beautiful convulſions! I remember, before the apoſtate *Deſlon* had made the firſt ſchiſm in our faith, having

aſſiſted

assisted in the celebrated case of Madame de P——, where our master and all the body of the initiated were present. There was first a *Paracusis*, or imperfect hearing, changed into a *Surditas*, or complete deafness; changed into a *Pseudoblepsis*, or uncertain sight; changed into a perfect *Caligo*, or blindness; changed into a *Hallucinatio*, or dulness; changed into a *Morosis*; changed into a *Hysteria*; changed into a *Delirium*; changed into a *Mania*, or raging madness! These, Sir, are the progressive miracles by which a physician shews the power and the utility of his art!

But my enthusiasm has carried me from my purpose, which was, humbly to announce myself as a disciple and initiated of the illustrious Mesmer, and to offer my assistance to the genteeler part of the community here, for a cure of most of the diseases to which they are subject. Though it is the advantage of our practice, that a knowledge of the patient's disorder is nowise necessary to the cure; yet, in order to shew that I am not an ignorant or illiterate Quack, likely to be deceived myself or to deceive others, I will state the maladies, as well idiopathic as symptomatic, to which patients of the fashionable and higher orders of the people are chiefly liable, which I flatter myself no vulgar or empty smatterer in physic could have observed

ſerved or delineated; all of which I undertake to cure by magnetiſm alone. In enumerating theſe diſorders, I ſhall follow the claſſification uſually adopted by the moſt eminent writers on Noſology.

Under the claſs *Pyrexiæ*, or Fevers, I have obſerved ſuch patients extremely liable to what medical writers term the *Synochus hiemalis**, or Winter-fever. The ſymptoms are, a reſtleſſneſs, a deſire of changing place, and that ſort of horror at being alone, which is common in diſeaſes of this claſs; eſpecially when, as is the caſe here, the brain is conſiderably affected. I mention this diſorder firſt, not only from the order in which it is technically claſſed, but becauſe I wiſh to excite the attention of your readers to it more immediately, this being the ſeaſon of the year when it is apt to break out.

Another diſorder of the ſame claſs, and nearly connected with the former, is the *Synocha ſcarlatina*, a ſort of Scarlet-fever, which, like other diſorders of the kind, principally appears in the face. This diſeaſe was ſcarcely known in Scotland till within theſe twelve or fourteen

* *Vid.* the *Genera Morborum* of Dr. *Cullen*, p. 70. It is unneceſſary to make references as to every particular diſorder mentioned in the courſe of this Paper; the learned reader will eaſily perceive, that, except in one inſtance (the *Noſtalgia*), I have implicitly adopted the arrangement of that celebrated author.

years, being of the endemial ſort, with which only certain very large towns, like Paris and London, were ſuppoſed to be viſited. Like other fevers of this tribe, it is ſubject to the *Remiſſiones Matutinæ*, and the *Acceſſiones Veſpertinæ*, or, in common language, is hardly perceptible in the morning, but very obſervable in the evening; or ſometimes it intermits for ſeveral days at a time, though it generally leaves a great degree of *Icterus* or yellowneſs on the ſkin. It is almoſt entirely a female diſeaſe, and has this peculiar circumſtance attending it, which we may perhaps aſcribe to the difference of climate, that in France, where it has long prevailed, it chiefly affects adults and married women, but in Britain, eſpecially in Scotland, it is more frequent among the young and the unmarried.

On the other hand, there is a ſpecies of the *Phrenitis*, to which matrons and women advanced to the middle ſtage of life are more liable than thoſe of a more tender age; but as it is of a highly contagious kind, thoſe young perſons who have frequent communication with them, are very liable to be infected with it. Its ſymptoms are exactly what medical writers impute to this genus of the *Phlegmaſiæ*, "Rubor "faciei, lucis intolerantia, et pervigilium:" A redneſs of face, a hatred of the light, (that is, of

of the light of the ſun,) and a wakefulneſs (or very late ſitting up).

Under the claſs *Neuroſes*, or nervous, there is a great variety of diſorders to which people of the higheſt ranks are liable, (to whom I beg leave to repeat, that my practice is entirely confined,) which the Medico-magnetiſm entirely eradicates. The *Hypochondriaſis*, or Spleen, which is a ſort of generic name for a great variety of thoſe diſorders, it perfectly removes. I have known ſeveral pretenders to ſcience preſcribe, as a cure for this diſorder, ſomething which was evidently borrowed from our method of performing the magnetic operation; their patients ſat round a bowl inſtead of a baquet, and were touched with glaſs inſtead of ſteel. But beſides that this was only to be practiſed with male patients, it is in fact a mere palliative, not a radical remedy, and after frequent uſe is extremely apt to bring on a *Hydrophobia*.

Under this claſs may be properly enumerated the varieties of the order *Spaſmi*, or irregular motions to which people of faſhion are peculiarly liable. Young ladies are frequently attacked with this diſorder, particularly in public places and crowded rooms, or at the near approach of the young, the faſhionable, the rich, or the noble of the other ſex. This ſpecies of the *Chorea*, which I have had occaſion to remark

in ſuch circumſtances, is perfectly cured by that art which I have the honour to profeſs; it ariſes, indeed, from a ſuperabundant degree of animal magnetiſm, and is not more remarkable in the female ſex, than is the negative ſtate of thoſe perſons of the other by whoſe approximation it is cauſed, who generally exhibit every mark of laſſitude, indifference, and inanition, or, as ſome modern phyſicians write that term, inanity. A cloſer connection, however, between theſe two ſets of patients, as may eaſily be accounted for from natural cauſes, commonly reſtores the equilibrium; or ſometimes the magnetical proportions are reverſed; the female becomes the negative or the indifferent, the male the poſitive or irritable ſubject.

Under this claſs of the nervous, and of the order to which phyſicians give the appellation *Veſaniæ*, may be mentioned the various kinds of *Melancholia* to which the higher ranks of life have been lately ſubject, particularly among the men. The *Melancholia religioſa* is now ſcarcely known, or at leaſt is nothing different from the *Melancholia vulgaris*, to which my preſcriptions do not apply. But there are other ſpecies now very frequent, which were formerly little known, though they had always a place in the liſts of Noſology; ſuch is the *Melancholia errabunda*, the wandering melancholy; the *Melancholia ſaltans*,

tans, the dancing melancholy; and that variety known by the name of *Melancholia hippantropica*, or horſe-jockey phrenzy; the firſt is commonly caught abroad, the laſt more frequently at home.

Under this genus, though I know it is differently claſſed by ſeveral eminent medical writers, I would enumerate the *Noſtalgia*, or that longing deſire for particular places, which affects the mind and the health of the patient. In French this is called the *Maladie de pays*; but the ſpecies moſt common in my experience is the *Maladie de la ville*, to which country Ladies in particular are extremely liable. It has this material difference from the other, that the *Maladie de pays* is cured by allowing the patients to viſit their natal ſoil. Now, though that may ſucceed with natives of countries ſuch as Switzerland or our Highlands, who are afflicted with what phyſicians term the *Noſtalgia ſimplex*, and whoſe complaint a ſingle viſit to the land of their nativity generally removes; yet, with the diſeaſe in queſtion, the *Maladie de la ville*, one, or even two or three viſits to town, rather increaſe than abate the diſorder, and abſence is found to be a much better remedy. My magnetiſm, however, effectually relieves it. There is another ſpecies of the *Noſtalgia*, which we may call the *Noſtalgia politica*, or political love of our country, which my art alſo entirely

removes, though I muſt candidly own, that this diſorder is frequently cured by other metals beſides the magnet. Of this political diſtemper there are ſome ſpecies that rather come under the genus of the *Tympanites*, of which the ſymptoms are given by noſological writers, "Partis "morbidæ tumeſcentia ſonora, cum rejectione "aeris frequenti, et cæterarum partium debi-"litate maxima" (a diſorder puffed up and windy, with a great weakneſs of parts). It uſed to be felt in this country only in that particular ſlighter ſort, now little known, which phyſicians term the *Tympanites Stewartii*, but of late it has raged with great violence in every ſpecies and degree.

Since I am mentioning *Switzerland*, I may take notice of another diſorder, or rather external deformity, which uſed to be reckoned peculiar to the inhabitants of the Alps, the *Barba Helvetica*, or *Gouetre*; but of late this unnatural protuberance has made amazing progreſs among the female world in Great Britain; and within theſe few weeks begins to appear alſo under the chins of the male.

As I muſt have already treſpaſſed on your patience, I forbear to enumerate a variety of diſorders under the claſs of the *Locales*, or local affections to which the faſhionable world is ſubject, and which I engage perfectly to cure by my

my medico-magnetical proceſs. Such are many of the *Dyſoſtheſiæ*, or depravation of the ſenſes; for example, the *Dyſopia proximorum*, and the *Pſeudoblepſis mutans*, in which diſeaſes perſons quite near, and formerly well known, are neither ſeen nor remembered. With this laſt diſorder, I have ſeen ſome female patients ſo much affected, as not to know their huſbands from other men; while, among the other ſex, I have ſeen huſbands who took half a dozen other women for their wives.

Among the diſeaſes of the ear, one of the moſt prevalent is the *Paracuſis imaginaria*, to which both ſexes are equally liable; and another variety of the ſame tribe, more frequent among female patients, called the *Suſurrus criticus*, or Scandal buzz.

Of the genus *Paraphoniæ*, or diſorders of the voice, we have frequent occaſion to obſerve the *Paraphonia puberum*, with which ſo many of our boys are affected; and the *Paraphonia clangens* or *reſonans*, which is ſo common a diſorder among our young ladies.

All the above-mentioned diſeaſes, and many others which I have not room to enumerate, I undertake entirely and effectually to remove by magnetiſm alone, without the intervention of any other external application, or the exhibition of any medicine whatſoever. I truſt, Sir,

the dignity of your Paper is too well known, and I am conſcious that my own intentions are too pure, to give room for ſuppoſing that any thing elſe than the love of ſcience, and a regard for our fellow-creatures, could induce either of us to communicate to the public, that I poſſeſs and mean to uſe this art for the benefit of people of rank and faſhion in this metropolis. Such will be informed of the particulars of my plan, by inquiring for Dr. F. at *Dunn's Hotel*, St. Andrew's-ſtreet, left-hand ſide of the way.

I have the honour to be, &c.

L. F.

Member of many Academies.

¶

N° 100. SATURDAY, *December* 30, 1786.

AMONG the cautions which prudence and worldly wiſdom inculcate on the young, or at leaſt among thoſe ſober truths which experience often pretends to have acquired, is that danger which is ſaid to reſult from the purſuit of letters and of ſcience, in men deſtined for the labours of buſineſs, for the active exertions of profeſſional life. The abſtraction of learning, the ſpeculations of ſcience, and the viſionary excurſions of fancy, are fatal, it is ſaid, to the ſteady purſuit of common objects, to the habits of plodding induſtry which ordinary buſineſs demands. The fineneſs of mind, which is created or increaſed by the ſtudy of letters, or the admiration of the arts, is ſuppoſed to incapacitate a man for the drudgery by which profeſſional eminence is gained; as a nicely-tempered edge applied to a coarſe and rugged material, is unable to perform what a more common inſtrument would have ſucceſſfully atchieved. A young man deſtined for law or commerce is adviſed to look only into his folio of precedents, or his method of book-keeping; and Dulneſs is pointed to his homage, as

that benevolent goddeſs, under whoſe protection the honours of ſtation and the bleſſings of opulence are to be attained; while Learning and Genius are proſcribed, as leading their votaries to barren indigence and merited neglect. In doubting the truth of theſe aſſertions, I think I ſhall not entertain any hurtful degree of ſcepticiſm, becauſe the general current of opinion ſeems of late years to have ſet too ſtrongly in the contrary direction; and one may endeavour to prop the failing cauſe of literature, without being accuſed of blameable or dangerous partiality.

In the examples which memory and experience produce, of idleneſs, of diſſipation, and of poverty, brought on by an indulgence of literary or poetical enthuſiaſm, the evidence muſt neceſſarily be on one ſide of the queſtion only. Of the few whom learning or genius have led aſtray, the ill-ſucceſs or the ruin is marked by the celebrity of the ſufferer. Of the many who have been as dull as they were profligate, and as ignorant as they were poor, the fate is unknown, from the inſignificance of thoſe by whom it was endured. If we may reaſon *à priori* on the matter, the chances, I think, ſhould be on the ſide of literature.

In young minds of any vivacity, there is a natural averſion to the drudgery of buſineſs, which

which is ſeldom overcome, till the effervescence of youth is allayed by the progreſs of time and habit, or till that very warmth is enliſted on the ſide of their profeſſion, by the opening proſpects of ambition or emolument. From this tyranny, as youth conceives it, of attention and of labour, relief is commonly ſought from ſome favourite avocation or amuſement, for which a young man either finds or ſteals a portion of his time, either patiently plods through his taſk, in expectation of its approach, or anticipates its arrival, by deſerting his work before the legal period for amuſement is arrived. It may fairly be queſtioned, whether the moſt innocent of thoſe amuſements is either ſo honourable or ſo ſafe, as the avocations of learning or of ſcience. Of minds uninformed and groſs, whom youthful ſpirits agitate, but fancy and feeling have no power to impel, the amuſements will generally be either boiſterous or effeminate, will either diſſipate their attention or weaken their force. The employment of a young man's vacant hours is often too little attended to by thoſe rigid maſters who exact the moſt ſcrupulous obſervance of the periods deſtined for buſineſs. The waſte of time is undoubtedly a very calculable loſs; but the waſte or the depravation of mind is a loſs of a much higher denomination. The votary of ſtudy, or the enthuſiaſt of

fancy, may incur the firſt; but the latter will be ſuffered chiefly by him whom ignorance, or want of imagination, has left to the groſſneſs of mere ſenſual enjoyments.

In this, as in other reſpects, the love of letters is friendly to ſober manners and virtuous conduct, which in every profeſſion is the road to ſucceſs and to reſpect. Without adopting the common-place reflections againſt ſome particular departments, it muſt be allowed, that in mere men of buſineſs, there is a certain profeſſional rule of right, which is not always honourable, and though meant to be ſelfiſh, very ſeldom profits. A ſuperior education generally corrects this, by opening the mind to different motives of action, to the feelings of delicacy, the ſenſe of honour, and a contempt of wealth, when earned by a deſertion of thoſe principles.

The moral beauty of thoſe diſpoſitions may perhaps rather provoke the ſmile, than excite the imitation, of mere men of buſineſs and the world. But I will venture to tell them, that, even on their own principles, they are miſtaken. The qualities which they ſometimes prefer as more calculated for puſhing a young man's way in life, ſeldom attain the end, in contemplation of which they are not ſo nice about the means. This is ſtrongly exemplified by the ill ſucceſs of many,

many, who, from their earlieſt youth, had acquired the higheſt reputation for ſharpneſs and cunning. Thoſe trickiſh qualities look to ſmall advantages unfairly won, rather than to great ones honourably attained. The direct, the open, and the candid, are the ſureſt road to ſucceſs in every department of life. It needs a certain ſuperior degree of ability to perceive and to adopt this; mean and uninformed minds ſeize on corners, which they cultivate with narrow views to very little advantage: enlarged and well-informed minds embrace great and honourable objects; and if they fail of obtaining them, are liable to none of thoſe pangs which rankle in the boſom of artifice defeated or of cunning over-matched.

To the improvement of our faculties as well as of our principles, the love of letters appears to be favourable. Letters require a certain ſort of application, though of a kind perhaps very different from that which buſineſs would recommend. Granting that they are unprofitable in themſelves, as that word is uſed in the language of the world; yet, as developing the powers of thought and reflection, they may be an amuſement of ſome uſe, as thoſe ſports of children in which Numbers are uſed, familiariſe them to the elements of arithmetic. They give room for the exerciſe of that diſcernment, that

compariſon

compariſon of objects, that diſtinction of cauſes, which is to increaſe the ſkill of the phyſician, to guide the ſpeculations of the merchant, and to prompt the arguments of the lawyer; and though ſome profeſſions employ but very few faculties of the mind, yet there is ſcarce any branch of buſineſs in which a man who can think will not excel him who can only labour. We ſhall accordingly find, in many departments where learned information ſeemed of all qualities the leaſt neceſſary, that thoſe who poſſeſſed it in a degree above their fellows, have found, from that very circumſtance, the road to eminence and to wealth.

But I muſt often repeat, that wealth does not neceſſarily create happineſs, nor confer dignity; a truth which it may be thought declamation to inſiſt on, but which the preſent time ſeems particularly to require being told. The influx of foreign riches and of foreign luxury, which this country has of late experienced, has almoſt levelled every diſtinction, but that of money, among us. The creſt of noble or illuſtrious anceſtry has ſunk before the ſudden accumulation of wealth in vulgar hands; but that were little, had not the elegance of manners, had not the dignity of deportment, had not the pride of virtue, which uſed to characteriſe ſome of our high-born names, given way to that tide

of

of fortune which has lifted the low, the illiterate, and the unfeeling, into ſtations of which they were unworthy. Learning and genius have not always reſiſted the torrent; but I know no bulwarks better calculated to reſiſt it. The love of letters is connected with an independence and delicacy of mind, which is a great preſervative againſt that ſervile homage which abject men pay to fortune; and there is a certain claſſical pride, which, from the ſociety of Socrates and Plato, Cicero and Atticus, looks down with an honeſt diſdain on the wealth-blown inſects of modern times, neither enlightened by knowledge nor ennobled by virtue. The "non "omnis moriar" of the Poet draws on futurity for the deficiences of the preſent; and even in the preſent, thoſe avenues of more refined pleaſure, which the cultivation of knowledge, of fancy, and of feeling, opens to the mind, give to the votary of Science a real ſuperiority of enjoyment in what he poſſeſſes, and free him from much of that envy and regret which leſs cultivated ſpirits feel from their wants.

In the poſſeſſion, indeed, of what he has attained, in that reſt and retirement from his labours, with the hopes of which his fatigues were lightened and his cares were ſoothed, the mere man of buſineſs frequently undergoes ſuffering, inſtead of finding enjoyment. To be buſy, as one

one ought, is an eaſy art; but to know how to be idle, is a very ſuperior accompliſhment. This difficulty is much increaſed with perſons, to whom the habit of employment has made ſome active exertion neceſſary; who cannot ſleep contented in the torpor of indolence, or amuſe themſelves with thoſe lighter trifles in which he, who inherited idleneſs as he did fortune, from his anceſtors, has been accuſtomed to find amuſement. The miſeries and mortifications of the "retired pleaſures" of men of buſineſs have been frequently matter of ſpeculation to the moraliſt and of ridicule to the wit. But he who has mixed general knowledge with profeſſional ſkill, and literary amuſement with profeſſional labour, will have ſome ſtock wherewith to ſupport him in idleneſs, ſome ſpring for his mind when unbent from buſineſs, ſome employment for thoſe hours which retirement or ſolitude has left vacant and unoccupied. Independence in the uſe of one's time is not the leaſt valuable ſpecies of freedom. This liberty the Man of Letters enjoys; while the ignorant and the illiterate often retire from the thraldom of buſineſs, only to become the ſlaves of languor, intemperance, or vice.

But the ſituation in which the advantages of that endowment of mind which letters beſtow are chiefly conſpicuous, is old age, when a man's

man's ſociety is neceſſarily circumſcribed, and his powers of active enjoyment are unavoidably diminiſhed. Unfit for the buſtle of affairs and the amuſements of his youth, an old man, if he has no ſource of mental exertion or employment, often ſettles into the gloom of melancholy and peeviſhneſs, or petrifies his feelings by habitual intoxication. From an old man whoſe gratifications were ſolely derived from thoſe ſenſual appetites which time has blunted, or from thoſe trivial amuſements of which youth only can ſhare, age has cut off almoſt every ſource of enjoyment. But to him who has ſtored his mind with the information, and can ſtill employ it in the amuſement of letters, this blank of life is admirably filled up. He acts, he thinks, and he feels with that literary world whoſe ſociety he can at all times enjoy. There is perhaps no ſtate more capable of comfort to ourſelves, or more attractive of veneration from others, than that which ſuch an old age affords; it is then the twilight of the paſſions, when they are mitigated but not extinguiſhed, and ſpread their gentle influence over the evening of our days, in alliance with reaſon and in amity with virtue.

Nor perhaps, if fairly eſtimated, are the little poliſh and complacencies of ſocial life leſs increaſed by the cultivation of letters, than the enjoyment

enjoyment of ſolitary or retired leiſure. To the politeneſs of form and the eaſe of manner, buſineſs is naturally unfavourable, becauſe buſineſs looks to the uſe, not to the decoration of things. But the man of buſineſs who has cultivated letters, will commonly have ſoftened his feelings, if he has not ſmoothed his manner or poliſhed his addreſs. He may be awkward, but will ſeldom be rude; may treſpaſs in the ignorance of ceremonial, but will not offend againſt the ſubſtantial rules of civility. In converſation, the pedantry of profeſſion unavoidably inſinuates itſelf among men of every calling. The lawyer, the merchant, and the ſoldier, (this laſt perhaps, from obvious enough cauſes, the moſt of the three,) naturally ſlide into the accuſtomed train of thinking and the accuſtomed ſtyle of converſation. The pedantry of the man of learning is generally the moſt tolerable and the leaſt tireſome of any; and he who has mixed a certain portion of learning with his ordinary profeſſion, has generally corrected, in a conſiderable degree, the abſtraction of the one and the coarſeneſs of the other.

In the more important relations of ſociety, in the cloſer intercourſe of friend, of huſband, and of father, that ſuperior delicacy and refinement of feeling which the cultivation of the mind beſtows, heighten affection into ſentiment,

and

and mingle with ſuch connections a dignity and tenderneſs which give its deareſt value to our exiſtence. In fortunate circumſtances thoſe feelings enhance proſperity; but in the decline of fortune, as in the decline of life, their influence and importance are chiefly felt. They ſmooth the harſhneſs of adverſity, and on the brow of misfortune print that languid ſmile, which their votaries would often not exchange for the broadeſt mirth of thoſe unfeelingly proſperous men, who poſſeſs good fortune, but have not a heart for happineſs.

N° 101. SATURDAY, *January* 6, 1787.

Forſan et hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit. VIRG.

MY lateſt predeceſſor has compared the opening Paper of a periodical publication, to the firſt entry of a ſtranger into a room full of company. I think I may borrow his idea, and not unaptly liken the concluding Paper of ſuch a work to a perſon's going out of ſuch a room. The ſame doubt whether he ſhall go or remain a little longer, the ſame reflections on what he may have ſaid in the openneſs of his heart during his ſtay in the company, the ſame ſolicitude about what people will think of him when he is gone, attend the periodical author and the gueſt. And though the eaſe of modern manners has relieved us in a great meaſure from the ceremonial of ſuch a ſituation; yet ſtill an author, like a perſon of conſequence, cannot with propriety take what is called a French leave of his company, but muſt formally announce his departure as an event in which the perſons he is about to quit are conſiderably intereſted.

The

The author of a periodical performance has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers, more intereſting than that of any other writer. Other writers ſubmit their ſentiments to their readers, with the reſerve and circumſpection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed *Horace*'s rule, of keeping his book nine years in his ſtudy, muſt have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of compoſition he had conceived, and altered many an expreſſion which in the hurry of writing he had ſet down. But the periodical Eſſayiſt commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which thoſe feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himſelf with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendſhip, he will naturally look for the indulgence which thoſe relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance and the tenderneſs of a friend.

There is ſomewhat of this regret, and ſomewhat of this tenderneſs, in the laſt farewell we take of any thing. That place muſt have been very unpleaſant, that companion very diſagreeable indeed, whom, after a long ſojourn or ſociety, we can leave without ſome degree of melancholy in thinking that we ſhall ſee them no more. Even that abode, or that ſociety, with which

which we have been for months or years disgusted and distressed, long habit and acquaintance so ally to our minds, that we often wonder why we are so little rejoiced at the arrival of a period for which we have frequently wished; that our parting should rather be sad than gay, and bring us, amidst the reflections of relief, an involuntary feeling of regret.

But as the *Lounger* flatters himself that he has not been altogether an unentertaining, or at least not a disagreeable companion to his readers, he may hope for a parting on more favourable terms: that on the morning of next Saturday, they will miss his company at the accustomed time, as something which used to be expected with pleasure; and think of the papers which on that day of so many past weeks they have read, as the correspondence of one who wished their happiness and contributed to their amusement.

If he may judge from what himself has experienced in similar circumstances, they will be apt to indulge a personification of the author of these sheets, and give him "a local habita-"tion and a name," according to the ideas they may have formed in the course of his performance. When such a writer has withdrawn himself from that sort of authority which he claimed for his opinions, that sort of credit which

which he assumed for his situation, we are naturally inclined to examine the reality of each; as at the death of an acquaintance, we talk with more precision and assurance than formerly, of his age, his character, and his circumstances. To ascertain, as well as to satisfy any such inquiry, the Authors of the Lounger will fairly unfold themselves; not individually, for that were to assume an importance to which they are not entitled; but they have an aggregate name, by which, like corporations, they can be known and impleaded: they are the same Society which, some years ago, published in this country their periodical Essays under the title of the *Mirror*.

In making this declaration, they incur as much danger, perhaps, as they assume distinction. He who has some merit of ancestry to support, draws the attention more closely upon his own. During the course of this publication, they have sometimes been amused with the discovery of its inferiority to its predecessor; and have heard, with a mixture of mortification and of pride, some people express their regret, that the Authors of the Mirror did not write in the Lounger, and rescue it from the less able hands into which it had fallen. It may still indeed be said, that an author is often "sibi impar;" that a second work is seldom equal in merit to the first.

firſt. But they may be allowed to indulge themſelves in the belief, that great part of the criticiſm aroſe from a natural enough propenſity to undervalue what has not yet been ſanctioned by the general opinion; from that diſpoſition, common in every thing, not to be ſatisfied merely with what is good, but with what is called good. Be this, however, as it may, the Authors of the two works found themſelves ſomewhat flattered by the remark; as a mother can but ſlightly reſent the criticiſm of her daughter's beauty, when it only diſcovers that ſhe herſelf was handſomer ſome twenty years ago.

When thus, like *Proſpero*, they "break their "ſtaff," and lay aſide the airy power they had aſſumed, they feel, like him, the loſs of that ſociety which the *Lounger* had raiſed around them. The viſionary characters with which he had peopled their acquaintance, they cannot help regretting as departed friends; and it is not without a ſigh that they diſmiſs *Peter* from his ſervice. But they owe that ſort of diſcloſure of themſelves which this paper has made to ſincerity; and there is ſomething more ſolemn in their obligation to this avowal now, becauſe it is the laſt time they will have an opportunity of making it. Particular circumſtances induce them to declare, that they will not again appear

pear before the Public, as periodical Eſſayiſts, in any ſhape or under any name. If any future Work of that kind ſhall happen to come out, they will have no claim to its merits, nor reſponſibility for its defects.

It only remains for them to do juſtice to thoſe correſpondents to whoſe aſſiſtance they have been indebted during the courſe of their Work. To Correſpondents they owe the following Papers: N° 7; the letter ſubſcribed *Mary Careful*, in N° 8; N°s 11. 16. 19. 24.; the letters from *Theatricus*, in N° 25.; from *Philomuſos*, in N° 42.; from *John Trueman*, in N° 44.; the letters ſigned *Almeria*, in N° 46. *Jeſſamina*, in N° 53. and *Hannah Waitfort*, in N° 55.; N°s 59. 60. 63. 70. 79. and the Poem in N° 85.

Of their readers, as well as their correſpondents, they cannot take leave without a very ſenſible and lively regret. While they dictate this concluding paragraph, it is with a melancholy feeling they reflect, that it deprives them of an opportunity of cultivating that correſpondence, and of committing to thoſe readers the ſentiments of their hearts; that it drops the curtain on their mimic ſtate, and ſurrenders them to the leſs intereſting occupations of ordinary life. Yet twice to have made a not unſucceſsful ex-

curſion into this region of fancy and of literary dominion, is to have atchieved ſomething which falls but to the lot of few. They can anticipate, with a venial degree of ſelf-applauſe, the talk of their age, recalling the period of their publications with an old man's fondneſs, an author's vanity, and a Scotſman's pride; happy if any one of their number, who ſhall then be pointed out as a writer in the *Mirror* or the *Lounger*, need not bluſh to avow them as works that endeavoured to liſt amuſement on the ſide of taſte, and to win the manners to decency and to goodneſs.

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FINIS.

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